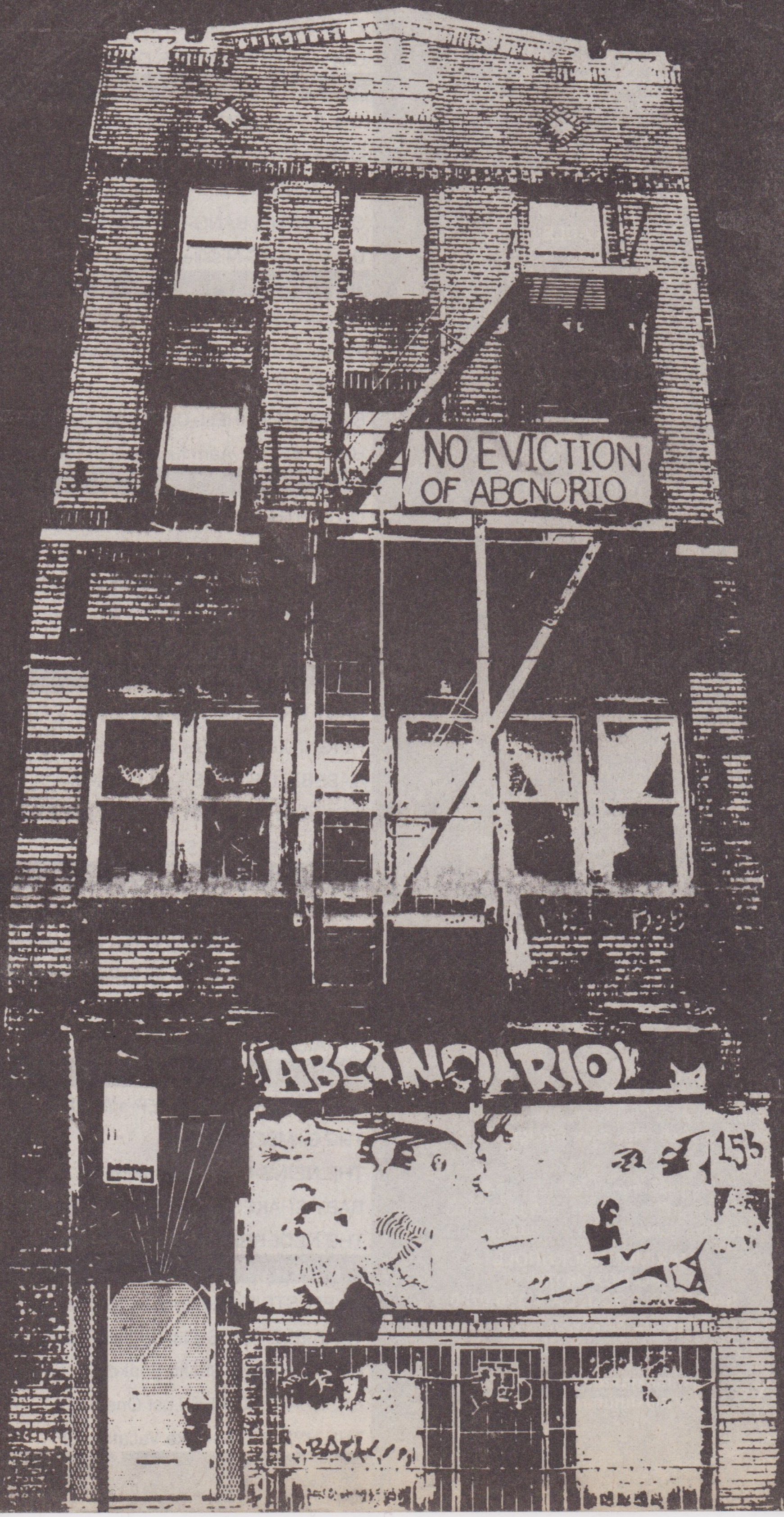
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

Number 275 • April 2006 • $4 US • $5 Canada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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

MURDER DISCO X-Ground Zero Stuttgart-LP
DC SNIPERS-Missile Sunset-LP
HJERTESTOP-EP / THE VICIOUS-I'm Bored-12"
PLEASANT VALLEY CHILDREN-CD
COP ON FIRE/VISIONS OF WAR-split LP
ASBEST-Klaust Rofobi-EP
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
SECOND OPINION-Youth Revolt-EP
THE LOST PATROL BAND–LP
BLACK COUGAR SHOCK UNIT-live

MITCH CARDWELL

THE INTELLIGENCE-Flight of the Donkeys-12" & live
LIVEFASTDIE-Bandana Thrash Record-LP
REIGNING SOUND-Live At Goner Records-LP
OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-12"
DC SNIPERS-Missile Sunset-LP
DIGITAL LEATHER-Simulator-EP
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
HJERTESTOP-Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!-EP
GEORGE BRIGMAN-Jungle Rot-LP
TUFF LUVS-Heartburn-EP

ROB COONS

BLACK SS-EP
FEROCIOUS X-Befria Från Vanda-EP
ASBEST-Klaust Rofobi-EP
STRAIGHT TO HELL-Commence the Apocalypse-LP
HJERTESTOP-Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!-EP
MURDER DISCO X-Ground Zero Stuttgart-LP
DISCLOSE/WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-split EP
THE VICIOUS-I'm Bored-12"
I SHOT CYRUS/DISCARGA-split LP
ÖROKU-Terror-EP

PAUL CURRAN

OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-12"
THE VERTICAL STRUTS-CD
ACTS OF SEDITION/BAFABEGIYA-split 12"
MODERN MACHINES-Taco Blessing-12"
NEOTEXT-Elevation-CD
FEROCIOUS X-Befria Från Vanda-EP
V/A-Anti-Society-CD
ABDUCTEE SD-Won't Stand Down-LP
THE NEDERBIETELS-On My Mind-45
THE NEINS-The Restaurant-EP

JONATHAN FLOYD

BABY SHAKES-Shake Shake!/On a Friday-45
REIGNING SOUND-Live At Goner Records-LP
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
J CHURCH/MINORITY BLUES BAND-split EP
THE BAMBOO KIDS-45
CHECKERS-Running With Scissors-CD
THE INTELLIGENCE-Flight of the Donkeys-12"
LOVED ONES-Keep Your Heart-CD
DC SNIPERS-Missile Sunset-LP
LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-live

CHRIS HUBBARD

OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-12"
HJERTESTOP-Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!-EP
THOUGHT CRIME-It's All in Yer Head-LP
DREAD 101/VIR-split EP
STRAIGHT TO HELL-LP
ASBEST-Klaust Rofobi-EP
ACTS OF SEDITION/BAFABEGIYA-split 12"
DC SNIPERS-Missile Sunset-LP
THE VICIOUS-I'm Bored-12"
DIRECT CONTROL/STRUNG UP-live

KENNY KAOS

THE DRIP/HEDGECREEP-split EP
THE BAMBOO KIDS-45
THE NEINS-The Restaurant-EP
BABY SHAKES-Shake Shake!/On a Friday-45
THE NEDERBIETELS-On My Mind-45
MOJOMATICS-Nothin' About Nothin-EP
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
DIGITAL LEATHER-Simulator-EP
THE FUMESTONES-Now at the Minibar-EP
THE VICIOUS-I'm Bored-12"

CAROLYN KEDDY

LIVEFASTDIE-Bandana Thrash Record-LP
TERRIBLE TWOS-Plunderball/Spitting Image-45
BABY SHAKES-Shake Shake!/On a Friday-45
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
THE HYDEOUTS-Take Vacation-EP
THE INTELLIGENCE-Flight of the Donkeys-12"
THE VULTURES-CD / OUT WITH A BANG-12"
THE MIGHTY GO-GO PLAYERS-Play, Lose & Die-10"
GEORGE BRIGMAN-Jungle Rot-LP
Tomorrow Show with Tom Snyder-DVD

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

WILL KINSER

THOUGHT CRIME-It's All in Yer Head-LP
PACK-Booze for Future-EP
COP ON FIRE/VISIONS OF WAR-split LP
MURDER DISCO X-LP / ASBEST-EP
HJERTESTOP-Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!-EP
SECOND OPINION-Youth Revolt-EP
INFIERNO DE COBARDES-Despues del Encierro-EP
ACTS OF SEDITION/BAFABEGIYA-split 12"
IMPERIAL LEATHER-Something Out of Nothing-LP
ANNIHILATION TIME-live

RAY LUJAN

THE MOVEMENT-Move-CD
CHECKERS-Running With Scissors-CD
THE LOST PATROL BAND-LP
J CHURCH/MINORITY BLUES BAND-split EP
TEENAGE CONFIDENTIAL-CD
MOUSEROCKET-Missing Teeth-EP
FULL MINUTE OF MERCURY-Alive Again-CD
BABY SHAKES-45 / DIGITAL LEATHER-EP
STEVE HIT MIKE-Twelve Feet Under-CDEP
LIFETIME-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

BPA-Maybe Use My Knife–1980-1986-CD
THE VICIOUS-12" / REIGNING SOUND-LP
DC SNIPERS-LP / BABY SHAKES-45
ACTS OF SEDITION/BAFABEGIYA-split 12"
THE INTELLIGENCE-12" / OUT WITH A BANG-12"
LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT-FoursongEP-EP
DIGITAL LEATHER-EP / HJERTESTOP-EP
POPULAR SHAPES-B-Ball Music Songs 2&4-EP
YOUNG OFFENDERS-live at Thee Parkside
ACTS OF SEDITION-live at home

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-12"
HJERTESTOP-Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!-EP
INFIERNO DE COBARDES-7"
ASBEST-Klaust Rofobi-EP
GEORGE BRIGMAN-Jungle Rot-LP
BLACK SS-EP
FEROCIOUS X-Befria Från Vanda-EP
CONGA FURY–Dear Friends LP
SECOND OPINION-Youth Revolt-EP
DREAD 101/VIR-split EP

DONNA POOLE

TUFF LUVS-Heartburn-EP
FASHION FASHION & THE IMAGE BOYS-EP
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT-FoursongEP-EP
HJERTESTOP-Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!-EP
LIVEFASTDIE-Bandana Thrash Record-LP
OUT WITH A BANG-I'm Against It-12"
ABDUCTEE SD-Won't Stand Down-LP
IMPERIAL LEATHER-Something Out of Nothing-LP
THE INTELLIGENCE-Flight of the Donkeys-12"

BRUCE ROEHRS

STRAIGHT TO HELL-LP
ASBEST-Klaust Rofobi-EP
TERVEET KÄDET-The Horse-LP
SECOND OPINION-Youth Revolt-EP
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
DISCLOSE/WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-split EP
FEROCIOUS X-Befria Från Vanda-EP
TEMPLARS / BODIES / NUT+BOLTS-live
GENTLEMAN JIM-live
THE LIL' BASTARDS-live

RYAN WELLS

GEORGE BRIGMAN-Jungle Rot-LP
THE LOST PATROL BAND-LP
LIVEFASTDIE-Bandana Thrash Record-LP
V/A-Auto Glamour Sound-CD
HJERTESTOP-Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!-EP
DC SNIPERS-Missile Sunset-LP
REIGNING SOUND-Live At Goner Records-LP
BASEBALL FURIES-Lost Ones-45
NEOTEXT-Elevation-CD
THE NEINS-The Restaurant-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Bite the Hand that Feeds.../ Cotton Fist
Choke #10
I Hate This Part of Texas #5
Immigrant Zine #3
King Cat #65
Mishap #20
Morgenmuffel #14
Positive Vegan #4
The Rise & the Fall #6
Not Very Nice #1

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#150/Nov ‘95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec ‘95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb ‘96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar ‘96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May ‘96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May ‘96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#160/Sept ‘96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct ‘96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov ‘96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec ‘96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar ‘97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, ‘77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#170/July ‘97. Tedio Boys, Mine, The Four Cockroaches, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hood Rat, Bristle, The Slits. Scene reports: West Canada, France, Indonesia.

#174/Nov ‘97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec ‘97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April ‘98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May ‘98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June ‘98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept ‘98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct ‘98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov ‘98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec ‘98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan ‘99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb ‘99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar ‘99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April ‘99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May ‘99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June ‘99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July ‘99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug ‘99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept ‘99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, “Epicenter Zone ‘90-‘99”.

#197/Oct ‘99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov ‘99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump ‘N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec ‘99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan ‘00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb ‘00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, “Best Punk Singles of the ‘90s,” the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March ‘00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April ‘00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May ‘00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June ‘00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July ‘00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug ‘00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept ‘00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct ‘00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov ‘00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar ‘01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April ‘01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May ‘01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June ‘01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July ‘01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#220/Sep ‘01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct ‘01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov ‘01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, “Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,”

#223/Dec ‘01. “US Policy in the Middle East,” “Revisiting 1948,” Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan ‘02. “Legislation Since Sept. 11,” Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb ‘02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar ‘02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr ‘02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June ‘02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July ‘02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug ‘02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept ‘02. “No Future” article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct ‘02. “All Ages” article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov ‘02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec ‘02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: “Reading for Democracy,” “War on Iraq?” “Unfinished American Revolution,” Resource Guide, ”US Involvement in Iraq,””Axis of Empire.” Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan ‘03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb ‘03. Top Ten Records of 2002, “Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime,” Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar ‘03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr ‘03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May ‘03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June ‘03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July ‘03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug ‘03. “Media Alliance and the FCC,” Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept ‘03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct ‘03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov ‘03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec ‘03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, “Punk Babies on Tour” Article.

#248/Jan ‘04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday ‘29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb ‘04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar ‘04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, “La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene,” Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April ‘04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May ‘04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June ‘04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July ‘04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug ‘04. “Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is” Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep ‘04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct ‘04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov ‘04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec ‘04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan ‘05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, “Andrew “Stig” Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb ‘05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March ‘05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scene report

#263/April ‘05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May ‘05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June ‘05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July ‘05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August ‘05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech scene report, New Zealand scene report.

#268/September ‘05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Réason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October ‘05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy “Biscuit” Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November ‘05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December ‘05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick‘n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January ‘06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene Reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February ‘06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March ‘06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

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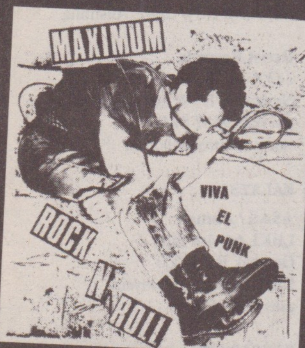
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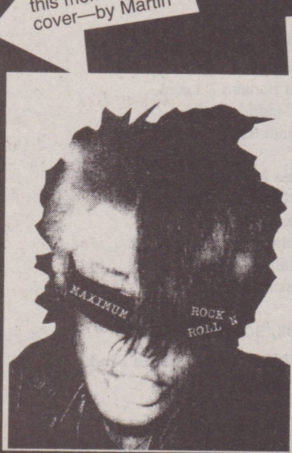
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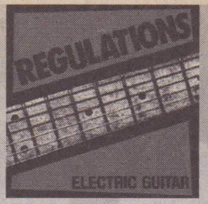
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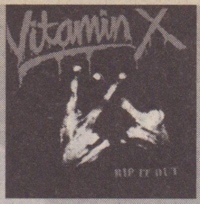
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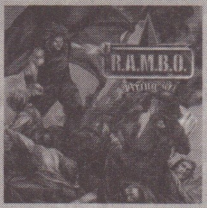
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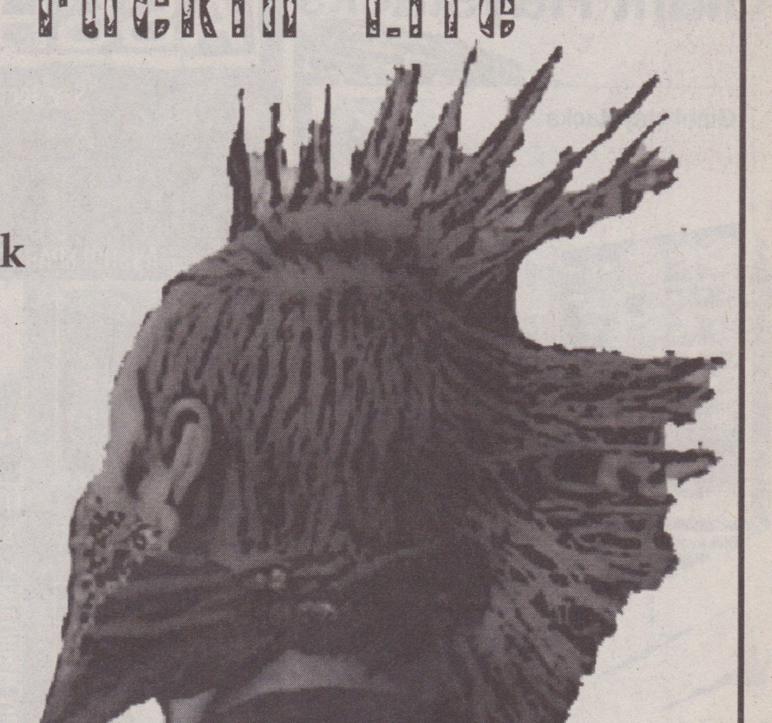

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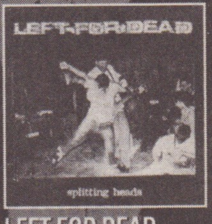
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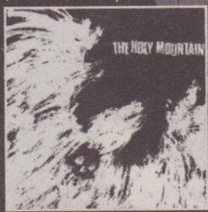
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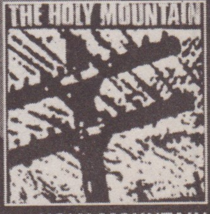
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Dear MRR—

Tom Roberts RIP. One great soul has just passed. It feels like someone socked me in the stomach. Here's something I wrote that I'd like to share.

I once lived with Tom in 1996 and part of 1997, on the second floor of Suburbia, which at the time was a brand new punk venue and a rehearsal spot in SE Portland. My girlfriend at the time had just completed airline stewardess academy and moved on to Reno, leaving me living alone, and Tom invited me to move in with him.

Soon we started talking up the concept of the Submissives album (the one that is out on Honest Don's Records that hardly anybody knows about). We started pitching song concepts and soon we were on our way to building something. We were going fast, I was taking notes, working thoughts into lyrics as Tom sat with his guitar trying various chord progressions. One day that week, Tom got a $500 royalty check. Without a blink Tom cruised to the record store and spend it all on CDs. Tom took about three hours combing the whole store and mumbling about Stiff Little MC5 Big Bill Motor something's song parts that he'd being thinking about lately. With those new CDs we spent the next 100 hours listening to various songs. Tom would say, "Catch this part," and show me the part of the song he thought was cool. He'd then spend some time first copying the riff, then slowly bastardizing it, playing it inside out and upside down then all over again, and then move on. We did this for days, mostly I watched.

For the next six weeks we worked together like it was the only thing that counted. When I still had my own place, I'd try to sneak off and go home at say 4 in the morning. Tom would look at me with a puzzled face and say, "You're what?" And then I'd end up staying and staying and finally end up sleeping on some pillows in his eight by ten, one room kitchen-less studio. Sometimes I'd wake up and he'd be playing away at 7:30 in the morning and it fucking inspired me. And it kicked my ass and I'd get up with him and just keep going.

Soon it didn't matter if it was day or night. If you got the energy to work, just work. Poison Idea ripped for no small reason. They, for a large period of time, had a band of overachieving musicians. They loved their instruments and worked hard on their craft and it showed. Tom considered any piece of music he left behind the only thing anyone will ever give a shit about in the long run, and he's right. You artists, musicians, and writers, take it dead serious. What else are you fucking doing with your life?

Well Tom is gone and it certainly does seem to be the end of an era. No more Tom Pig Champion in the world. It's a fucking shitty-ass sad time. Good fucking luck out there.
—Dave Dictor

MRR—

As a musician, it's fucking hard to find a good venue, especially when you are in a community that caters to the rich, newly wed, and nearly dead. That's right, I'm from Carmel, CA: the home of Clint Eastwood and some other pieces of shit from L.A. My band, the Bluffingtons, has been struggling to get plugged-in shows at venues and even people's houses. In response to our scene's lack of places to play, we have adopted the idea of playing acoustic, guerilla shows around the area for the punks and whoever else cares to listen. We have only had one problem in the past, at a laundromat back in June of 2005 in which we were shut down by the cops for not having permission to play. The Rushmores from Chicago played with us that night and ended up having their set cut to 10 minutes.

This recent New Year's that passed showed us how much the police want to strip people of their first amendment rights. We decided to play in front of a music store in downtown Monterey, CA. We figured that it would be cool because there was this big New Year's thing that took up the whole downtown and allowed us to reach lots of kids who were around. We planned it out to play at 11 and then sent flyers around the area by word of mouth and had some of our friends pass them out.

The time to the show approached and a good group of people gathered waiting for us to start. As we started our first song "Marcy Was a Crackwhore," people got into it; kids and punks were singing along and hangin' out and shit. People liked it. We played another song and it got better. As we started "I Don't Wanna Be a Boy," people knew the words and were yelling "fuck you" when we yelled "fuck you" and all that bullshit. As soon as we got halfway through the song the police, nine pigs to be exact, come out of nowhere, dart through the crowd and start yelling, "This is over, they don't have a permit for this!" I yelled out "Goodnight mother fuckers!" and was promtly pinned against the wall where I was interrogated for about ten minutes to see if I was on drugs or some bullshit. The officer who shut us down at the laundromat was there and said, "This bullshit's never gonna happen again," and snickered like a fuckin' pussy.

Long story short, we almost got our guitars confiscated and I almost got arrested because we played some acoustic guitar. I later went to the city hall and looked into the code book and found out "Sec. 22-17. Noise—permit for use of loudspeakers, amplifiers, etc.,—required: No person, group, organization, corporation, association or partnership shall operate or cause to be operated within the City any amplified noise or sound equipment unless a permit has been obtained from the City Manager or his delegated representative." Well, where does it say acoustic guitar? Where does it say that playing acoustic is wrong? There was nothin' I could find to fight against us, and now I wanna play in front of the police station just to piss them off even more.

Our music is being taken away by lots of people, whether it's the police, major labels, television, and other major outlets of the media. Go to shows, support your scene, keep DIY alive, and please god don't let people hold you back. We are all one, let's fight together and die together.
—Peter Metro

Peter—

I can't let this go without calling you on this: when you call someone a "pussy" as an insult, and have songs with titles like "Marcy Was a Crackwhore," some people might get the impression that you guys are a bunch of sexist dipshits.

But I applaud your efforts to bring the rock to the kids by any means necessary. Guerilla shows are always way more fun than normal punk show—except when they get busted, of course. I hope you do go play in front of the cop shop!
Give 'em hell,
—Paul

Maximum Rock 'n' Gawddamn Rock 'n' Roll/Graham Booth especially—

I've wrote a few letter to y'all but threw them away and never sent them because I don't know—but I can't stand it anymore. So here goes…

First: "Rocket to Nowhere" column is a good column but I have one complaint… *"The Eat is a let down"*? If you don't like it I think you should sell it to me (a punk/an Eat fan) for $5 or get in touch with me to trade. I don't care if it is a reissue without a baseball card. Check out their *Hialeh* 7" and if you don't like that either, give it to me (a punk/*a huge Eat fan!*). I have rare stuff to trade. I even got an extra Stun Guns (best Miami punk) 7" ya might wanna get.

Second: 7"s cost too much these days. I bought a 7" from some kinda more wealthy big rich kid crusty punk distro box. It was labeled the Stains "John Wayne Was a Nazi" b/w "Born to Die." It's the same versions of the later MDC's first album and it was $5. $5 is too much for a 45 (unless it's the Eat). Ripping off the punk community sucks!

Oh yeah! MySpace sucks! So do cell phones! You're trapped. Cops read *MRR* and listen to Tragedy and Against Me! because they got no taste. For real, you're trapped with what you say, and wear copper bracelets to shield the rays—they sure are convenient though, eh?

I subscribed for six months to get free stuff, but only got a CD full of a bunch of stuff I already got and a poster that my 7-month-old nephew coulda done a better job at. But I'm not one to complain. *Thanx a lot!* (I love Bad Posture! I met Bruno DeSmartass once at some SF 77 party or something. He was surprised anybody from Georgia knew who Bad Posture was?)

I also agree eBay sucks! I don't get anything from it myself, but my sister Liz does. She bought an Eat CD that she thought was just a CD-R. But it's good enough for a master! If I sucked, I would bootleg the Eat's *Complete Discography* CD. So Michael O'Brien, can I please put out an Eat 45 of "$$$ for the Police" b/w 2 songs. You can do the artwork and I work in a screen-printing factory. I'll give you 3/6ths of the copies and the rest I'll hold onto until they're worth hundreds. Fuck that shit. Copyright control is a load of shit. My old band, Queerwulf, can't release our 12" until we get permission from the Pagans to cover "Eyes of Satan." We got test pressings but no copyright waver. We're not a band anymore but it would be nice to come out. I bet we'd sell more records than Tragedy or Against Me! These bands suck. I only wear patches when I get holes in my crotch—ask anybody! I've (sic) very stoned and people are looking at me.

—Sincerely,
Josh Mayfield

Send mix tapes to: 38 Mulberry St., Woodfin, NC 28804. (Same address for Jacuzzi Suicide demo, reviewed last issue, Jan #273.)

P.S. I'm serious about the Eat stuff!

P.P.S. I'm on MySpace but I don't wanna be your friend.

P.P.P.S. At least I don't own a cell phone or a computer. Fuck technology!

Maxi-Rocker—

This is Mark from JFD. Thanks to one Erin Yanke for reviewing our demo. It made our day and put a little extra *umph* in our steps…ah ha! Anyway, the address I wrote was wrong and I am a horrible drunk so here is the new one:

JFD
303 Fort Parker
San Antonio, TX 78211

Thank you and goodnight. Up the punkzzzz.
—Mark JFD

Oh, and it's not $1, it's free.

Dear MRR—

Considering the current furor of the Muslim world attacking the freedom of the press in the West after the publication of cartoons of Muhammed in newspapers, I'm interested to find where your own magazine stands on this issue. I ask this as there was a positive review of a fanzine called *Letters Forged by the Daughter Putting on Her Scarf in a Masjid Parking Lot* in #271. Because the author of this fanzine is, to quote, "a radically-minded queer Muslim woman," the reviewer felt the urge to commend the fanzine. Exchange "Muslim" for "Christian" and I think the review would have been rather different.

I am no fan of any religion, yet there seems to be double standards when it comes to criticizing, for want of a better term, "non-white" religions. Are we, as punks, united in our opposition to *all* religions, or those based, largely, on skin colour? I think it's time to escape this culture of knee-jerk, cowardly liberalism within the punk scene and make a stand against *all* religions. Why is Islam somehow less repellent than Christianity? *All* religions want to control and distract us from our main goal. Let's keep all religions out of the punk scene and show no fear when criticizing those who partake in them, no matter what race or "minority" the person is.

—Adam Johnston
Flat 2-1 / 6 Bridgegate Path / Glasgow G1 5BL / UK / adamjohnston1970@hotmail.com

Adam—

To respond in order: we at Maximumrocknroll *believe very much in the freedom of the press, not to mention freedom of speech. My take on the protesting is that it's about people being upset about a cartoon that insulted their religion, not that they are upset about the freedom of the press (although many are, I'm sure). Your logic is akin to George W. Bush saying that the attacks on 9/11 were perpetrated because "they hate our freedom."*

I don't see how our reviewer, Cassie, stating that a zine was written by a radically-minded queer Muslim woman is a commendation. It's more a statement of fact. And actually, the whole review was very subjective and said nothing positive or negative about Islam. Again, your interpretation of the facts shows your prejudice.

Are we, the punks, united against all religions? No. Why would you think that? There certainly is a lot anti-religious sentiment in the scene, but I'm sure you'll find many opinions on the subject. Personally, I'm no fan of religion either, but I'd be stoked to see a zine by a radically-minded queer Christian woman, for example. What's the harm in learning?

To answer your final question, Islam may be less repellant than Christianity in a context where our Christian, white-supremacist government is going on the offensive around the world to crush the governments of Islamic nations. I feel a need at this time in history to take a good look at what Islam means to the people who practice the religion, and those who see it as their cultural identity. Which is worse, "knee-jerk liberalism" or knee-jerk ignorance?

—Paul

P.S. For more info on Letters Forged by the Daughter Putting on Her Scarf in a Masjid Parking, *email ss01@Hampshire.edu*

MRR readers—

I am looking for any readers from the Eastern Tennessee area. To be more accurate, I am searching for folks from the Cleveland and Knoxvillearea that are involved in one way or another in distro, or just punk rock zine geeks that have nothing better to do than spend your days at the local bar, get off of your ass and get to work. I have been hearing some very disturbing reports from a few different sources (such as the Fifth Estate and Earth First), also for the longest time I have not stepped out of prison and I miss my home, Cleveland, TN. Yes, there is a place called Cleveland in Tennessee. All my old friends are strangers to me now and I am still punk. I still listen to Crass! I still think that we can change this world! So all of our small towns are waiting for us, not New York or San Francisco. I would have loved to have someone there to show me something new, but every time I cot close to someone who had something to say they all moved to the city, leaving the small town for something that was already there, a purpose. Something to do is not some place else, it is waiting for us to do and to start something new in a small town is what makes places like Athens, GA, Ashland, NC, and small corners like Knoxville, TN, kick ass.

So just start something and do not jump ship. Having something to do in your town and doing it is alot better than being lost in the city, being alone with jaded fuckers, or being a crustie with a thousand other crusties at People's Park in Berkeley. You have to leave home to know home and to build a home, a space out of spite or love, a place so that others do not have to sit bored, a place to go and start your little revolution. Look at all of the things that we did at Waffle House, or that little dive in Cleveland (the Coffee Cup). Look at all of the things we could have done and can still do. I miss being 16 and sitting on the curb at 3 a.m. with a backpack full of Burroughs and Zinn, but I will be 34 an ex-con, and I may have to do the something; just think about what I can do in my town that will make some sort of difference—what can I do? What could I do and how can I do it? I have an idea and I hope that I will make something in my town, out of love and spite, out of being creative and redemption.

No I did not kill anybody, I committed a simple property crime and got 9 years, so I have time to think about what I can do, what all of this is, and I do not say, "Oh, poor me." Yes, this system is guilty complex, and if it worked it would not have to exist.

Well, I hope to hear from someone from home. I am interested in local music and is there anyone doing zine in the area. Also check out *Chairmen of the Bored* zine @ Fanorama Zine Distro (Reb kicks ass). Stay punk and listen to Crass! Write me at Edward E. Verner #J-02042, CMC 7328, PO Box 3801, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-8301

—Edward

MRR—

I Object just got back from a week tour in Mexico. There was a couple things we were concerned with. One was the fact that we are all vegan. We were kinda worried as to what and how we would eat—a normal concern for anybody with a special diet on tour. The first day we drove into Mexico to Monterrey where we would meet Ferando, the person booking the tour. We had to drive all night to meet him on time and then we only had about an hour or so before we had to go to the first show after meeting him. By the time we met him we where starving. He took us back to his home where he already had a full meal ready for us to eat. His family prepared an entire meal for us before the show! No pasta and red sauce either. We then headed to the first show. After that show they had another meal ready for us. We realized then that is will be the norm while in Mexico, and it was. We had three meals a day for the entire seven days we spent there. It was great. We where not treated like rock stars, we were just treated as a band on tour should be treated. It seemed that the food at the shows was one of the most important things at the shows we played. We did not have to ask for it, it was just the norm. All these people took the time to do this for us.

After the seven days was up, we went back into the states to play a bunch of shows. We were tossed back into the fast-paced life of the US. Eating in grocery store parking lots, not even thinking there will be food at the show let alone food before and after the show. It just seems that we are to busy for stuff like that in the US.

In the US we talk about how great it is to play Europe and Mexico, and really any other place besides the US because of how bands are treated. But can't we change how bands are treated in the US? Can't we make cooking a important part of doing shows in the US? At the least, make sure that any show you do you have dinner for the bands, and if you can, breakfast in the morning. This should not be that hard. It seems when a band talks about food for them at shows we think they are rock stars and they are demanding this or that. This is not the case at all. Cooking for bands is a must for doing a DIY punk show.

So how do you go about this and how can you make this happen? OK, here are some pointers: Always cook vegan because then mostly everybody can eat what you have made. If you really want to make sure you cook the right food, ask what the band can and can't eat. If you don't have a lot of money or you can't cook, no worries, just ask a friend for help or ad on a extra buck onto the door price of your show to pay for the food you cooked. You can find tons of easy things to cook in any vegan cookbook. You can do this if you can find the time. If you can't find the time, maybe doing a show is not your thing. Maybe you just don't have time to put on a show because they do take effort. Or you can start a show collective in your town, this way you can have a couple doing different things so the show goes right.

The US HC punk scene can improve itself. We can take this more seriously. Being more professional when it comes to doing shows does not mean you are less DIY. DIY should be better then the main stream. We should be able to offer people more not less. We offer community—the corporate shit houses that do shows can't offer that. The summer is coming and touring bands are getting ready to go out, so get the kitchen warmed up and start cooking. Lets make it more than just music.

Also, thanks to all the people in Mexico/USA and Canada who have cooked great meals for I Object. Thanks to Ferando and his family for the great time in Mexico. There are a lot of great people in the US who treat bands very well. Thank you and keep it up.

—Ryan Cappelletti
196 Laburnam Cres.
Rochester, NY 14620
punksbeforeprofits@hotmail.com

Ryan—

I take issue with your statement, "If you can't find the time [to cook for bands], maybe doing a show is not your thing." Would you rather have no show at all than have a show with no meal provided? Sometime it's hard enough to find bands places to play and places to sleep, and make the flyers and phone calls, all while trying to work and make ends meet in your own life—especially during "touring season" when it seems like there are ten bands a week coming through town. While I agree with you that it should be common practice to feed a touring band, I don't think it should be the expected thing. And besides, there should be food for everyone, not just for the bands specifically.

But in essence I totally agree with you. It's so much easier and cheaper and more awesome all around when we feed each other and eat together. So come on, punks, let's make some time for grubbin'!
—Paul

Dear MRR—

Hey ya'll, this is Sweettooth in Minneapolis writing a little note to some of you punx about some sad news that hit us in a rough week of the new year. On January 18th, at about 5:00 in the a.m., 2221 Bloomington Ave. (a house that has become a little local institution of a punk house for quite a while here, having at one point or another served as home, "base of operations," crashpad, or haven for a good percentage of the local and traveling punks in the area), due to a problem in the ancient wiring in the old relic of a building, an electrical fire erupted out of a closet on the third floor of the house and burned the upper half into little but charred remains. The fire department was called early enough to keep the flames up top alone, but under the pressure of the water used to extinguish the fire the rickety boards in the ceilings gave way and deluged the entire house in a flood of charred and broken wood, glass, water, and garbage, rendering the place and unlivable ruin. Luckily though, everyone got out in time and was even able to salvage the bulk of their belongings. The only thing to really fall casualty to the fire seems to be the beloved old house itself, which had over the years taken on its own personality and myth. It was also still considered home by most everyone that passed through it, not just the 12 or so people formerly dwelling in it, and who are now displaced by the upheaval that is feeling like the end of an era.

I myself had not lived in the house for over a year but found myself there daily, as it was kind of the epicenter of a lot of the punks in our part of the Phillips neighborhood, and because I, like most of the former residents of the house, still got my mail there. Hell, I even used it as the address on the records I had just released on my label, because I moved around too much to count on any permanent address and it seemed like it was going to be around "forever," right? Well, it has always appeared to me that some of the best things in punk are if not based on impermanence, at least embracing of it in that healthy mix of nihilism and…uhm…hope? No Future, eh?

So people are dealing as they can and the community has come together to help pick up the pieces, much like it can do in the passing of a good friend. One can only wonder if the ghosts and the annoying fucking squirrels that truly had free reign of the top floor can be so lucky. On "the block" where the house was, there are also several other punk houses, and many people have sought shelter in the house next door. In fact it seems the two have merged. Some people have settled for good and some just for until they can find the next step. The time following the fire saw 20 or more punks all living under one wild-assed roof, along with six cats and their three kittens, three dogs, two children, and piles upon piles of people, belongings, and lives. In the living room and basement things were piled almost to the ceiling, ominously teetering and threatening to land on everyone's weaving trajectories through the mess as cats and dogs chased each other across people cooking huge pots of food for everyone and partaking in the deluge of whiskey and other such "coping mechanisms" graciously provided by the lovely punks of nearby houses who would stop by to give there immoral support in the two week drunk that followed the fire. For now, the storms have calmed, though, and everyone is getting about up on their feet.

So this is both to let everyone that passed through, lived, or hung out in the Bloomington house (and I know there is an army of you out there!) to know and shotgun a beer in honor of, and also to anyone trying to reach or send mail to any of the former residents or Jiica! Records (who put out the Dogs record reviewed a couple issues back in these pages). For now, all can be reached through the punk house next door: 2229 Bloomington Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404, until new addresses and PO boxes can be gotten.

In closing, the Bloomington house is dead, long live the Bloomington house! Long live Cletus and Ada! Up the Punks! See you in St. Louis this May!!!

Much love,
—Sweettooth Hinckley, Jr.

Dear MRR—

I just read issue #273 in which *The Punk Pagan* #2 was reviewed by Jeff Mason, and while I appreciate the publicity and the fact that he probably actually read *PP*#2, I must question that he was given *The Punk Pagan* to review in the first place. In that same issue of *MRR*, in the Ted Rall column condemning certain journalistic practices he says, "The *New York Times Book Review* frequently assigns reviews to writers with a personal, philosophical, and political axe to grind against the reviews subject..." Well, it seems that is exactly what *MRR* did to me when it assigned Jeff Mason to review *The Punk Pagan*. Mason is an admitted atheist and was admittedly "dismissive" to the subject matter from the beginning. All I'm asking for is a review done with an open mind.

It is not my purpose or the purpose of *The Punk Pagan* to convert anybody or any such nonsense. I leave conversion to the Christians and I have as much, if not more, of a dislike of Christianity as anybody on your staff. The purpose or the target audience for *The Punk Pagan* are pagans, witches, Wiccans, goddess worshippers, etc. who also happen to be punks. It is also a self-catharsis for me—I write and put together the whole thing in a hostile and discriminating environment (Rhode Island State Prison) and I work hard on it and put a lot of thought into it.

I was an atheist myself for many years and nobody converted me—I had a few supernatural experiences and I changed my thinking. Paganism/witchcraft is an alternative religion. In no way is it "organized" and most practitioners are DIY (as I am myself)—I cannot even get a Wiccan High Priestess to come into this institution because the rules state that "religions must be organized, tax-exempt status, etc." to have services. There are a million fucking Christian services in here as well as Muslim, Jewish, Jehovah's Witness, even Scientology, but no pagan—the nature of this system (and the government in general) completely discriminates against us. So, I was kind of disappointed when it seemed to me as if *MRR*, (a zine I respect and have subscribed to for a long time), discriminated against me as well. I could see if it was not well written or well put together or ill-informed, but the reviewer has no complaints about that—only that he is an atheist and therefore "dismissive" on the subject matter. So, what the fuck?!? Give it to somebody who is not so close-minded, OK? I still think *MRR* kicks ass, but I know it is not infallible. Thanks for listening.

Maniac Mike
Punk Pagan Pub.
PO Box 282
Manville, RI 02838

Mike—

Our reviewers are always expected to give the zines a thorough read and then give their honest opinions about them, and that is all that happened here. I'm sure that any "pagans, witches, Wiccans, goddess worshippers, etc.," reading the reviews in MRR *would be interested in your zine whether or not our reviewer agreed with your beliefs, right?*

—Paul

Dear Friends and Family at Maximumrocknroll—

My reason for writing this letter is to ask for help in regards to my 13-year-old son, and his strong ambition to be a "MaximumRocknRoller"...That's not the problem though. See, he lives in a small, somewhat sheltered community, with limited in/outlets for underground DIY culture. The exact opposite was true in my case; I was a latch-key kid running amok in the suburbs of L.A. By the time I was his age, punk rock was the nexus of my life. All I had was my skateboard, my records, my Ritalin, and a kick-ass, hard-working single mom. Your mag was never far from reach. I didn't read as much as I dug the artwork, and all the pictures of bands in full flail got me pumped. I was overwhelmed by all the bands from all over the world; everything seemed urgent and sincere. I could not be swayed in my hardcore loyalty. This is also about the first time I encountered law enforcement. Los Angeles has the largest juvenile justice system in the world, and to say I had a problem with authority is a gross understatement. I guess, in a nutshell, that would explain why I'm composing this letter from the "stripy hole." I won't even begin to try to explain the grief and helplessness of being an incarcerated parent.

Fortunately, like me, my son also has a kick-ass mom who tolerates and encourages radical creative freedom. So when I asked him the big question one day, he said, "I want to be in a band." (That's my baby!!) Right away I arranged for him to get the gear he needed (guitar amp, pedals, etc.). He's now shredding on a daily basis and is taking lessons (thanks, Grandma).

Now, what I was hoping to achieve by writing *MRR* is to open a wider output of DIY inspiration in the form of sharing of one's punk rock-ness. Right now, he can't go where the punk is, so I'm asking all of you out in the world to bring it to him. He is fucking awesome and deserves the best. Please send encouraging words, zines, tapes, records, CDs, stickers, and T-shirts to: Forest, Box 842, Kenwood, CA 95452.

Thank you for 20 years of shear loudness!

Quin Radtke #2153431
850 Bryant Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

MRR—

Just a gentle reminder. Not everyone in prison is there because they are a victim of the system. Some are there because they are stupid, vicious, dangerous individuals who have seriously hurt innocent people.

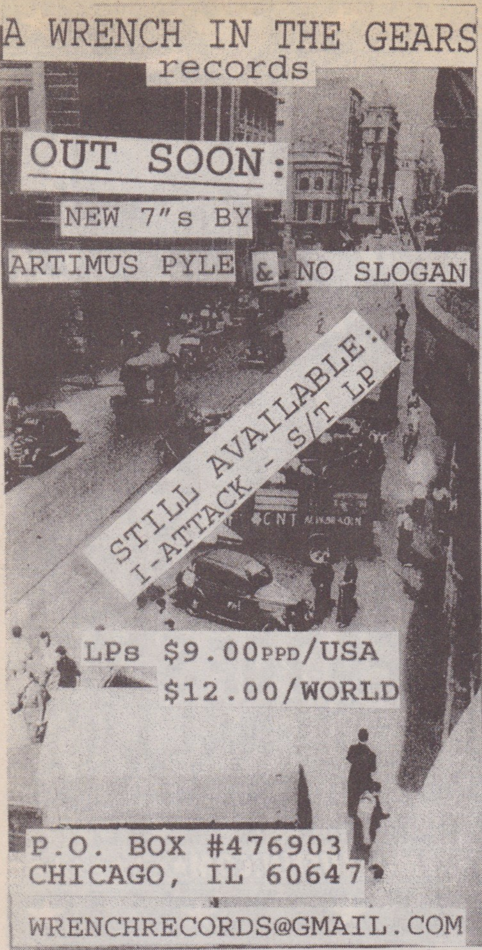
Really.

—Fred

Fred—

That may be true, but it's also true that some people in prison have hurt no one. Some people are there just for possessing or selling drugs. Some are there because they were stupid, vicious, and dangerous as young people, and have never been given an opportunity to be anything else. Some are innocent. Some just didn't have a good lawyer. And of course there are stupid, vicious, dangerous individuals who have seriously hurt innocent people who will never go to prison because they have a lot of money and power. So I don't really understand the point of your letter.

—Paul



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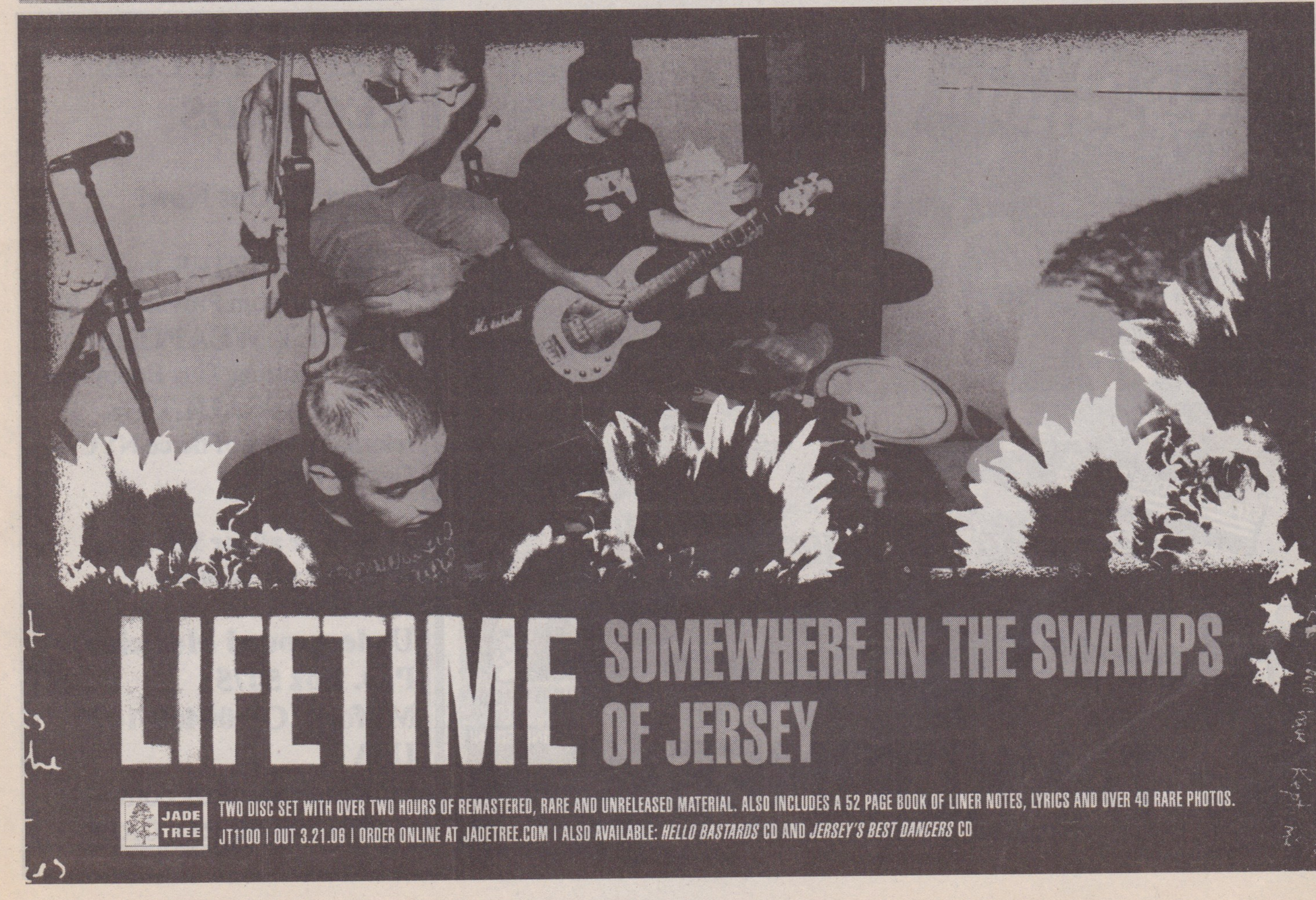

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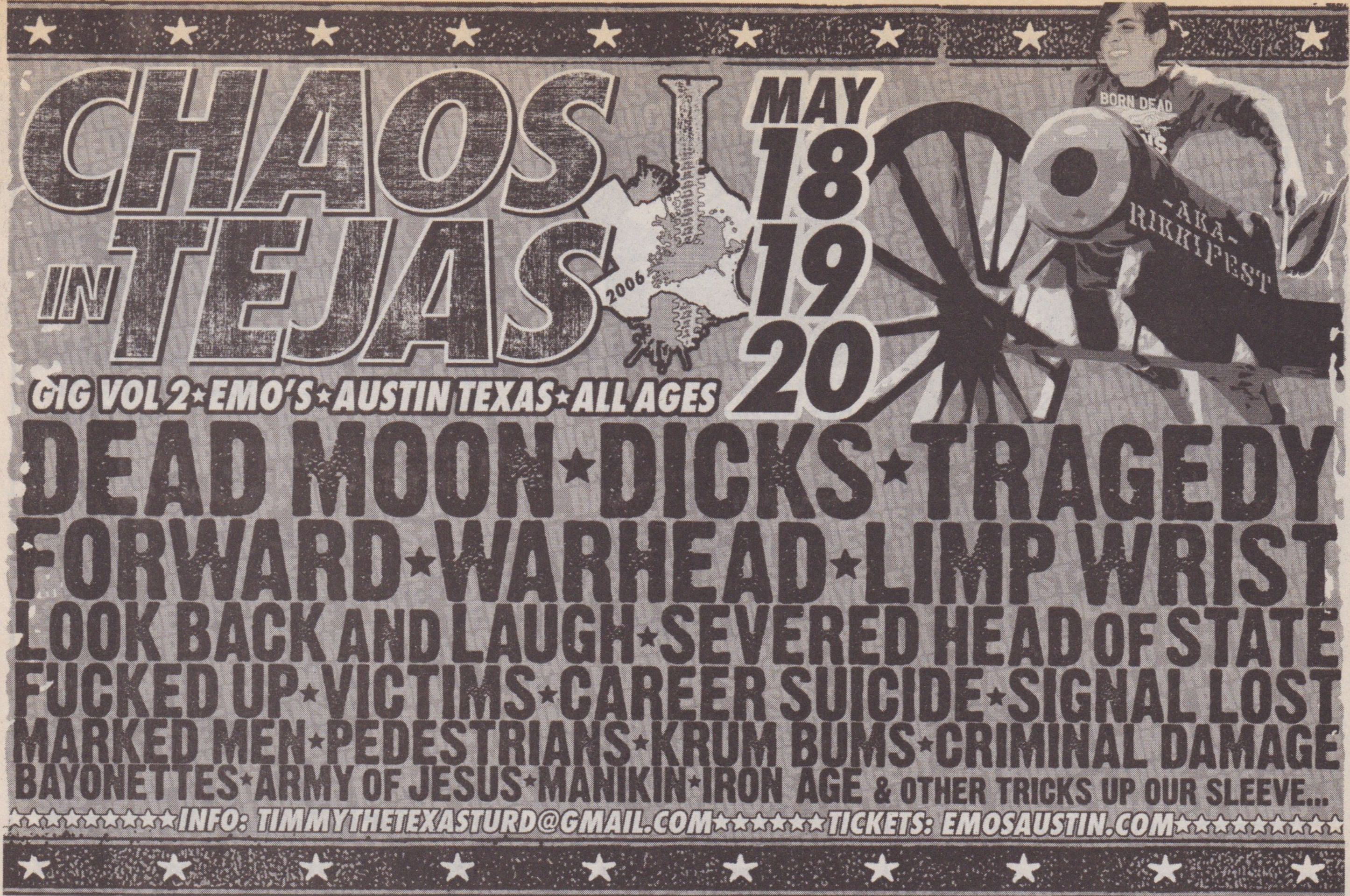
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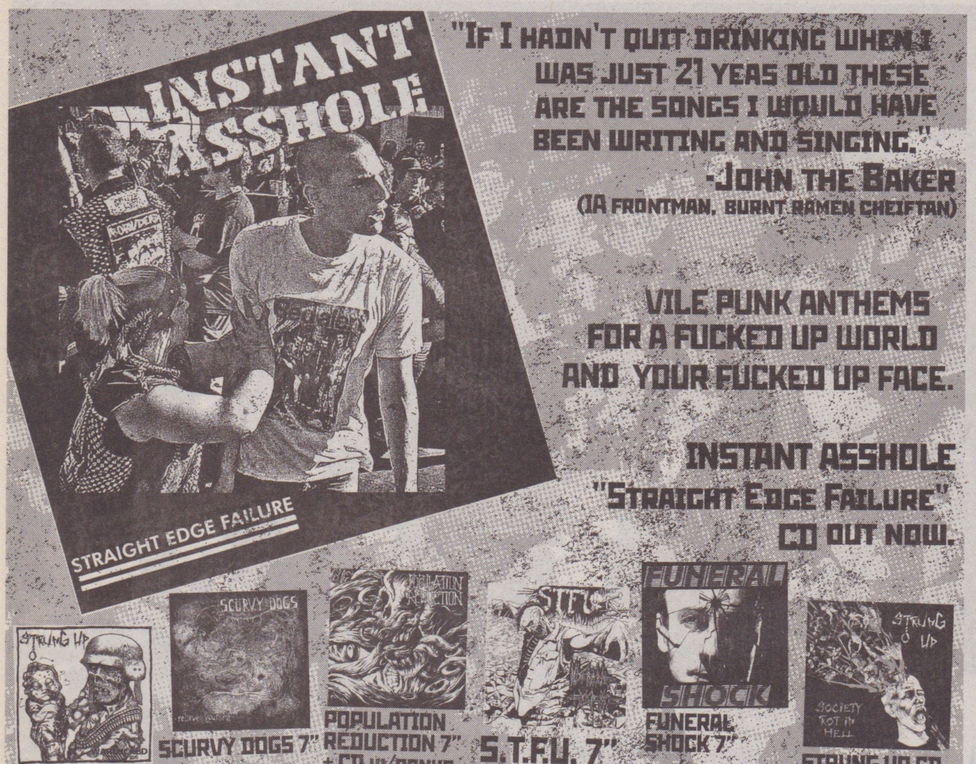
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COLUMNS

AL QUINT

What a Lousy Week...

I'm certain some of what I'm writing will appear in other columns or get mentioned somewhere in this issue, but it's been a tough week—the deaths of Coretta Scott King, Tom "Pig Champion" Roberts from Poison Idea, and RKL vocalist Jason Sears, plus the near-fatal stabbing of World Burns to Death/Severed Head of State vocalist Jack Control (Conrow). All of this happened between January 28 and January 31, so not even a week. Let's get to the details...

Coretta Scott King, widow of the slain civil rights leader Martin Luther King, Jr., had been ill for some time, having suffered a stroke and ovarian cancer. She was 78 years old. After her husband's assassination, she became a leading light in the battle for civil rights and equality. That included support for gay and lesbian rights. She opposed the current war and occupation of Iraq. She protested apartheid in South Africa. Remember when Ronald Reagan spoke about "constructive engagement" with the racist government of that country? She led the effort to have her husband's birthday recognized as a national holiday and that finally happened in the '80s. Ronald Reagan signed the bill in 1983 and the first King holiday was in 1986. That was one of the few positive pieces of legislation signed by Reagan. Maybe the only one.

In any case, it took a long time to happen. A resolution to declare his birthday a holiday was entered in Arizona in 1972 but died in committee, according to the Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records site. As it turned out, Arizona was the next to last state to enact the King holiday, finally doing so in 1992. A year before that, Public Enemy had written a song called "By the Time I Get Arizona," on their *Apocalypse 91* album. In that song Chuck D. says, "What's a smiling face when the whole state's racist / Why want a holiday / Damn it 'cause I wanna." Sister Souljah starts the track off with the declaration about a "white supremist (sic) scheme to destroy the national celebration of Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday." There's also a reference to the governor, most likely Evan Mecham, who fought the holiday for years, but did finally relent to create a Martin Luther King—Civil Rights Day in 1987, which was subsequently killed in the Arizona senate. So it took another five years to happen.

New Hampshire was the final state to approve the holiday, in 1999. No surprise, given that state's Republican bent and strong anti-government leanings, plus its small African-American population. It was finally signed by centrist Democratic governor Jean Shaheen. During a 2004 interview with *Democracy Now* host Amy Goodman, Rev. Arthur Hilson, who founded the New Hope Baptist church (where King got his start) and later founded a church in New Hampshire said, "I heard things like, you know, this man is not worthy. There were some indiscretions. I even heard the cry he was a communist. All kinds of crazy things."

The current Supreme Court-installed occupant of the White House praised Mrs. King during the State of the Union address. An ABC report quotes him as saying she was "a beloved, graceful, courageous woman who called America to its founding ideals and carried on a noble dream." What a hypocrite. It's completely ironic given his so-called war on terror that curtails people's civil liberties. It's ironic given his opposition to gay marriage. It's ironic that the night he praised Mrs. King, the anti-war activist Cindy Sheehan was forcibly removed and arrested for displaying an anti-war T-shirt. The wife of a Republican congressman was also asked to leave for displaying a pro-war T-shirt... She wasn't arrested... Sheehan was, although the charges were later dropped and an apology issued. It was a mockery of the First Amendment and contrary to what Mrs. King believed in. She stood up for those beliefs, often through the tool of non-violent protest that her late husband espoused. In this time, non-violent protesters are put under surveillance and labeled as terrorist organizations. Of course, history repeats itself because, in the '60s, Martin Luther King was under constant FBI surveillance.

Coretta Scott King was a great person, an inspiring individual who carried on the work of her husband for nearly 40 years. Her life is to be celebrated as much as her death is to be mourned.

Pig Champion died at the age of 47. No official cause of death has been given but it's likely his heart gave out. Pig Champion's contributions may seem slight compared to Mrs. King's but he left a lasting mark on punk. He left one on me, that's for sure. Poison Idea one of my favorite bands ever. I still find them to be inspiring. *Pick Your King*, their first 7", is one of the greatest hardcore punk records of all time. It's in my top two (Negative Approach's first EP is the other one). He had a sound that still resonates to this day—an influence heard in countless bands across the US and overseas. I met Pig a few times, the first time in 1990 when they played at the Rat in Boston and the second time was twelve years later, when they finally made it back to the area, playing a pair of shows at the Pond in Cambridge. Both times it kicked ass.

I was looking through a box of my 7"s after learning of his death, since I felt the best tribute was to play my Poison Idea records. I came across my copy of *Filth Kick* that Pig had personally signed and sent to me. Maybe autographs are cheesy but coming from that band it meant a great deal. I seemed to get a new record from Poison Idea every few weeks in the late '80s. They supported my work and I hope I supported theirs.

Jason Sears died at the age of 38 in Tijuana, Mexico, at an "alternate detox clinic," as described in various accounts. Ironically, Mrs. King also died in Mexico while undergoing alternative treatment.

Jason died from pulmonary thrombosis but some wonder if it was caused by his taking the drug ibogaine, which is banned in the US. It allegedly can treat addiction and withdrawal, but also apparently causes intense hallucinations and has other side effects. A report in the *San Diego Union-Tribune* says that may not have been the cause. It says, Jason "apparently died of health complications unrelated to the treatment. He had been suffering from serious skin abscesses and an infection." Whatever the cause, it's too young an age, obviously, and comes a short time after the deaths of two other RKL members, Bomber Manzullo and Derrick Plourde.

Finally—but not meant as least, there's the stabbing of Jack Control following a show in Austin. Ashley from the band Signal Lost writes, "At the end of the night some random trainhopper kids got rowdy. One guy kicked in the window of The Parlor (the pizza place Jazzy's [Jasmine from Signal Lost] family owns) Jazzy, Zack and Jack went outside to confront these guys and a big mess broke out. Jack stepped in to stop one of these guys from hitting Jazzy. This is when one of the guys came from behind Jack and stabbed him in the gut." It's a long story but the upshot is he was almost killed, as the knife barely missed his heart. The cops did catch the guy who apparently did this. I'm no lover of the criminal justice system but I hope this piece of excrement goes away for long time. Jack lost about half of his blood, underwent extensive surgery and was hospitalized for several days in the intensive care unit. As of this writing, he's gone home but is in rough shape and will likely need more surgery. He's racked up medical bills already over $80,000 and he doesn't have health insurance. A fund to help defray his medical expenses has been set up and benefit shows are also being set up around the country and overseas. If you want to help Jack out, you can send money to timmythetexasturd@gmail.com or to punkcontrol@hotmail.com.

As I said... what a fuckin' week...

RECORD REVIEWS:

ABUSIVE ACTION (Crucial Response, CD)

Tough modern hardcore that brings both the mosh and the speed, topped off with gruff vocals. Punching the right buttons as it hits with brute force and the rage works. (Kaisersfeld 98, 48047 Oberhausen, GERMANY, www.crucialresponse.com)

ASBEST – *Klaust Rofobi* EP (Kick n' Punch, 7" EP)

A Danish punk band that is thrashier than some of its label compatriots. It's still got that straightforward style with spat-out vocals, along with the band's tight, aggressive sound. Nine short bursts, going through some cool twists and turns along the way. No lyric sheet, all sung in Danish, but it still makes a strong connection. I don't need the translation to feel the passion here. (Postbox 604, 2200 København N, DENMARK, www.kicknpunch.com)

BLACK MARKET BABY – *Coulda... Woulda... Shoulda...* (Dr. Strange, CD)

Not a complete anthology (almost half of their *Senseless Offerings* LP isn't here) but I'm not going to complain. Nope—Black Market Baby was a DC band that didn't get the acclaim it deserved during its original tenure from 1980-1988... they also got back together in the 90s and there are several unreleased songs here recorded during that time by Government Issue's Tom Lyle. BMB was outside the insular harDCore scene and they had a sound that was solidly rooted in older punk, with a gritty, tough sound and strong dose of melody. "Downward Christian Soldiers" has long been one of my favorite punk tunes. Starting with a throbbing bass line and so fucking catchy as vocalist Boyd Farrell rails against TV preachers and religion in general, and does quite a convincing job. "Killing Time" and the street punkish "America's Youth" have more of a street-punk flavor. That song and three others are from their earliest recordings. They get darker for "Gunpoint Affection" (*much* darker), while "Parasite" has a moodiness a bit reminiscent of the Ruts. The later material isn't always as energetic, although they get it right for "Drunken Bull" and they don't embarrass themselves. This band was completely underrated and these recordings hold up very well. (www.drstrange.com)

BLACK SHEEP SQUADRON – *Foreign Object* (Reaper, CD)

Oh yeah—this has already been played a shitload of times in the Quint CD player. Tight, absolutely ripping hardcore punk with speed and guts, although there are more tuneful moments, in a street punk vein—this includes "I Want Out" and "Papers Please." "Bonehead" alternates between a stomping mosh part and velocity. "More Pain" takes a page from "California Über Alles" for the intro before exploding. Chuck's vocals have the same bray as Choke from Slapshot, Negative FX, etc. only *meaner*. A bone to pick with idiots and morons they come across everyday and succinctly expressed. Fucking *tough,* without the tough-guy bullshit. (PO Box 2935, Liverpool, NY 10389, www.reaperhardcore.com)

BLITZ – *Hits* (SOS, CD)

Not all hits but a collection of singles, songs from *Voice of a Generation*, the later "Killing Dream" (done with a rhythm machine) and a pair of songs by Nidge and Mackie, released under the name of Rose Of Victory—one of them being a not-too-bad cover of Bowie's "Suffragette City." While the mastering leaves a bit to be desired at times, these songs stand the test of time. Rousing oi anthems such as "Fight to Live," "Never Surrender," "Someone's Gonna Die," "Razors in the Night," etc. Gruff vocals and a straight-ahead rawness punctuated by melodic guitar trills. Even the more polished "New Age" has a catchy hook. Just wish it sounded better, at times. (PO Box 3017, Corona, CA 92878, www.sos-records.com)

DSC (Hit The Deck, LP)

Jesus F. Christ, DSC is in a rage. They've apparently broken up already and that's a pity. A full-tilt hardcore onslaught. Manic thrash, along with some crossover squeals and vocals that couldn't be any angrier sounding. Occasionally things are a bit out of sync but, man, this is explosive. They're not exactly PC, with a song called "Art Fag," and they distrust the left as much as the right ("Pamphlet Pusher"). Having made those comments, it's a full-on attack. Good taste in covers—COC and the underrated Canadian band Direct Action. (Kensington, PO Box 61222, Calgary, AB T2N 4S6, Canada, www.hitthedeckrecords.com)

86 MENTALITY – *Goin' Nowhere Fast* (Grave Mistake, CD)

'82 mentality—well, sort of. This DC band is so mean and hard-sounding that you'll want to punch yourself in the face. The blood will flow and there may also be holes in your walls by the time you're done. What I'm trying to say is this is bruising stuff that brings back the shaved-noggin sounds of those times—a clean guitar tone but angry as fuck, merging straightforward hardcore with an oi influence and that's revealed further on their cover of the 4 Skins' "Evil." There's also a cover of SOA's "Gonna Hafta Fight" to pay tribute to their roots. An anthology of 86 Mentality's two 7" EP's, two live songs, and a few unreleased songs, including the covers. I love how the liner notes say one of those songs, "Final Exit," is emo-sounding. OK, the chorus almost has a melody but with Steve barking out the words, this ain't fuckin' emo. Neither is anything else here. (PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

THE FREEZE – ***I Hate Tourists / Don't Forget Me Tommy*** **(Schizophrenic, 7")**

A reissue of the Freeze's classic 1980 single with the cover design faithfully reproduced and an inner sleeve with notes from Clif Hanger. The A-side is a snotty punk gem and, having spent time on their native Cape Cod, I agree completely. The B-side is a ballad with cheesy new-wave-ish synth, which I've only listened to a handful of times over the years. It's still not very good. But you want this for "Tourists," of course. There's also a limited amount of these on blue vinyl with a yellow sleeve.

HAMMER – ***Dekiru Mon Nara Yatte Mina*** **(Deranged, 12" EP)**

Hammer's previous EP had a yellow cover. The newer one, with the blue cover, was recorded in 2005. Just so you can tell them apart, although this has a title that was translated by someone I know from Japan and it means *If You Could, Try to Do It*. Pummeling hardcore with guitars blasting away and vocals that spit out the words with venom and anger. All of the titles are in Japanese but these seven songs break any language barriers with an aggressive purity. (www.derangedrecords.com)

HJERTESTOP (Kick n' Punch, 7" EP)

I'm not even sure how you pronounce the name of this band—"Her-te-stop"? In any case, they're from Denmark and have that stripped-down punk sound that is influenced by early '80s hardcore, but not slavish to it. They also have a melodic propensity and I love their economical guitar sound. I know some of these bands don't like comparisons but if you're into Amdi Petersens Armé or Young Wasteners, you'll like this. (PB 604, 2200 København N, Denmark, www.kicknpunch.com)

INSTANT ASSHOLE – ***Straight-Edge Failure*** **(Tankcrimes, CD)**

John the Baker, from the Burnt Ramen studio, has a new band and a pissed-off attitude, much like his last band, the Malnourished, but the musical approach is more in-your-face. This time out he's joined by a new crew, including Strung Up drummer Bill. As with many of the Bay Area bands, it's a loud, fast bruising sound. Walloping, with plenty of thrash but also some snaky, Flag-ish guitar lines. The music isn't one-dimensional and neither are John's vocals. Sometimes throat-ripping but also dripping with sarcasm. Their credo? "Make fuck, not war." Hey, it's an update of the '60s slogan and those hippies would be scared shitless by the energy emanating here. Brings to mind another slogan: "Burn baby burn." (www.karaterex.com)

RAZOR BOIS (Give Praise, CD-R)

Anti-racist oi/street-punk from Moscow. Strongly melodic with loud, buzzing guitars and a UK influence. Two of the songs take more of a ska/punk turn without being cheesy. A lot of energy here, along with the requisite "oi-oi-oi" chants. There's also a video clip of their "Razor Bois Anthem." (Give Praise c/o Paul Sunderland, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630-0494, www.givepraiserecords.com)

STRAIGHT TO HELL – ***Commence the Apocalypse*** **(Gloom, LP)**

Forgive the awful bit of rock crit license here, but Straight To Hell does commence an apocalyptic sound and goes out in a blazing inferno of glory. The band split up after the Gloom Fest in May '05 and recorded this final missive a year before that. Aaron Ulcer remains one of the bitterest men in hardcore and packs on the rage, while STH also rage with non-stop speed. Scandinavian-inspired mayhem without letup. Aaron is blunt in his viewpoints and this line from "Counter-Culture Necrophilia" stands out: "It's plain to see that punk is dead and you're all fucking its corpse … I hate your shitty bands, I hate your stupid trends / I hate your fucking social cliques, you never were my friends." While I'm still involved, I kind of agree with those sentiments but I guess I'm willing to put up with them. In any case, Straight To Hell *did* deserve more notice than they may have received. This is a ripper of an album. Limited to 500 copies. (PO Box 14254, Albany, NY 12212, www.gloomrecords.com)

UNDER PRESSURE (Primitive Air Raid, CD)

These guys have improved since their 2004 *Still No Future* album. Better production and a more-focused approach. Inspiration comes from Poison Idea, Swedish hardcore and even a little Motörhead, especially the opening bass line for "When I'm Alone." Hoarse vocals and a raw, hard edged, completely rockin' sound both in mid-tempo and faster modes, and the songwriting exudes anger in a thoughtful manner. (Apt 3-431 Stradbrook Ave, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R3L 0J7, http://par.n3.net)

WASTED TIME (Grave Mistake/Brain Grenade, 7" EP)

Not wasting any time here. This Virginia band fucking *kicks* it. The intro to "Shameless" is so tough sounding, it makes me want to punch myself in the face or bang my head against the brick wall near my desk. I'll settle for circle-moshing around the room. There's a Negative Approach inspiration here, with the speed and angry vocals, but updating things. There's even some self-reflection with "Can't Go Back," stating "nostalgia doesn't do it anymore and I don't know why I try anymore / I try to recapture something that's gone." Well, it's not gone and this isn't some nostalgia trip. Wasted Time's angry sound resonates in the here and now. (PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

ANYONE CAN BE THE BASTARD
MANTOOTH

Cadaveric Incubator of Endo Parasites

I feel like I'm living a Carcass record. If my life had a soundtrack, it would be composed by K. Grumegargler, J. Offalmangler, and W.G. Thorax Embalmer.

I didn't know it when I was hired, but the company I work for actually rents out abattoirs of humanity. These domiciles, representative of the cage of life in which there is no escape from death and despair, are located throughout the city of Pittsburgh. Prior to recently, my days consisted of receiving phone calls from tenants trapped in their own apartments, pinned between their own folly of choosing us as a rental company and the smoldering wreckage of the dilapidated Hooverville we rented to them for far too much money. Whether it be flood, fire, or ice, there is never a shortage of crying individuals calling our office and telling me of their woeful existence at the bottom of the river Dis that is our rental property.

Hyperbole? Sure. But I dare not exaggerate the mighty WORLD OF GARBAGE that has erupted out of one neighborhood's earthly crust like a tectonic plate of pure filth and waste.

About a month ago, the company in charge of trash pick-up simply decided that it would no longer pick up trash at one of our properties. This decision was not made known to us until about two weeks ago when tenants began calling and telling me that "a lot of garbage is piling up." When some of the maintenance and I went over to investigate, we found ourselves at the foot of Mount Rubbish. Remember that Nickelodeon show *GUTS*? Remember the fucking Aggro-Crag? That's pretty much what this monstrosity looked like—a colossus of jagged debris, full of perils and toxic gas emissions. Just pull out Dystopia's *Human=Garbage* LP and this is pretty much what we're dealing with.

The WORLD OF GARBAGE is approximately the width and depth of a small parking lot and is about nine feet high. It is also inhabited by swarming thousands of obese rodents the size of cats and rabbits, all scurrying up the side of our very own Aggro-Crag like a bunch of rabies-laden teens. A lot of them lose their footing and go falling down the side, having either a couch or shopping bag of rotten banana peels cushion their fall or cracking off one of the dozen TVs dotting the base of the mountain. I saw one fall off and it seemed to do a back flip off the summit like it was reveling in the unbridled chaos. There's a stove at the peak—the door is open and you can see something dangling and squirming from one of the top elements. Rat blood and guts stain the road in front of the mountain and bits of bone lodge themselves in between the treads of your boots and the treads of the bulldozer we had to rent to remove the monolith of feculent wreckage.

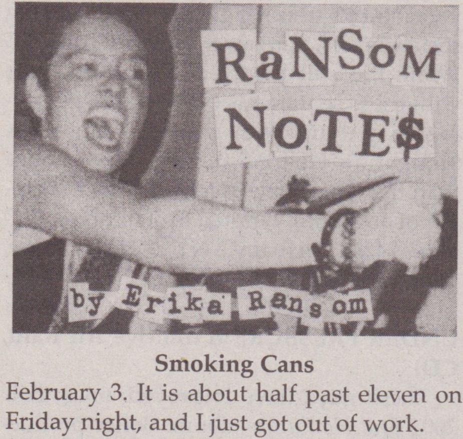
In some ways I'm kind of sad that it's gone. It was kind of surreal to sit and watch something so massive seemingly throb and heave with putrefaction, especially on a snowy day when it looked like the rats were starring in some sort of Disney musical. I began to think of it as a living, breathing *thing,* or at least a metaphor for my own foul and decrepit existence.

With the garbage gone, the rats had nothing left to eat besides the poison that the exterminators left for them. Which means that there would soon be two hundred or more dead and bloated rodents all over the goddamn place. Which also means no reasonable person on the maintenance staff is going to agree to dispose of the bodies. And so who gets asked—no, told—to do away with the rat carcasses?

I was pulled out of my cushy office job posting on internet message boards all day long, to take up a thin metal spear in my hand, stab through dead rats, and toss them in a dumpster. For about three hours I climbed through the muck of a collapsing burrow with a spear full of dead rats like a pestilent shish kebab. If you ever find yourself in a situation like that, remember to puncture the things underneath the spine, because if you get them in the gut, you'll perform rat seppuku and their intestines will spill out everywhere. And you know what they've been eating for the past month, so your mind will never let you wash that texture of oily brown entrails off your hands no matter how many layers of latex gloves you wore.

Judging from the giant pile of dead rodents that accumulated at the bottom of the dumpster, I thought I had gotten at least most of the rats. But recently I had to go back to the property to jackhammer through bedrock so that a fence could be built around the dumpsters. I was using the jackhammer where the colony, I thought, once lived. Turns out, there are still dozens of rats left in the burrows. And they're angry. I know because the heavy machinery woke them all up. It also seems that the poison left by the exterminator wasn't enough to kill the largest, cat-like ones. So I spent most of my morning the other day defending myself with a jackhammer from fearless mutant rats.

I hope I caught some sort of hemorrhagic fever and my boss has to dispose of my remains, a slurry of vomit, necrotic flesh, and bones.



Smoking Cans

February 3. It is about half past eleven on Friday night, and I just got out of work. Standing downtown at the corner of Market and Hayes. Looking at my battered MUNI map for the thousandth time, under the yellow light of a dim street lamp. Brightly colored lines weave through the streets of San Francisco, each a bus or train, and with this map, I can find my way anywhere I want to go.

Without it, I am lost.

This city is still new to me.

Market Street is busy tonight with traffic, and people going out for the night. Women walk by in cocktail dresses and heels, holding hands with men in suits. Two older men walk by, a cute couple probably headed towards the Castro. The F train rolls by, this one a glossy orange, a vintage electric streetcar with "Boston Elevated Train" painted on its side.

On the corner, a homeless man is rummaging through a large brown trash bin.

He pulls out an aluminum drink can, fixes it up, and then uses the can as a pipe. I can't tell if he is smoking weed or crack, or something else.

I hold the map in my hands again, checking the 21 bus route marked in green. The paper edges of the map are worn away, slowly tearing San Francisco apart at the seams.

The man smokes, and then crushes the can on the sidewalk. A group of about nine young people walk over and say "hello" to him, and hold out plastic bags of food. They looked like they were part of a college organization, cheerfully carrying out a Friday night routine.

I see the man take what looks like a package of peanut butter crackers, and smile. The young people continue on, and the man gets on his bike.

He holds onto the unwieldy bin by its handle, and then surprises me by biking off down the street, dragging the bin—which is over four feet tall, and has two small wheels, intended to push it to the curb—with him, like an oversized sidecar. He disappears down the street on his bike, with the trashcan by his side, high on whatever he was smoking.

As my bus finally rumbles into view, I hear the sharp sound of a metal lid crashing down, and catch a glimpse of the woman who had passed me in the street only a minute ago, crawling into a dumpster in a nearby alley.

Then I am whisked away on the bus with its plastic seats and tired people like myself going home after work, on my green line towards home.

There are so many people living on the streets of San Francisco, who have no place to call home, sleeping in shop doorways, asking for change, looking so beat down by life. Some are drug addicts or suffering from mental illness, or both. I have only lived here about a month and a half, and already I can sense that I am getting used to seeing so many homeless people, begging for change, in some places at every corner. And that worries me. When we accept the way things are, the status quo wins. How do we all become so accustomed to the shit that surrounds us?

Pause

January 12. "Sad to say, I must be on my way, so buy me beer or whiskey 'cause I'm going far away…"

I think of Mari, and the last message she left me on my phone. "Erika! We miss you. We are on the way to the bar." And I could hear yelling in the background, and could imagine the gang perfectly, on the way to the Model or the Common Ground for a few pints, singing on the streets after another La Rivolta meeting. Damn, whoever said feminists were boring has never met my friends. They are the most fun people I know.

Right now I'm in a café on the corner of Cole and Haight, and the Pogues exactly fit my mood. The day is glorious, a bright spring feeling, birds singing, the sky a chilly blue—in the middle of *January*.

This is a strange place indeed.

A coffee, and a few minutes to write before I'm off again. Let me recall the good shows of last weekend.

Gilman Street

January 6. My first time back to Gilman Street since I played here on tour in 2003.

First off, taking the BART is a pain in the ass, and from where I was staying with my sister I had to take a bus, the BART across the bay, and then catch another train going north to Berkeley. I made it to Gilman eventually, but much later than I had hoped. When I arrived, BORN/DEAD was already playing, and the line to get in the door stretched down the block.

It was the second day of the Super Sabado Gigante Fest, and tons of good bands were playing, but the line was simply ridiculous. I felt like I was at some sort of Warped Tour. There were about five or six hundred punks at the show, mostly young kids.

Wandering around, hanging out by the vans, I soon saw the tall blonde figure of Ashley from SIGNAL LOST striding towards me down the street. Hell ya! I hadn't seen them since tour.

Now, before I continue, I feel obligated to give the public service announcement that all Bay Area punks have heard a million times. You can't drink beer at Gilman Street, or even *near* Gilman Street. But, you *can* use your two feet and take a walk about six or seven blocks away, and hang out in an empty parking lot out of range of the Gilman Security. That seems to be perfectly acceptable.

And yes, drinking laws in the US make about as much sense as making snow angels in San Francisco.

So, I soon found myself in such a parking lot, hanging out with a crew of friends and drinking a warm Pabst. Ashley and Jasmine from SIGNAL LOST were there, telling me about the rest of their tour, Christopher was visiting from Germany, and Kelly was there with his friends who had all driven down together for the show from Portland.

What a strange situation, punks and friends from all over the place—Boston, Austin, Portland, and Germany—all gathered together to hang out and see the show. And we couldn't even get in the door! So there we were, drinking beers in an empty parking lot somewhere in Berkeley.

A few moments later, two women punks who looked right out of a metal video, with huge teased hair and ripped and safety-pinned clothes, told us the show was sold out.

Ha!

So that was my first show at Gilman while in town. But it was a good time, and I got to catch up with friends, and hang out in a parking lot and drink cheap beer. Punk.

Sleeping in All My Clothes

February 4. Damn. I covered my eyes, as the sun came through the small window, too bright, too early, after going to bed way too late, after too many cigarettes and too many beers. The memory of drinking a Mickey's tall can at three in the morning didn't make me feel any better, and from the taste in my mouth, I resolved never to smoke again.

I'm too old for this crap, right?

I awoke in all of my clothes, even my socks, wrapped in a blanket that looked like a Christmas rug. I was at the bottom of a white small box, a little cell of a room with a mattress on the floor. A bike, piles of clothes and boxes of crap filled in the remaining few feet of floor space.

I crashed in Zeek's room last night, since it was too late to walk home and I didn't have money for a cab. Zeek lives upstairs from the Zeitgeist, my favorite bar. It's like a hostel, a long hall of these little cell rooms, but instead of backpackers and Aussies, alcoholics, freaks, and bartenders populate the place.

I got to meet one of Zeek's neighbors, whose drunken ramblings went from amusing, to just strange, to downright disturbing. For starters, he insisted on showing me Polaroid's of his ex-girlfriends, photos he had taken of them when they were nude. He was very proud of their "good-looking tits." Yikes.

Did I mention there are a lot of strange people in San Francisco?

Zeek also gets several points for proving that not all men are scum, and I was able to sleep over as a friend without feeling strange, and even got my own blanket.

The show that started my night: DR. KNOW, SCURVY DOGS, ANNIHILATION TIME, and INSTANT at El Rio.

After work, eating dinner and procrastinating, I arrived in time to see ANNIHILATION TIME on stage. They played punk rock'n'roll that reminded me of CRASH AND BURN, but with more hair and head-banging, with driving metal-influenced riffs. They were good, and the type of band that inspires black leather jackets and hearing loss.

SCURVY DOGS from Oakland were my favorite band of the night, straight up punk rock!

DR. KNOW didn't excite me, although many people seem to love them. They are based in Los Angeles, and have been together on and off since 1981, so says Wikipedia. Damn. So I can respect that. The mad and sweaty singer, Brandon Cruz, was also in the DEAD KENNEDYS for a time. Maybe if I knew the lyrics to "Fist Fucker" and could sing along I would be more into it.

British Invasion

January 13. HARD SKIN managed to destroy more of SF in a weekend than I have in a month. I figured they managed to travel all the way here from England, the least I could do was make my way to all three of their shows in the Bay Area. The first gig was at Gilman Street on Friday.

It was a great moment, Sean yelling at the crowd, "Fuckin' get a job!"

The skinheads cheered and the punks looked confused, not knowing what to make of the comments such as, "If I see you on a bike, you hippy, I'm going to run you over in my car!"

I thought it was hilarious.

If you don't know yet, I hate to break the news to all you skinheads and punks—but it seems someone should—HARD SKIN are *taking the piss*. They are making good music while having a laugh, making fun of everything and everyone. If you think they are a serious Oi band, well, you were probably one of the confused-looking kids at the Gilman show with your mouth hanging open. To better understand their humor, take a look at WAT TYLER, Sean's former band, which I have heard described as the

"Monty Python of punk."

They also made merciless remarks about NUTS & BOLTS, a *real* skinhead band that had played before them, earnest songs about being working class and fighting for your friends, that sort of thing.

"Did you see that singer? He's a wind-up gorilla!" Ouch.

How funny, HARD SKIN headlining a real skinhead show.

The second show was on Sunday afternoon, with BORN/DEAD, JEWDRIVER and OIL! on Mission Street, in the same space that used to be Mission Records (RIP). There was a large open room for the bands, and a homemade bar in the back that made mixed drinks. The show was also all-ages. Excellent.

OIL! played basic punk, and wore mustaches and lumberjack outfits, as if the VILLAGE PEOPLE decided to go slumming in the punk scene for a weekend. JEWDRIVER is another joke band…and their joke is to cover SCREWDRIVER songs but change the lyrics to about being Jewish, instead of the white power originals. Honestly, I thought they were terrible. It's the kind of thing that might be entertaining for a song or even a seven-inch, but a whole band?

BORN/DEAD was really good, playing their powerful hardcore punk, with dual vocals and politically inspired lyrics. Finally, I got to see them again!

HARD SKIN had a fun set, and as at Gilman, the insults and biting comments from the band were lashed upon the audience of skinheads and punks. There were a few moments when I thought the singer was seriously going to get punched in the face by drunken skinheads who didn't get the joke.

But the angry skinheads backed down, hopefully feeling stupid for being assholes. There were some great sing-along moments, and I got to hear all my favorites, like "Two Chords, Two Fingers," "Copper Cunt," and "Skin Hard."

Ho ho, fun!

Duck and Cover

January 8. The third day of Super Sabado Gigante Fest, and the beer cans were flying. SIGNAL LOST was on stage, rocking out, people were dancing, and dozens of beer cans were in the air. I was ducking, covering my head and watching the show at the same time. Ah, punk!

It was hot and crowded inside, so I spent most of the show standing on the sidewalk, talking to Laser and Adam from KILLED IN ACTION.

These guys are some of the nicest punks I've ever met. I met them randomly while walking to Gilman Street from the BART the day before, and we started talking about good times at Bernie's in Columbus, and it turns out I played a show with them probably four years ago.

What a contrast to the pissed off speed-death trashcore they play, complete with songs about smoking crack. They are on Six Weeks Records and live in Columbus, Ohio. So, if you like hardcore thrash, definitely check them out. Cheers to KILLED IN ACTION and their Ohio friends for being lots of fun to hang out with this weekend!

ABDUCTEE SD

January 28. I'm at a sushi shop somewhere in Oakland, drinking warm sake about one in the morning. Amyl from ABDUCTEE SD is banging on the table and making us all laugh, and there are a crew of people I've just met, and a couple I haven't seen in a while.

Mike, formerly of VIRULENT STRAIN, who moved to the West Coast a few years ago, was there. And the singer from EVERYTHING MUST GO, whom I met when the Profits played a show with them in Amsterdam. They seemed to be most well known on their European tour for his lack of pants, or rather how his leather pants were hung so low that his pubes stuck out. He was wearing regular pants this evening—a good thing.

ABDUCTEE SD, from Sweden, played a great set at Burnt Ramen earlier that night. They had played at Gilman the night before, but the vibe hadn't been as fun, and the bass amp Amyl borrowed had kept shorting out. At Burnt Ramen, people were dancing, and the band was more relaxed and sounded great.

It was so heartening to see them play, three women on stage, playing straight-ahead, really fun punk with a heavy sound, with catchy choruses and music that makes me want to dance. I even jumped into the pit! They reminded me of Amyl's previous band from New York, the SPIDER CUNTS, but I liked ABDUCTEE SD even more.

Amyl, Sara, and Nina also had something to say on stage, a talent so many punk bands are lacking these days. I had started to think to punk bands with meaningful lyrics and something to say other than "up the punks" were going the way of the dinosaurs. They proved me wrong! Check them out www.communichaos.com.

VÖETSEK was my other favorite band of the evening, and it was great to see them again in their hometown. SUBURBAN DEATH CAMP was good local hardcore, and POPULATION REDUCTION was the strange creation of two men—one playing manic death metal guitar, the other drums, and both screaming—with lyrics about zombies, the end of the world and err, killing zombies.

Thanks

Every day I ask myself why I'm here in San Francisco.

It hasn't been exactly easy, and I miss my friends, and especially all my Boston roommates.

I spent most of this month frantically looking for a place to live, after my sister politely told me to move the hell out of her living room closet. Before I came here, I had visions of sisterly bonding moments over coffee and bagels, watching movies, hanging out and free rent until I settled into San Fran and found good people to live with.

Wrong! By the third night, she asked me, "So, when do you think you'll be moving out?" I was shocked. Weeks went by as I was looking for a place, and by the end, she got out of bed at two in the morning to ask me, "So, how is your search going?" Damn. I can take a hint, and it was stressful enough trying to find a place.

This week, I finally found a temporary place—with complete strangers, but at least it's something. Most people say it can take months to find a place to live, especially in the city.

At the moment Craig's List makes me sick, after having to search the listings every night, and send out about ten e-mails a day. Then I had to go to half a dozen roommate interviews, lots of people all trying to get the same place, and be turned down by five of them. It sucked.

At least I found a good job—more interesting tales from that next month.

Anyway, I will stop complaining. San Francisco is amazing.

Thanks goes to everyone who has become a new friend, you know who you are, and you rock. Also, a big cheers to all the bands I saw this month–great times!

Solidarity and bridges, Erika
(e_bitchcrew@yahoo.com)

On December 31, 2005 the editor of the *Columbia City Paper* in South Carolina returned from a trip to find that someone had attempted to burn down his house.

"Someone had taken all the jackets out of the hall and thrown them on the stove," Corey Hutchins told the Associated Press. "They turned the stove on and threw liquor bottles on the fire. Then they went upstairs and set fire to my bed, and came back down and threw library books on the fire on the stove."

Fortunately for Hutchins his arsonist was less than fully competent. His home sustained only minor fire and smoke damage. He noticed something disturbing. "Nothing was stolen. No money, no computers, guitar equipment."

Columbia police believe that the fire was set to send the scrappy alternative newspaper's editor a message. "You have any enemies?" Hutchins recalls the police officers on the scene asking. "I paused, said I was the editor of the *Columbia City Paper*. They just nodded, spit out their tobacco, told me, 'well, someone's mad at you.'"

The FBI has opened an investigation. The paper is offering a $10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the arsonist(s).

This domestic terror attack is a direct assault on basic American civil liberties—more so than 9/11, which was not, contrary to George W. Bush's assertion, carried out because "they hate our freedoms." The freedom of the press guaranteed by the First Amendment, voluntarily ceded by newspaper editors and television news producers across the country, has found its Ground Zero in a despicable act of terror in Columbia. But most "journalists" remain oblivious.

Hutchins and publisher Paul Blake describe a mixed reception to their newspaper since it began publication last August, offering a "liberal angle in a city choking with conservatives."(Full disclosure: *Columbia City Paper* publishes my cartoons and this column.) Immediately unleashing a fierce barrage against entrenched power structures, *City Paper* broke the story of a sexual discrimination lawsuit at the University of South Carolina, and published the Governor's home phone number on a front page urging him not to sign off on the nation's 1001st modern-era execution. Their reportage hits close to home. "The crime reporting is a big deal around here," says Hutchins. "People can't believe we'll print a wife beater's address block in the paper."

This is just the sort of take-no-prisoners journalism that Americans crave but rarely see. The citizens of Columbia have responded. *City Paper* has become a must-read, already profitable in an industry where others are being forced to fold. But not everyone is supportive.

Blake calls the refusal of some local businesses to distribute the *City Paper* "a censorship problem." Angry letters and emails, including threats of violence, have followed controversial stories like a recent feature story filed from Iraq. "I get phone calls where grown men are in tears over an anti-Bush piece," says Hutchins. Now a homegrown terrorist has turned to violence to attempt to shut them up — and down. Here, undeniably, is someone who truly "hates our freedoms." And the silence of the Right—from local Republican politicians on up to the White House, sends a strong message of tacit consent.

Hutchins is certain that the arsonist was politically motivated. "Whoever did it didn't even go into my roommate's room," he notes. "I've lived in this town for four years, I've never made any enemies as far as I'm concerned."

The editor has resigned out of concern for his roommates' safety. "It's the best thing to do, I believe, to keep people I care about safe for the time being." Blake understands. "Corey's life really is in danger," he says. The terrorists have won.

Somewhere Ari Fleischer, the Bush Administration spokesman who warned that Americans "need to watch what they say, watch what they do," is laughing.

Hutchins, who has worked many weeks without pay to get *Columbia City Paper* off the ground, has been hit hard by the fire. If you'd like to help him get back on his feet, you can send donations via the Internet service PayPal to coreyhutchins@gmail.com. If you'd like to save a free press, write your Congressman.

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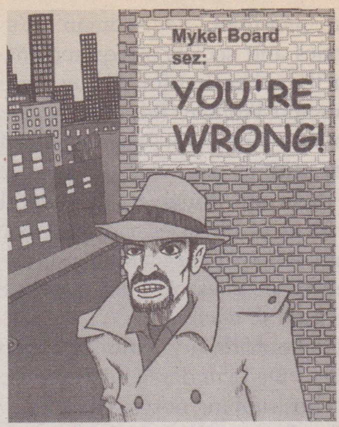
CURRENT BOOKS: *Wake Up, You're Liberal!: How We Can Take America Back From The Right* (Soft Skull Press, 336 pp., price $14.95), is out now, available everywhere. *Generalissimo El Busho: Essays And Cartoons On The Bush Years* (NBM Publishing, 208 pp., $19.95 hardback/$15.95 paperback) is also out. The speaking tour is over but if you're at a high school or college with a budget for bringing in speakers, I'd be happy to come to your city.



Men wake up as good-looking as they went to bed. Women somehow deteriorate during the night. When women are depressed they either eat or go shopping. Men invade another country. It's a whole different way of thinking. A man is a person who will pay two dollars for a one-dollar item he wants. A woman will pay one dollar for a two-dollar item she doesn't want.

—Nicholas Terrze

"Stop now!" she says. "You're such an idiot. Driving around in circles. Just stop and ask someone."

"Don't give me that," I reply. "One more veiled *just like a man* crack and I'll crack you one. Would that be masculine enough for you?"

It's the day before Thanksgiving 2005. My cousin Marsha asked me to drive her to pick up some garlic from Trader Joe's. "The only store in Marin with decent garlic," as if anyone could tell decent from indecent garlic. Marsha's sense of direction is as bad as mine and that means less than chance.

But I've got this feeling we're getting close. By the time we stop, ask someone, get half-baked directions, forget them, and ask again, we'll be there. Girls think it's some special pride or other ego problem that boys don't ask directions. Girls are wrong. It's time. Asking directions is a waste of it.

Pop culture calls asking direction a gender issue. Pop culture calls *everything* a gender issue. That gender bat has hit me over the head enough to knock me out.

Do men really strike matches toward themselves and women away? Do men really look at their shoe bottoms from the front and women from behind? Do men really look at their fingernails from the palm and women from the back of the hand? I've *always* looked at my fingernails from the back.

Long-time readers know my feelings about sex and gender. For new readers, I'll explain that except for a very few body parts, I don't believe in gender difference. Or rather, I believe in infinite gender difference. Each person is a unique gender, some unique *non*-man, *non*-woman. It's only semantics and society's requirement to be one or the other that forces our perception of Man and Woman. Rarely people can be *in-between*— but never *"none of the above."*

That said, as one who gets pegged as a Man, there are things I can never know. What kind of changes a does a body go through when there's another little body inside? What goes on once a month that makes girls so bitchy?

This is outside my realm of experience. It's like trying to understand the erotic thrill of Eskimos rubbing noses. There's no way I can ever know. Other realities are not so clear. Maybe they're *woman*. Then again...

It's the teacher's lounge. I sit in a corner gobbling down my Chicken Wrap. Melanie, an attractive blonde about half my age, sits across from me reading an astrology book. In walks May, pert breasts under a white fuzzy sweater. Her ample buttocks have the good taste to spread backwards, rather than out to the side.

Melanie looks up. "May," she says, "that's such a cute sweater. Where'd you get it?"

"Oh, it's nothing," says May. "Pure thrift shop chic."

"What thrift shop?" asks Melanie.

Break's over. We pick up our books and for the next hour and a half, teach Japanese guys how to talk good.

Blam! I'm out of the classroom back in the teacher's lounge, finishing my lunch.

Rachel sits there. She's arrived early for her next class. She reads one of those free newspapers you get on the way to the subway.

"Yo Rachel," I say. "How 'bout that Johnny Damon deal? Amazing the kind of haircut someone will get for a few million, huh?"

She looks at me like I'm speaking Japanese.

"Is that some sort of Wall Street merger?" she asks. "I really don't know about business."

At this moment, Yukiko, one of the school's attractive Oriental receptionists, walks into the lounge. She's just arrived at school, wearing a long red coat and fluffy white hat that looks like a miniature liberty bell.

"I just love your hat," says Rachel. "It's so cute and goes just right with that coat. Red and white, it's my favorite."

"Oh, it was a gift from my mother," says Yukiko. "I think she bought it in Japan. Do you really like it?"

"Oh yes," says Rachel. "I wonder if you can get one here."

OK, I get it. It's a ritual. In this culture, boys are supposed to greet each other with sports talk. Girls are supposed to say something nice about each other's clothes.

Not one to follow rules, I wait until the next class break.

Christian is at the water cooler.

"Yo Christian" I say. "That's a cool sweater. I love the way it bunches up at the shoulder and sort of flops down in the back."

"Hey, Mykel," he says, "cut it out. This sweater belonged to my grandfather. He died last month with almost nothing. This sweater is all I have to remember him. And you're making fun of it?"

"I wasn't making fun," I tell him. "I was trying to be nice."

"Fuck you, Mykel," he says and stomps off.

Fast Forward: I'm standing in line at the A&P. My cart carries half a dozen Healthy Fixin' TV Dinners, two six-packs of Brooklyn Lager, and four cans of monster. Ahead of me two girls, probably college kids, thumb through *People* Magazine.

"Oh, he's so cute," says one of the girls, a blonde with a wide flat face and acne poorly concealed by something that probably says *Flesh Colored* on the bottle.

"No wonder he got Angelina," says the other one, a short pretty girl with a dyed-black crewcut. "The both of them are just... you know... I'd like to see the movies of them making that baby."

They giggle and turn the page.

"Me too," I say, butting into their conversation. "Don't you think that's the trouble with porn? The guys are so ugly. Hairy, fatter than your dad. Awful."

The girl giggles stop. They put the magazine back on the rack and suddenly pay deep attention to the yogurt they need to unload on the conveyer belt. It's as if I disappeared.

I don't get it. Girls can compliment each other's clothes. Boys can't. Girls can talk about girl's bodies—and guy's bodies. Guys can talk about girl's bodies with other guys, but can *never* talk about guys' bodies. Girls who are bitchy are just having *female troubles*. Guys who are bitchy are permanent assholes. Girls can get laid at the drop of a pantyhose. Guys have to pay—either in cash, a meal, a movie ticket or something. Girls can dump guys and in a minute it's over. BLAM! Guys carry it to their grave. I'm missing something.

ASIDE: Okay, let's talk about values. There is a cliché I read a long time ago. It says, *Boys think about principles. Girls think about values.*

For example, I believe people have the right to defend themselves. If someone attacks, they have the right to fend off the attacker. I also believe in equality. People have the right to an equal chance to get along in life. Those are principles.

If I'm 5 foot 3 inches tall... (and I *am* 5 foot 3 inches tall)... and a 6 foot 8 inch football jock attacks me— I lose. The only way I have a chance to exercise my right to self-defense is with a gun.

Guns are also equalizers. If my monster-sized attacker and I both have one, we are equal. My principles of equality and the right to self-defense lead me to support gun ownership.

Principles are fixed. A is good. B is bad. This is what we do here. We do the same thing there.

If I believe in the principle of free speech, I believe in it for Nazis as well as anarchists. People with principles think people with values are hypocrites.

I have principles: free speech, anti-work, pro-sex, anti-coercion. These are *policy* principles that guide me in deciding what's right or wrong, good or bad.

I also have *personal* principles that guide me in deciding what to do with my life. If it's routine, it's bad. If it's new, it's good. If everybody believes it, it's wrong. If everyone thinks it's wrong, it's right. If it makes me smarter— teaches me something I didn't know before, I should do it. If it doesn't, I shouldn't.

On the other hand, someone who has values might look at it this way:

Human life has high value. Protection has some value, but it's worth less than human life. If there is an attack and guns are involved, it is more likely that human life will be lost. Guns may protect people, but they also kill people. Since human life has more value than protection, a person with values might oppose gun ownership.

Values are sliding. They require relatives. This is worth more than that. In every situation, Values People have to see which side is heavier on the values scale. Which side will benefit in this special case? That's the side they support. In another case, these same values might lead them to support another decision. People with values think people of principle are narrow-minded. *END OF ASIDE*

"Come on, rim me! Please!" I beg her.

"Mykel," she says, "I'm not going to lick your asshole. I fucked you, isn't that enough?"

I'm holding onto Grace. Her black hair nearly covers her face. We lie naked in bed. We've just done the deed, and I'm looking for a little prompt to get ready for a second go.

I brush back Grace's hair, revealing her half-closed eyes, tiny pert nose, and thin schoolmarmish lips.

I bend forward and kiss her. She breaks off and turns her head away.

"Come on," I whisper in her ear, "all the guys do it. If you do me, I'll do you."

"I don't want you to do me," she says. "And I'm not a guy. It's disgusting. If you were a girl, you'd feel the same way."

"I would not," I tell her. "Being a girl wouldn't change me at all."

"Yes it would," she says.

Like a flash without red-eye reduction. A single BLAU! A POP of recognition. Yes! Yes! Yes!

If I really have the principles of Novelty, Knowledge, Non-Conformity and Sex, there's a step I need to take. If I live my life for adventure, then I have to do what's necessary for adventure.

I'm 64. Two thirds of my life is over. I've had my fun in boy drag. Fucked my share, played with enough tube to float a supertanker. Why not try something else? It'll be for 25 years... 30 if I'm lucky.

What's most important in my life? Adventure! Novelty! I want to see something I've never seen before. Go someplace I've never gone before. Eat something I've never eaten before. How can I live *now* and *new*, if I'm the same gender my whole life? How can I discover gender truth unless I live it?

Yeah, it's a big step, but I've taken big steps before. I have more regrets about steps I *didn't* take.

The course is not an easy one. There's two months of psychological counseling. (Give me a break! But thems the rules!) Then hormone shots for six months to get my body ready. Some people get silicone implants to boost the tiny tits they develop from the hormones. I won't. I like tiny tits.

Then another psychological interview. Then The Operation. I've started the process. I started it with the New Year. As I write this (February, 3), I've had my first two injections. I can't say I feel much different. I'm missing my morning wood. Otherwise, the world looks the same to me. No pinker. No sudden urges to go shopping.

This column will come out in April. By that time, I'll be well on my way. My voice will notch upwards a bit. I'll stop having to clear the drain of my ever-falling head hair, and start clearing it of my newly-falling chest hair. I might even have the beginnings of a pair of tits by the time you read this. If so, I'll post a picture of my new breasts on my website: www.mykelboard.com. You'll find the picture as a hidden link connected to the words *any different?* I'll change the picture as I... er... develop.

Wish me luck. This will be some adventure. I bet I get another book out of it! What have *you* done lately?

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive hot links to some of the topics here. Visitors to my blog (you can get it through the website) can comment on the column... or anything else.*]

Next month you'll get a report on my trip to Florida. The Goddess and the skateboard wedding. Ho ho! You'll also hear more about my readings, my trip to a Mensa dinner and more. Don't change that channel.

Go out with a bang dept: A Houston-based organization, *Spaces Services Inc*, charges between $995 and $5,300 depending on the weight. Weight of what? Sending your ashes into outer space, that's what. And that's not all.

The Eternal Ascent Society in Florida will release a small helium balloon with your ashes. Eventually, the balloon gets so high it freezes and shatters scattering your remains throughout the already too-polluted atmosphere. Cost $1000-$2000.

Magazine Website of the Month dept: Modern Drunkard Magazine: www.moderndrunkardmagazine.com – Read it! Then live it!

Not like civilized countries dept: If you live in most of Western Europe you don't need a passport to go from country to country. Travel has gotten easier. Ah, but America—where 80% of the citizens don't even have a passport.

As of December 31, 2005, air and sea travelers to the Caribbean, Bermuda, Central and South America will need passports. As of December 31 2006: Air and sea travelers to and from Mexico will need passports. And as of December 31, 2007, land border crossings to and from Mexico and Canada will need passports. So that means if you walk to Tijuana for that pre-21 year old drink... *papers please! no papers, no Mexico!!*

G-d bless activist judges dept: A Federal judge recently blocked a new California law that would have banned the sale of violent video games to minors. Hurray!! It's not a major victory in the free speech war, but it is a victory.

More good news dept: I hate surveys, even when they agree with me. They're fixed. The form of the question determines the answer. Still it's comforting to know that the *First Amendment Center* found that 63% of Americans oppose a Constitutional Amendment to prohibit flag burning. Up from 53% in 2004.

Yet another reason I'm not voting Democratic dept: John Lapp, on the Democratic Party website answers questions with the official party line. Someone asked about a National Healthcare program like they have in every other industrial country. His answer:

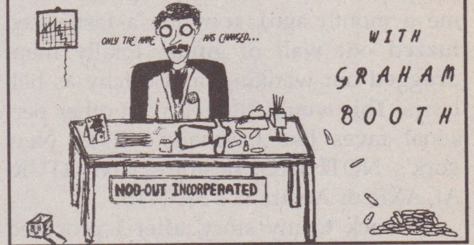
"I think our guiding principle should be: if you work, you have health care Employer-based health insurance provides coverage for 170 million Americans today, yet 80 percent of the uninsured are workers or family members of workers. *We should improve this system, not scrap it.*"

"A majority of businesses already provide health insurance to their workers, and the rest should fulfill that obligation, too. Congress should require all large businesses to provide coverage as good as the coverage now provided to every member of Congress and other federal employees. Small businesses will be asked to contribute to coverage based on their ability to pay."

Yikes! The guy wants to *keep* the current system. Instead of free healthcare, *corporate* healthcare. How much do the insurance companies give to *his* campaign?

I've been thrown out of better places than this dept: The JAD Communications and Security Company announced the creation of BIOBOUNCER. This system consists of FACE RECOGNITION software and a 360 degree TV camera placed at the entrance to clubs. The clubs record your face. Then they enter the picture into a database shared with other clubs (and who knows who else?). If you're kicked out, or otherwise cause a ruckus, the system tags your image and sends it to all the clubs on the network. The result is a national (worldwide?) 86. Sounds scary. I want a hacker to get into the network, send me the pix. I'm gonna start a club that *only* accepts the rejects from everywhere else.

ROCKET TO NOWHERE



Gather round kiddies. Here's a cringeworthy record story to prove to you that good records are still lurking out there waiting for you to find them:

Enter SHIT DOGS *History of Cheese 7"*. This elusive turd has been lingering on my want list for years. I can distinctly remember being offered a clean copy for $250 about ten years ago. Thinking back, I probably couldn't even have afforded it, but I quickly passed it up anyways, assuming that several copies had surfaced and I'd pick one up easily. I was wrong. That copy came and went, and I didn't see another one for several years.

Albeit, I wasn't exactly looking hard for it. I mean, I'd seen the cover, and while certainly hilarious, it wasn't exactly promising for a young punk connoisseur like myself. Louisiana has some great early "punk" records, but most of them have strong pop leanings (e.g. NORMALS, SKINNIES, RED ROCKERS, etc.). Mandatory listening material for sure, but the thought of spending even $100 on any of them, especially on my broke ass student budget, seemed silly. And so I went without a SHIT DOGS...

A few years ago I learned that a friend had a spare copy. He's always been reasonable about trading, and I've gotten more than a few monsters from him over the years. The only trick was coming up with some records he didn't have already, no small feat in itself. As time went on, I managed to chip away at a few items in his trade box, but every time it came down to decide what to take home, the SHIT DOGS always got left behind. I mean, how good could a record called "The History of Cheese" be?

On December 30th, 2005 I found out. Over the holidays I finally managed to finagle the copy out of my friend's hands (no, they weren't dead, though a little cold). I even waited a couple of days to actually sit down and listen to it for the first time! Let's just say it was an unexpected monster of a punk record. Holy Shit Dogs! To think that any punk record at all managed to crawl out of the boonies of Louisiana is mind-boggling enough, but *The History of Cheese* literally blew me away. For the uninitiated (that would be me a month ago), combine a fast-paced fuzzed out wall of guitar, totally inept drugged out wanking, and catchy as hell lyrics. This would sit well with other personal faves like Germany's PVC, New York's NOTHING, Boston's UNNATURAL AXE, or Australia's SAINTS.

So back to my story...after I procured said SHIT DOGS *History of Cheese* 7" EP, I ended up putting it into storage, since I don't have space, or even a working stereo in my current house (I know, I know!). I'd listened to the record for all of two days before I left, and, still fresh in my mind, I was jonesing to hear it all again. I had a bright idea: maybe the songs are on the internet? Admittedly I'm a bit behind on file sharing, and with a MAC and thus no Soulseek, I've only really been able to figure out the benevolence of music blogs thus far.

To help me locate said music blogs, I enlisted the help of an even more archaic device: good ole' google.com. Surely a simple text search would do the trick, and so I typed, "shit dogs" + "history of cheese". I received around three pages of results, and quickly realized there were no music blogs for my SHIT DOGS. Bummer bitch. Or so I thought. I glanced through the results again, and noticed another familiar URL in one of the results: GEMM.com, a record store database site. Upon close review, I clearly read both "SHIT DOGS" and *"History of Cheese"* in the search brief, and I had to click forward to the cached result page.

I came upon a page of item listings, and as I scanned down the page, I noticed that all of the artists had some form of the word "SHIT" in the title. Could it be I actually stumbled upon someone's literal "SHIT search!?" As a closeted fan of early GG Allin (oops!), this was serendipity at its finest moment. Then I noticed the first listing of note, "SHIT DOGS – *You Bet?* 7" – $80." Sounds about right. Scrolling further down the page would reveal the ultimate tar baby, "SHITDOG – *History of Cheese* 7" – $80!" Ahhh yes, the beloved spelling mistake. As an online collector, there are few surprises I covet so dearly. And here I realize that I never would have found either of these two listings without the Shit Search to bring them both together!

Of course the listing means nothing. I click on the item and am amazed to find it still works! I check out the item, and it says it was added in June 2005. It's now January 2006! This record could not have been sitting online for the past six months! I check out the seller, it's a weird person's name, and s/he has two items listed in GEMM. Both are SHIT DOGS records, and one of them was the SHIT DOGS *You Bet?* 7" from a few minutes ago. Yes, the SHIT DOGS listing correctly spelled and everything. The SHITDOG listing becomes even more puzzling. Yeaah! I ordered the record immediately.

Then the waiting began. I waited for any response whatsoever, and I also waited for the listing to vanish from GEMM and Google. I figured something had to go wrong—someone else would find it, the jig was up. A couple of days went by and I noticed it no longer appeared on GEMM or Google. Still no answer. I went back to try to check out the seller's info. No phone numbers, no name, no info except for some email address. They hadn't thought about GEMM since June 2005, so who knew when I'd ever hear back from them. I emailed a somewhat frantic message to them. Nothing.

A few days later, at about 7 AM in the morning, I get a phone call. Jeez, it's fucking early. What the fuck *is* this number? I go back to sleep. About five minutes later I get another phone call. This time it's my parents' number. I figure it must be an emergency, since it's fucking 7 AM! I pick it up, "Hello?"

"Graham?"

"Yeah"

"Oh, were you sleeping?"

"Yeah"

"Oh, well some guy just called who said you'd contacted him about some records."

"Uhhh?" "He says he has the records for you, and to give him a call..."

It's a number from Louisiana. I call back immediately. This guy claims to have seen the SHIT DOGS way back when. "Yeah, they were a great band." I'm awestruck. Needless to say, I sent $85 off to Baton Rouge later that day. Surely I've had slower service, all the while waiting for someone else to find it online, or the guy to decide to keep my money. In the end, those three weeks were definitely worth the wait! It even still had the insert!

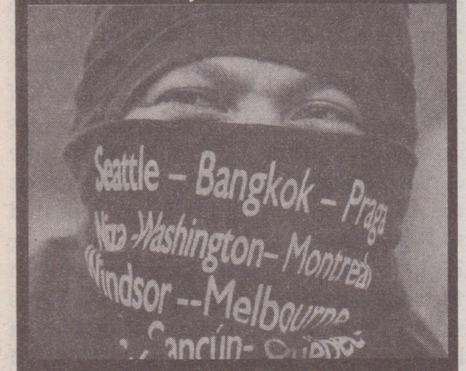
Whatever, $80 for a record probably sounds like a small fortune to many of you. I've heard of much better scores, and I've had many myself. All I can say is, it's 2006. This isn't supposed to happen anymore.

As an aside, within weeks of my own find, another friend, under totally different circumstances, managed to track down two more copies of said SHIT DOGS *Present the History of Cheese* EP for $150 each! A wise man once warned me, once you find the one record that's been eluding you, several copies will turn up shortly afterwards. I can only hope for your sake he's right.

History lesson: The SHIT DOGS were a punk band hailing from the swamps of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. They released (three) records on their own (Pangolin) label, moving to New Orleans somewhere in between, including the highly elusive SHIT DOGS *Present the History of Cheese* 7" EP from 1980, along with SHIT DOGS *You Bet* 7" EP 1981 and SHIT DOGS *Do It*

Dogstyle LP 1983. They also have a great track on the compilation *N.O. Experience Necessary* LP (Oblique) 1981. In the '90s they got bootlegged on *Killed By Death #5, #8.5* and *#18*. Thankfully(?) Rave Up Records in Italy recently reissued both 45s, the comp track and some unreleased material on the SHIT DOGS *World War III* LP. As is usually the case, I think the law of diminishing returns applies here, and I was a little disappointed with the later material. At least you can hear all of it for a fraction of the $500+ you can expect to pay for the original records.

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

Recently, *LA Times* columnist Joel Stein wrote an opinion piece called "Warriors and Wusses" that really stirred things up. He got a barrage of email, mostly from conservatives who accused him of being unpatriotic and wished he were dead, but also from liberals who expressed similar sentiments, only in words with more syllables. I'm reprinting Stein's column below, for reference. While I disagree with Stein on a number of points, I think "Warriors and Wusses" is a ballsy confrontation of the mindless "support our troops" mentality that seems to pervade left, right and center these days, to the detriment of clear thinking and effective politics.

My specific objections to Stein's perspective stem from this quote: "But when you volunteer for the US military, you pretty much know you're not going to be fending off invasions from Mexico and Canada. So you're willingly signing up to be a fighting tool of American imperialism, for better or worse." Let's begin with the idea that, without formal conscription in place, the US military is now an "all-volunteer" affair absolved of the criticism of coercion.

A former friend, whose politics have devolved into a purist armchair anarchism, was fond of saying: "Fuck the troops. I don't support the troops because they joined the military voluntarily. Nobody held a gun to their heads and forced them to serve in Iraq." This completely ignores the reality of a poverty draft in this country. Poor folks often see the military as the only avenue out of their poverty and misery. Much as the denizens of urban skid rows donate blood or sign up to be guinea pigs for medical experimentation in far greater numbers than other city residents, the poor and working classes "volunteer" for military service out of all proportion to their numbers in the general population. Poverty is the gun pointed at their heads. Certainly they have a choice. Males of my generation had a choice of whether or not to sign up and be drafted for the Vietnam War, fleeing to Canada or going to prison being the most common alternatives. Given the ghetto alternatives of minimum wage unskilled labor, drug addiction, gangster life, or prison time, is it any wonder poor folks choose the military?

The poor and working classes invariably see joining the military as the best way to earn some money, obtain job training and get an education, thanks to the way the military advertises and recruits. In fact, so deceptive are the military's advertising and recruitment techniques that many who sign up do not really expect to see combat at all. This might seem surprising, but before dismissing such individuals as incredibly naïve, consider the experience of your average automobile driver. Statistically speaking, if you drive a car the odds are you will be involved in a vehicular accident sometime in your life. Yet the first thought an automobile driver has every time he or she sits behind the wheel is not "I might get into an accident today."

I also have criticisms of Stein's column from a more abstract, historical perspective. Left-wing troop revolts in the military have been a principle cause of military failure, even social revolution. The rebellion and mass desertion of Russian troops prior to February 1917 directly contributed to the Russian 1917 Revolution. The mass uprising of German troops in 1918 lead to the collapse of the German military effort in the First World War, not to mention an aborted soviet-style revolution. During the Vietnam War, the racial revolt of black troops and the more general rebellion of US soldiers—expressed through drug use, disobedience, desertion, and officer fraggings—were crucial factors in America's ignoble defeat.

The right-wing drift of military veterans, in turn, is central to the growth of fascism. The German 1918 revolution mentioned above was brutally suppressed by paramilitary groups of disgruntled army veterans who called themselves *Freikorps*. The paramilitary *squadristi* of black-shirted Italian war veterans were instrumental in Mussolini's rise to power. Then there's Gulf War veteran Timothy McVeigh's use of *The Turner Diaries* as a bible for the Oklahoma City bombing.

No need to elaborate on the myriad military coups and juntas that litter history. The current "support our troops" sentiment might be incredibly simplistic, but Stein's humorous argument for not supporting them is equally so. Support the troops or not, it would be extremely unwise, if not outright dangerous, to leave the discussion at that level. When folks quote Eisenhower's warning about the dreaded military-industrial complex, it's the industrial part—the Haliburtons and the Bechtels—that gets emphasized. The military side of the complex is self-evident in the "*huge* amount of spending that goes to the military, and because the defense industry is one of the primary reasons that we go to war and maintain so many bases in the world and build guns and bombs and tanks." That's my proofreader, and my wife, talking, and she goes on to point out "that the military is an industry; it's part and parcel and can no longer be separated, it drives our economy and our politicians." Still, American society hasn't been overtly militarized, nor has the military become a major political player, as is the case in so many Third World countries around the planet. The US military doesn't field political candidates, nor does it threaten to overthrow the government if it doesn't get its way, nor does it patrol the streets. Not yet anyway. The tendency of global capitalism to reduce various aspects of the US—the economy, urban living, healthcare, emergency response, etc.—to Third World status means we can also look forward to the unconcealed rise of the military and of militarism in this country.

Without further delay, here's Joel Stein's column:

Warriors and Wusses

by Joel Stein

I don't support our troops. This is a particularly difficult opinion to have, especially if you are the kind of person who likes to put bumper stickers on his car. Supporting the troops is a position that even Calvin is unwilling to urinate on.

I'm sure I'd like the troops. They seem gutsy, young and up for anything. If you're wandering into a recruiter's office and signing up for eight years of unknown danger, I want to hang with you in Vegas.

And I've got no problem with other people — the ones who were for the Iraq war — supporting the troops. If you think invading Iraq was a good idea, then by all means, support away. Load up on those patriotic magnets and bracelets and other trinkets the Chinese are making money off of.

But I'm not for the war. And being against the war and saying you support the troops is one of the wussiest positions the pacifists have ever taken — and they're wussy by definition. It's as if the one lesson they took away from Vietnam wasn't to avoid foreign conflicts with no pressing national interest but to remember to throw a parade afterward.

Blindly lending support to our soldiers, I fear, will keep them overseas longer by giving soft acquiescence to the hawks who sent them there — and who might one day want to send them somewhere else. Trust me, a guy who thought 50.7% was a mandate isn't going to pick up on the subtleties of a parade for just service in an unjust war. He's going to be looking for funnel cake.

Besides, those little yellow ribbons aren't really for the troops. They need body armor, shorter stays and a USO show by the cast of "Laguna Beach."

The real purpose of those ribbons is to ease some of the guilt we feel for voting to send them to war and then making absolutely no sacrifices other than enduring two Wolf Blitzer shows a day. Though there should be a ribbon for that.

I understand the guilt. We know we're sending recruits to do our dirty work, and we want to seem grateful.

After we've decided that we made a mistake, we don't want to blame the soldiers who were ordered to fight. Or even our representatives, who were deceived by false intelligence. And certainly not ourselves, who failed to object to a war we barely understood.

But blaming the president is a little too easy. The truth is that people who pull triggers are ultimately responsible, whether they're following orders or not. An army of people making individual moral choices may be inefficient, but an army of people ignoring their morality is horrifying. An army of people ignoring their morality, by the way, is also Jack Abramoff's pet name for the House of Representatives.

I do sympathize with people who joined up to protect our country, especially after 9/11, and were tricked into fighting in Iraq. I get mad when I'm tricked into clicking on a pop-up ad, so I can only imagine how they feel.

But when you volunteer for the U.S. military, you pretty much know you're not going to be fending off invasions from Mexico and Canada. So you're willingly signing up to be a fighting tool of American imperialism, for better or worse. Sometimes you get lucky and get to fight ethnic genocide in Kosovo, but other times it's Vietnam.

And sometimes, for reasons I don't understand, you get to just hang out in Germany.

I know this is all easy to say for a guy who grew up with money, did well in school and hasn't so much as served on jury duty for his country. But it's really not that easy to say because anyone remotely affiliated with the military could easily beat me up, and I'm listed in the phone book.

I'm not advocating that we spit on returning veterans like they did after the Vietnam War, but we shouldn't be celebrating people for doing something we don't think was a good idea. All I'm asking is that we give our returning soldiers what they need: hospitals, pensions, mental health and a safe, immediate return. But, please, no parades.

Seriously, the traffic is insufferable.

Published on Tuesday, January 24, 2006 by the Los Angeles Times.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

MORE THAN
FASHION
CARL
CORDOVA

I've received a ton of stuff lately to review for this column, so don't sweat it if you don't see your band/label/zine mentioned this month. If it is worth writing about, then I will get to it next month.

Love Bites (PRIEST not LEPPARD)

Recently a friend of mine was talking to me about the time when he first realized he was obsessed with collecting records. This got me thinking about when *I* first got bit by the record bug. It's easy to remember when I would have preferred the cassette/CD version, but I am talking about the first time I felt that rush of adrenaline after scoring a great, hard-to-come-by record. My first fix came at the hands of a leathery-faced shopkeeper whose name unfortunately escapes me as I type this.

As much as I loved San Diego, I never had a reason to go to Garnet Avenue in Pacific Beach. For all you non-locals, Garnet Avenue is where all the bros who attend San Diego State University hang out, get shit-faced, and start fights. My distaste of this area changed the first day I walked into a place called the Garage. The Garage was a used "punk boutique" run by this total beach bum dude who looked like he'd been wearing the same flip-flops and board shorts his entire life. I use the term "punk boutique" lightly, because most of the stuff this guy was selling was either vintage toys or women's rockabilly clothing (which he explained was his girlfriend's). Either way, most, if not everything on display appeared to have come straight from this guy's—or his girlfriend's—closet. Wedged in between the KISS memorabilia and the poodle skirts was a dusty box of seven-inches. I must have been one of the first to ask if I could look through the box because the guy had yet to price any of the records. He let me take a look anyway, and that is the exact moment my life (and bank account) were forever altered.

Inside the box I found a RHINO 39 single, the first press of *Nervous Breakdown*, the GERMS' *Lexicon Devil*, and whole bunch of other records that I had never seen before. I wish I could remember what the other records were. I must have not known about them at the time, or I have forced myself to forget. One thing is for certain, it was a lot of early California stuff, but since my knowledge was limited, my 21-year-old self would have been clueless about any mega-rare *Killed By Death* material. But I knew who BLACK FLAG and the GERMS were, and this guy was actually letting me hold these relics and read the lyrics sheets. With any band that I was unfamiliar with, he was happy to play them for me, which was often followed by a personal anecdote about how he saw said band and they sucked, or they were awesome, or he was too drunk to remember. This would be my first time ever hearing the ZERO BOYS LP in its entirety.

Enough people had stopped by and showed significant interest, that when he finally got around to pricing the records, most were out of my price range. Of course looking back, $160 for the GERMS' *Lexicon Devil* is a fucking steal, but at the time my

Kinko's salary didn't provide that kind of disposable income. Still, I would drive from my apartment in Hillcrest to Pacific Beach every week or so, for no other reason than to drool over the artwork on the EFFIGIES 12," or get the shopkeeper to tell me stories about seeing BATTALION OF SAINTS. With each passing month or so, more and more records would disappear off the wall, leaving beige, blank squares in between the remaining fluorescent Dangerhouse singles. The shopkeeper made little effort in trying to restock his used punk vinyl, so once his collection was gone, he only carried SEX PISTOLS and CLASH reissues. Right before I moved up to San Francisco to go to school, the Garage closed. It lasted two years at best, but in that first year I found out about more great bands than the entire time I lived in Cincinnati. I have dedicated large portions of my paycheck to vinyl ever since. In the end, the dude hooked me up with some killer records. One of those records in particular, the CODE OF HONOR single, makes a good segue way into my section surprisingly titled:

Why You Should Still Own a CD Player

When I purchased the CODE OF HONOR *What are We Gonna Do?* 45 at the Garage, I was expecting JFA or ILL REPUTE, but instead I was blasted by what sounded to me like a late-'80s DC hardcore with less distortion. SWIZ or MONORCHID comparisons are horrible in retrospect, but at the time that is all I had to go by. Regardless, Michael Fox's songwriting and guitar playing was miles above what anybody else was doing in punk in 1982. For those in need of a refresher course, CODE OF HONOR was a San Francisco punk band with strong hardcore overtones. Jonathin Christ's lyrics were passionate and political—at times almost cheesy—but everything he screamed was spitted with heartfelt sincerity. This band dripped of California Punk. It's one of the main reasons I am so enamored with them today; their California pride is so much more intense than any of their contemporaries. They make reference to California seceding from the US in two different songs.

That summer in my tiny apartment in Hillcrest, I became obsessed with CODE OF HONOR, and spent hours on a 56K modem trying to track down the rest of their material. With the *Flex Discography,* I found out that they had a split LP from the same time period that the EP was recorded. I was able to find someone in Europe who was willing to trade their split for a bunch of Hydrahead and Initial limited vinyl. Getting that split sealed the deal: CODE OF HONOR was my new favorite band. I made it a point to mention CODE OF HONOR to all of my friends, but this was before the advent of fast Internet connections and file sharing, so their material was almost impossible for them to pick up.

So why did it take so long for Subterranean to release a discography by this legendary band? Whatever their reasons, it was well worth the wait. Hell, I only had to wait eight years, while some have been waiting almost three times that long. Why no one ever bothered to bootleg the CODE OF HONOR/SICK PLEASURE split is beyond me. Regardless, Subterranean does a bang-up job on this CD, with great liner notes by Michael Fox about not just the band's history, but all the Bay Area bands that he took part in. Every studio recording is on here, including the slightly off-kilter (albeit still very good) full-length entitled *Beware the Savage Jaw,* as well as their one un-released track "What's It Going to Be?" Excluding the songs off the single, "Code of Honor," "Stolen Faith," and "Attempted Control" are my personal favorites. Also included in the booklet are great photos and complete lyrics to all the songs. My only (minor) complaint is the font change for the CD cover art, because the original font used on the split LP was much cooler looking. If you are a fan of music in general, pick this up. I'm serious.

Another great reason to own a CD player is the APARTMENT 213's *93-97* discography that was just released by 625. APARTMENT 213 was probably the first Cleveland powerviolence band, and like the legendary Clevo bands before them, they sang about hatred, murder, and violence. Since the master tapes were lost by the band, all of this material has been digitized straight off the vinyl and demo cassette. Don't worry though, classic cuts like "Mutilation," "John Wayne Gacy," and "Severed," are just as good here as they were on record. Unfortunately, there are no live pictures or lyrics to be found, just info on where the tracks originated. If taking the song "Sick-O" and translating it into 40 variations of powerviolence/grind brutality sounds like a good idea (and it should), then pick this up. Two words: *Dust Buster.*

Grave Mistake Records

Alex and his label get their own section this month. When your label is kicking this much ass, you deserve it. First off, lets talk about SET TO EXPLODE's debut EP. The STRIKING DISTANCE comparisons are unavoidable, but Dave Byrd's new digs are faster, and more punk. Everything from the guitar tone to the breakdowns screams classic early-'80s hardcore, with the exception of the street punk ditty entitled "Never Give In". The drumming is solid, Dave vocals are as pissed as ever, and the recording is crisp. Great, great, great.

Next up we have another DC band by the name of 86 MENTALITY. This CD entitled *Goin' Nowhere Fast* is a 19-song collection containing all their material to date, which includes their two EP's, unreleased tracks, as well as some live songs and covers. If you aren't familiar with this band yet, expect true-to-form early-'80s Dischord hardcore in the vein of IRON CROSS, SOA, and UNITED MUTATION. This band got even better on its second EP with songs like "Scumbag" and "Chemical Threat". If you like your hardcore with a dose of skinhead skullduggery, then check out 86 MENTALITY.

From the town that recently brought you IRON BOOTS and TARPIT, Virginia Beach is making some noise once again with WASTED TIME. When bands self-reference NEGATIVE APPROACH and POISON IDEA as influences, I am skeptical. But these guys are definitely holding their own. I wouldn't put them in DEAD STOP territory just yet, but if you like bands like KNIFE FIGHT or even NO PARADE, then check out these eight brain-damaged tracks of fast and ugly hardcore on WASTED TIME's debut EP. I should mention that GRAVE MISTAKE only gets half the credit on this one, as it is a split release with Brain Grenade Records. Support Grave Mistake by going to www.gravemistakerecords.com and buying doubles of everything. This is the label to beat in 2006.

That is for this month. Be sure to send old INFEST and INTEGRITY VHS tapes, as well as any hate mail to: Carl Cordova, 746 Baker Street, SF, CA 94115, USA. Or you can email me at ih8thekids@gmail.com. Cake takers need not apply.

assimilate
my
purse
mattilda, a.k.a.
matt bernstein sycamore

Waiting for the Ambulance

It's ridiculous how many car accidents take place on the corner where I live. I can't really figure out why. It's a busy intersection, but not that busy. I mean, in the five years I've lived here I've witnessed at least 20 accidents. Usually I hear the accident first, and then I look out the window—I live five floors up, and a hundred feet back from the street, so I can see the whole intersection. A few months ago, a pedestrian got hit by a car, I looked out my window because someone was shrieking and the person who'd gotten hit was lying face down in the street, a crowd of people gathering. I thought the person was probably dead because someone yelled, "Don't touch him!"

I swear it took the ambulance at least ten minutes to get there, and the fire station is only a block-and-a-half away—someone could've run over within a minute or two. I was staring out the window, sobbing. Then two fire trucks finally arrived, followed by an ambulance, followed by two fire trucks from the other direction, another ambulance and another fire truck. Paramedics took the guy into an ambulance, which didn't move for a long time so I think he was dead.

Then, just the other night, I heard another accident. Same scenario: I heard a scream, and a skidding car, then looked out the window—a brown car was speeding off, there was someone crumbled on the ground with a smashed bike next to their body, a crowd gathering. I was shaking. Sometimes it's shocking to realize how awful people can be, that someone would run right into a person on a bike and just drive away. Of course this happens all the time—the driver was probably smashed, and worried about getting arrested, or they didn't want their insurance premium to go up—priorities.

The next day, I watched the first of many memorials from my window. A few days later, I learned more details: the car ran a red light, and Tucker, driving a bike, slammed into the car, rolled onto the windshield. The driver turned off their headlights and sped around the corner. Did you get that? The driver was thinking clearly enough to turn off their headlights in order to avoid detection. People are so horrible. This all just made me feel hopeless. I mean, we can't even stop cars from slamming into bicycles and killing people and then driving off like nothing happened. How could we possibly even dream of ending the death penalty, or challenging US imperialism, or even banning cars on certain streets?

I didn't know Tucker, but s/he looked familiar, a 23-year-old queer/trans person who traveled in worlds familiar to me. A memorial grew on the corner: candles and photos and fabric and flowers, notes and dedications, a bicycle spray-painted white. After a week, someone tore it all down, removing any evidence.

Just after I learned about Tucker, I was reading a random article in the *Bay Area Reporter*, one of San Francisco's gay newspapers. I often try to avoid the *BAR*—its pro-development, pro-cop, pro-marriage, assimilationist, celebrity-fawning, anti-poor politics are a little too much to handle on a regular basis. But sometimes it's good to know your enemies, and this is what I had in mind when reading an article by Molly McKay, current field director of Equality California, fond of showing up at pro-marriage demonstrations in a wedding gown. On the night that the US began bombing the Iraqi city of Falluja into rubble, Molly McKay was marching through the streets of San Francisco in a Statue of Liberty outfit to protest for "marriage equality."

So, in short, I was reading Molly McKay's article to look for more evidence of the complicity of mainstream gay people with state terror, but I found something that took me by surprise. It was an article about Nathan Kristoffersen, a 28-year-old gay man from a small town outside of Fresno, California, living with his Christian fundamentalist parents while also volunteering as the Madera County chapter coordinator for Equality California. On the morning of December 15, Nathan was allegedly found dead by his father on their front porch. According to the father, he found Nathan "down on his knees with his head at on his knees and his butt on his heels, facing away from the house." The coroner found no cause of death, and Nathan's sister stated that "Nathan had been called home by God." The family immediately cremated Nathan's body. In the obituary, Nathan's family asked for donations to be made in the name of an ex-gay church that actively promotes "conversion therapy."

McKay describes the funeral service where, according to McKay, the minister explained that "God was calling [Nathan] home before Satan could cause any more torment in his life." In her article, McKay expresses a wish to disrupt the service, but instead she rushed to the coroner's office. The coroner confirmed that there were no drugs or alcohol in Nathan's system, only a high dose of antidepressants and anti-anxiety medications, within recommended dosage levels. The coroner suggested that perhaps these medications caused Nathan's body to shut down.

Okay, so let's review this information. An apparently healthy, 28-year old gay man is found dead in prayer position on the front porch of the house he shared with his Christian fundamentalist parents, who immediately cremate his body and claim that he was suddenly taken by God. What kind of Christian fundamentalists cremate their son? How often does a 28-year-old with no unusual drugs in his system just collapse into death?

Reading Nathan's story, I'm convinced that his parents killed him. I don't know if they literally killed him, then cremated the body to hide the evidence, or if someone else killed him, then they cremated the body to hide the evidence. Or if Nathan just suddenly died after 28 years of living with parents who wanted him dead. He'd survived for so long—living with his Christian fundamentalist parents, he'd still managed to articulate a vision of queerness that involved gay journalism, support of abortion rights and health care for people with HIV and AIDS.

My first impulse was to go down to Madera County and tell Nathan's parents that I knew they had killed them. I wanted to scare them. Then I wanted to write to Molly McKay, to express my horror and grief and ask her for more information. I'm not sure that Molly McKay would be interested in talking to me—we were once scheduled to appear on the same panel at posh Stanford University, and I was told that she was outraged that we would be in the same room. The event was planned as a conversation between pro-marriage and anti-marriage queers. I wasn't able to attend. Neither was Molly McKay.

I often call attention to the ways in which gay marriage proponents further the goals of the Christian right by silencing any queers who oppose marriage as a central institution of anti-woman, anti-queer, anti-trans, and anti-child violence. Gay marriage proponents are eager to further the media myth that there are only two sides to the gay marriage debate: foaming-at-the-mouth Christian fundamentalists who think gay marriage marks the death of Western civilization, and rabid gay assimilationists who think that gay marriage is the best thing since *Will and Grace*. This false polarization funds both Christian right organizations and marriage equality "nonprofits." While pro-marriage gays will go to great lengths to silence anti-marriage queers, Christian fundamentalists think we're all gonna burn in hell, with or without wedding rings.

So while I fantasize about confronting Nathan's parents, I also wonder about writing to Molly McKay. I'm not interested in perpetuating the idea of a unified or supportive "gay community," since I know this lie serves gay landlords who evict people with AIDS to get higher rents, gay bar owners who arrest homeless queers for getting in the way of happy hour, gay political consultants who engineer the election of anti-poor candidates, and gay marriage proponents who drape themselves in the stars and stripes as the US bombs away. These gay people drag out the rainbow flag to camouflage their greed, to protect their status within the status quo. But still I wonder if there are some things we could fight together.

Mattilda, aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore, is the editor, most recently, of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation* (Soft Skull 2004) and the author of *Pulling Taffy* (Suspect Thoughts 2003). Mattilda lives for feedback, so send her information about Nathan Kristoffersen, love letters and/or delicious threats via the newly updated www.mattbernstein sycamore .com, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or write to PO Box 640047, San Francisco, CA 94164-0047.

Zombie Picnic
elliott lange

I've been meaning to give a proper overview on the latest releases from Willowtip Records (willowtip.com) for some time now. At the end of 2005, Willowtip released five records of varying styles and success. Tops of the list are KILL FROM CLIENT's *Escalation of Hostility* and WATCHMAKER's *Erased from the Memory of Man*, though I think I've already said enough about both of these in the regular reviews section. Suffice it to say, if you're still unfamiliar with KILL THE CLIENT, you are seriously missing out on one of the hands-down most intense grind outfits going these days.

Moving on to more metallic fare, there's the notable new album from Montreal's NEURAXIS, *Trilateral Progession*. Being one of the few bands to write melodic death metal that doesn't fall off the brink into cheesiness or Swedish clone fodder, NEURAXIS has a refreshingly original approach, mixing elements from multiple branches of the death metal tree- melodic, technical and brutal; European and North American. With intelligent lyrics, clever transitions, a clean but not-too-polished production and riffs that'll stay in your head long after the brief no-filler running time, this is definitely a keeper.

Unfortunately the same can't be said for the new EP from Virginia's ARSIS, *A Diamond for Disease*, which to my mind does everything wrong that NEURAXIS gets right. First off, the production- I don't understand the desire for triggered drums and a guitar sound so overproduced it doesn't sound heavy anymore. I've certainly never been opposed to overt technical wankage, but it's just ridiculous here—the guy basically solos non-stop throughout the EP, particularly on the ambitious 13-minute title track, which just comes off as Yngwie-shaming overkill. I guess I'm biased because the Scandinavian melodic thing has never done it for me, but also not helping matters are the terrible choruses: "Let's make a deal! A diamond for disease" and "I gave you roses, be careful of the fucking thorns" from "The Promise of Never." Ouch. They do get points for a pretty wicked rendering of ALICE COOPER's "Roses on White Lace," though, turning it fully death metal.

Finally there's the new CROWPATH, *Son of Sulphur*. I don't want to too heavily contradict the positive review my co-grind-reviewer bestowed on these Swedes, but frankly I still can't shake the DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN similarities in their sound and they don't have much in the way of memorable songs or riffs to sway me from the negative connotation of that comparison. I've listened to this a good dozen times and the only kind of response this elicits is the feeling that the drummer needs to seriously give it a rest on the ice bell fills. Not to sound too overwhelming down on the output of Willowtip, the label still seems to be increasing in stature and quality. For every not so hot release, they put out at least one or two stellar records and are establishing their own consistent sound as a home for killer technical death/grind (KALIBAS, DYING LIGHT, CAPHARNAUM, etc.). As they approach the level of a Relapse-style label, it's natural that they'd attract a similar degree of praise and criticism and I guess I'm guilty of all the above. In any event, can't wait for the new PHOBIA.

Speaking of Southern California grind, someone has finally seen fit to reissue the collected late-nineties vinyl-only works from LA's sadly defunct kings (and queen) of bizarro ambient power-violence, GASP. *An Earwig's Guide to Traveling* includes splits with VOLUME ELEVEN, DEERHOOF, SUFFERING LUNA and NOOTHGRUSH as well as a baker's dozen of unreleased and comp tracks. The album is fairly evenly split, with the first half comprising their most experimental material. Some tracks are pure soundscape with no heavy interludes, while others transition deftly from sputtering electronics and acid-tripping washes to crashing grind. The later material is more straightforward power violence, though still pretty great, with tangible ire and understandable shouted invectives. It's been about seven years since their masterful *Drome Triller of Zoo People* full-length on Slap-a-Ham, and I fear too many people have forgotten (myself included) or never knew of these guys in the first place. Really, this is some of the most unique and surreal heavy music put to tape- don't miss out any longer (Avant Garde Farm, www.bowdoin.edu/~alorch/agf_releases; Capibara, www.capibararecords.com).

Also from L.A. (and that's where the similarities end) comes the new disc from every punk's favorite power thrash band, HIRAX, *The New Age of Terror* (Deep Six, deepsixrecords.com; Black Devil, blackdevilrecords.com). This record's been out for a while now, but what can I say, I'm a little slow on the update sometimes. In fact, I can't profess to being a fan from back in the *Raging Violence* days—aside from their split with SPAZZ, this is probably the most I've listened to them in one sitting. I was, however, a big fan of thrash back in the day, and listening to *New Age* now takes me right back to those junior high days of head-banging to OVERKILL, EXODUS, and ANTHRAX in my bedroom. Katon and crew are stuck in an '80s time warp, but unlike a lot of bands from that era trying to rehash their glory days, the band's still got a ton of energy and great riffs. Katon's vocals and lyrics make every song memorable and the songs are pretty devoid of filler, even throwing in an ENTOMBED "Left Hand Path" tribute (intentional or not) on the instrumental "Massacre of the Innocence." Anyone who's seen these guys live recently knows they're still 100% committed to flying the flag of true thrash metal.

Heading towards the doomier end of the

spectrum, we come to Chicago's ANGEL EYES with their four-song, 50-minute downer, *Something to Do with Death* (Underground Communique, www.undercomm.org). Drawing their band and album name from the works of Italian filmmaker Sergio Leone, their music is fairly evocative of a similar sort of brooding slow-motion menace and beauty as that depicted in his films (even going so far as to sample the creaking windmill from the opening of Leone's classic "Once Upon a Time in the West" in the album intro). Unfortunately, ANGEL EYES lacks the substance of the equivalent films; with most songs stretching well beyond the ten-minute mark, they spend all too much time meandering aimlessly in the same monotonous melancholic tone with transitions to heaviness lacking the weight making them worth the wait. Still, not a wasted investment for those into the ISIS/NEUROSIS school of heaviness.

Next up is the new split 12" from two of Houston's heaviest, GOD'S TEMPLE OF FAMILY DELIVERANCE/UNHOLY MOUNTAIN (Sound Supply, soundsupply@gmail.com). GOD'S TEMPLE unleash a single bone-breakingly heavy track, "Better Blades," an 11-minute behemoth that shifts effortlessly through several permutations, all of which are resin-coated slabs of leaden riffage. This track positively rules my world- I've been listening to it non-stop and I'm definitely eager to hear more from these guys. Essential stuff for all fans of SLEEP, WINTER, EYEHATEGOD, and the like. UNHOLY MOUNTAIN on the flipside is one Beau Beasley, he of INSECT WARFARE/MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS "fame," doing low-register bass drone experimental solo stuff. This one's got "drugs" written all over it, or, at the right volume, is probably good earthquake preparedness practice. Definitely a great record for those into the slow and heavy.

Over Christmas, I got a nice little bundle from Santa, I mean, Curby, head of the Czech Republic's leading home for death and grind, Obscene Records (www.obscene.cz). First in the stack is the reissue of the ever-controversial CRIPPLE BASTARDS' *Desperately Insensitive*, originally released a couple years back by the now defunct DeathVomit Records. It's kinda ironic that I'm hearing this for the first time on the import version, but I think DeathVomit went under shortly after this was released. In any event, this could be called the BASTARDS' finest record, if only for the sound quality alone which is superb hereeverything is crystal clear with a good mix of heaviness and a raw punk edge. The songs and arrangements are first rate tooI really don't remember these guys being quite this chaotic and schizophrenic before—the songs change up all over the place. The playing is crazy tight too and Giulio's vocals and lyrics are as venomous as ever. Includes a tacked-on 18-song live set of surprisingly decent sound quality too.

Unfortunately the same level of quality doesn't hold up for three Czech metal releases. FLESHLESS, NEGLIGENT COLLATERAL COLLAPSE and ISACAARUM all present pretty lackluster entries of death/grind. FLESHLESS's *To Kill for Skin* is the best of the bunch, with some decent riffs in a very old-school early-nineties death/thrash vein. Ultimately though, the arrangements are pretty uneventful and the songs grow tiresome quickly. ISACAARUM's *Shibari Kata and Other Practices* falls in the same boat, with good production and a set of decent riffs. However their strict adherence to a one-riff-per-song policy and the inexcusable use of the exact same (shitty) drum beat throughout every song doesn't do much to overcome song titles like "Spermivore," "Clitblaster," and the Pulitzer Prize-winning, "Buttsuck." And then there's NCC's *Sick Atoms*, about which, despite all my efforts and a month's worth of listening, I haven't a thing positive to say. Insultingly simple three-note-on-one-string "riffs" mix with retarded pitch-shifted vocals, terrible murky production and a drum sound so bad I can't believe it's not programmed—man, this one's a dud.

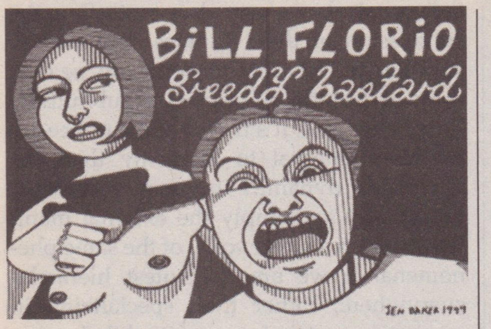
A far better bet for an introduction to Obscene and the multitude of Czech bands are either or both of the two great compilations recently released. The first, *10th Year of Obscene Existence* celebrates Obscene's first decade with tracks from almost every one of their nearly seventy releases. Along with palatably brief doses of the aforementioned bands are tracks from SQUASH BOWELS, INGROWING (love their tracks), EXTREME NOISE TERROR, PHOBIA, DEAD INFECTION, IMPETIGO, GRIDE, AGATHOCLES, MALIGNANT TUMOUR and heaps more. Or you can try *Obscene Extreme 2005*, a companion disc to the annual festival (see below) of the same name, with tracks from BLOOD DUSTER, HAEMORRHAGE, REGURGITATE, YACOPSAE, LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER, NEEDFUL THINGS and about twenty others.

The real treat though has to be the exhaustive document of the show put on by the label each summer (and there's a new one coming up in '06), the eponymous festival of the *Obscene Extreme 2004* DVD. This five-and-a-half-hour double disc (and yes, I watched the whole thing) chronicles all 45 bands that played the two-day show in July '04, and they've done it right, limiting the not-so-hot openers to a song or two and giving you a good half set at least of the important bands. On the down side, the sound ranges from pretty good to pretty bad, rarely approaching "great" and there are a barrage of mindless sub-par death metal bands to sit through. But the bright spots far outweigh the dim.

Highlights in my opinion: the crazed chaos of Italy's PSYCHOFAGIST; the energetic power violence of Germany's MINDFLAIR (whose latest CD, *Stagnation*, by the way, I've been playing endlessly); Day One's bestthe goofy, godly BIRDFLESH; the naked flailing dick and quadruple ass cheek assault of France's GRONIBARD and their clothed grind side project WARSCARS; a stumbling but still killer ENT; an all two brief couple of songs from Switzerland's EMBALMING THEATRE, more than made up for with plenty of songs from the mighty GRIDE, the best of Day Two; the Swedish crust of UNCURBED and COMA; the relentless grind of Poland's SQUASH BOWELS; the classic CARCASS-worship of Sweden's legendary GENERAL SURGERY (with Adde from BIRDFLESH/SAYYADINA on drums); the lounge-ska-metal weirdness of Germany's LE SCRAWL; and a trio of previously unknown-to-me Czech grind bands, LAHAR, PIGSTY and SKODA 120. Needless to say, this is a highly recommended collection of a ton of bands you're not going to get to see too often.

And finally, since it seems some folks out there find this column to be too metal (see last month's letters section) I'll end things on a punk note with mention of a couple of records sent to me by Sonic from Philadelphia's COMMON ENEMY. On their *Let's Have Fun!* 7" (Sick of Talk, sickoftalk.com) and split 7"s with EYES OF HATE (Scene Destroyer) and THE TWATS, COMMON ENEMY plays straight-ahead, all-go, no-slow, skate thrash with great sing-along lyrics and non-stop speedy tempos. New York's EOH kicks out similar fastcore anthems while THE TWATS rock more of an old-school drunken hardcore punk vibe with female vocals, as additionally evidenced on their full-length CD, *Hell in My Pants* (Overdose On Records, drprecords.com). Good anthemic sing-along hardcore from all three.

That's all for now, hope y'all are avoiding getting sick this cold season. Not me. Elliott Lange, 1320 Fulton St., San Francisco, CA 94117, cromlaughs@hotmail.com



I spend a lot of time evaluating my own actions, believe it or not. I'm sure if you could read another person's thoughts there would be a whole lot of laughs to be had. Probably some really scary stuff too. But since I can't read everyone's thoughts, I can only hope they're thinking something close to what I would think.

There are certain people I focus on, I guess you could call them icons (not the real person as a whole, but what they represent in my head) who help me determine how I act and react to situations in life. For example, if I'm gonna crack an off-color joke, I think of my grandfathers—both of them liked to crack dirty jokes, but just about all the time they were completely inappropriate (in front of kids under twelve, people they just met, etc.) If I'm going to ask for a favor of someone, I can think of hundreds of people whom I've gone out of my way for yet would never even think to even it out in one way or another. If I need to get a little rash with someone, I try to think how my Dad would handle it; he's a good guy for not blowing his top.

Basically, I try my best to look at myself as that kid who didn't give up on everyone and decide to hate the world. I actually tried that crap when I was in high school and I figured out that being too judgmental of others and being hypersensitive about everyone being too selfish is a very self-centered way to be. So you just have to put people in the right knick-knack-cubicle of your knick-knack-case and accept them for their knickity-knackityness, instead of complaining that they serve no use to you personally other than possibly prettying up your wall, or being ugly in some ironic fashion. What I'm saying is, everyone is worth something, but if you want everyone to fit into life's puzzle snugly, it's just not gonna happen.

My problems come up when I'm unsure of where someone fits. Are they someone worth dropping everything for? Are they good enough to praise unconditionally or are they worthless enough to talk shit about? It's funny—some people you can nudge a little and they will come at you like a rabid raccoon, and some people you have to shove into the mud to find out that they're pretty damn awesome and you'd gladly dive into the muck with them the next time it rains.

Now, if I walked through a hallway filled with people I sorta know by sight and by name and gave everyone a little shove in the stomach with a big smile on my face, what reactions would I receive?

Well, ya get the big cheery guy who'd shove you back, maybe give you a, "People wearing Meatmen T-shirts got no place shoving those bigger than them." I gotta think, "Hey, this guy's all right. I'll have to go to White Castle with him sometime and watch him eat forty French onion burgers and smell up the bathroom." Then I shove the girl in the short skirt who's chatting up some dude with a pompadour. She smiles and puts her cigarette out on my beat-up jacket. "Whoa, that's hot!" Then I do it to the guy with the baseball hat that's not on straight and he gets angry and tries to make something of it. Of course I keep smiling and he ends it with something like, "I fuckin' thought so! Pussy!" Wow, he sucks; I'll steer clear of him from now on. Then ya get the girl with the mod haircut and the dirty house-show sweat-stained T-shirt. She says, "Why did you shove me? Did I do something to you?" I apologize and ask to start over, introduce myself and shake hands with the nice enough unsettled victim. Then I get the little twerpy guy with glasses and a half-assed dred-mullet. He walks away grumbling. Now, what do I do with this guy? He's outwardly fearful and offended by my silly nudge. I tap him on the shoulder and explain I'm the official equilibrium checker and I wanted to make sure the use of earplugs isn't damaging anyone's sense of balance. Not amused, he walks off without a word and decides later to post things about me on his little internet blog. "Bill Florio, known hallway bully, podcast at 11."

See, this is where my icons get lost; see, I was only pretending to be a hallway bully—it was fun and pretty much no one 'cept the one podcaster thought anything of it. My three new friends, who I spend the rest of the evening chatting with and making plans to see again, realize that I'm quite absent of malice. But there's that one guy who decided that I was shit at the first instant, and I'm pretty much going to be shit forever. I see the teenage me in this guy—the one always looking to be intolerant of everyone, and I'm faced with three choices. One, I can be extra nice to him, see if he was just having a bad night and not have to deal with, two, ignoring him, yet if I see him all the time, have an awkward coldness around him for no good reason or, three, decide that if he's gonna dislike me, he may as well have a damn good reason for it, and go about making one happen.

Full Metal Jacket just popped into my head. "What is your major malfunction, numbnuts? Didn't Mommy and Daddy show you enough attention when you were a child?" Well, there it is, I had no freaking idea where this column was going and I managed to spell out my major character flaw for everyone. See, I am always evaluating my own actions.

The question is, is this really a problem worth trying to fix? I mean, isn't this what brings all of us together, this testing out the general establishment and separating the wheat from the chaff? I mean, in the '60s people did this whole rap session, bong circle kind of thing, but that's all over, isn't it? Sometimes a smiling shove serves a better purpose in these days of meth addicts and widespread government eavesdropping. Have whiners ever done anything productive? Have those who can't make a decision in fear of upsetting a scant few ever been evenly mildly entertaining? Nope.

I was going to end it there, but truthfully, I'm a very happy person, but to surround myself with only happy people, is for one thing, impossible and also pretty damn boring.

OK, for some unknown reason I'm bleeding from my leg, I'll see ya all next month.

bill@candids.com if you wanna show me your blog entries
Come see THE SHEMPS with JEWDRIVER on the West Coast in early April!

CrimethInc.
Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Once again, and at long last, greetings, fellow rockers and rollers of the maximum persuasion! For several long months, the editors of this magazine have been forced to send us imploring emails urging us to send in our columns, in return for which they've received only a series of apologies, excuses, and insincere assurances that we would get our shit back together at some point. Finally, however, we've gotten our shit together again, and hope not to put them through that any longer.

Since you last heard from us in this format, many people we respect and care for have been arrested in a federal attempt to frame upstanding political activists with outlandish eco-terrorist charges. We won't name them here, in fear of associating them with "known groups that advocate illegal activity" etc., etc., but please, dear reader, do a little research and offer your support to these individuals, whether by sending them supportive letters, putting on benefit shows for them, or simply getting the word out about their predicament. Failing all else, an inquiry to our address—CrimethInc., PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402—will get you fliers about the situation, as well as whatever free radical literature you desire. (You can also keep up with some of our other projects at www.crimethinc.com.)

The tragic situation of these arrestees inspires our topic for the month, the myriad reasons it is advisable and ethical to encourage violence against police officers. This is intended as a vindication of every punk rocker who has ever received criticism for wearing a patch proclaiming "*Fuck The Police*," "*Shoot Pigs Not Dope*," etc.; it is also meant as a show of solidarity with our fellows in the UK, sporting acronyms on their knuckles to the effect that "*All Coppers Are Bastards*." Hopefully it will serve as a source of counter-arguments with which our fellow punks can impress upon their critics the importance of opposing police oppression by any means necessary.

Criticism of anti-police sentiments usually falls into one of five categories, which we'll refute here one by one. The first such argument is that the police, as our fellow workers, are also exploited members of the proletariat, and should therefore be our allies. Unfortunately, as anyone who has tried to do anything in the real world knows, there is a vast gap between "should" and "is." The police exist to enforce the will of the powerful; anyone who has not had a bad experience with them is likely either privileged or submissive. Today's police officers, at least in North America, know exactly what they're getting into when they join the force; people in uniform don't just get cats out of trees in this country. Yes, most take the job because of what they feel to be economic necessity, but needing a paycheck is no excuse for obeying orders to evict families, harass young men of color, or pepper spray demonstrators—that's the Nuremberg defense in working class drag. Those whose consciences can be bought are everyone else's enemies, not potential allies.

This argument could be made a little more persuasive if it was couched in strategic terms, rather than Marxist abstractions: for example, "Every revolution succeeds at the moment the armed forces refuse to make war on their fellows; therefore we should focus on seducing the police to our side of the barricades." But again, the police are not just any workers; they are the ones who have most deliberately chosen to base their livelihoods and value systems upon the prevailing order, and thus are the least likely to be sympathetic to those who struggle against hierarchy. This being the case, it makes sense to focus on opposing the police as such, not on seeking solidarity with them. So long as they serve their masters, they cannot be our allies; by publicly deriding the police as an institution, we encourage them to cease to be police officers, so we can find common cause with them.

The second argument is that the police can win any confrontation, so we shouldn't invest ourselves in strategies that involve confronting them. It may seem that, with all their guns and armor and equipment, the police are invincible, but this is an illusion. They are limited by all sorts of invisible constraints—bureaucracy, public opinion, their own need to avoid inconvenient escalation. This is why a motley crowd armed only with the tear gas canisters shot at them can hold off a larger, more organized, better equipped force; contests between social unrest and military might are not played out according to the rules of military engagement. Those who have studied the police, who can predict what they are prepared for and what they can and cannot do, can usually outsmart and outmaneuver them. Such small victories can be inspiring for those who chafe under the heel of police repression, as well as instrumental in accomplishing concrete goals. In the collective unconscious of our society, the police are the ultimate bastion of reality, the force that ensures that things stay the way they are; to fight them and win, however temporarily, is to show that reality is negotiable.

The third argument is that the police are a mere distraction from the real enemy, not worth our wrath or attention. Alas, state power is not just the politicians; they would be powerless without the millions who do their bidding. When we contest their control, we are also contesting the submission of their flunkies, and we are sure sooner or later to come up against those of the latter who insist on submitting. That being said, it's true that the police are no more integral to hierarchy than the oppressive dynamics in our own communities; they are simply the external manifestation, on a larger scale, of the same phenomena. If we are to contest hierarchy everywhere, rather than specializing in combating certain forms of it while leaving others unchallenged, we have to be prepared to take it on both in the streets and in our own bedrooms; we can't expect to win on one front without fighting on the other. We shouldn't fetishize confrontations with uniformed foes, we shouldn't forget the power imbalances in our own ranks—but neither should we be content merely to manage the details of our own oppression in a non-hierarchical manner.

The fourth and most despicable argument is that we need police. According to this line of thinking, even if we can aspire to live in a society without police in the distant future, we need them today, for people are not ready to live with each other in peace without armed enforcers. As if the social imbalances and submissiveness maintained by the violence of the police are peace! Opponents of the police, however, need not even answer this charge. It's not as if a police-free society is suddenly going to appear overnight, for good or for ill, just because someone spray paints, "Fuck the Police" on a wall—if only it was so easy! The protracted struggle it is going to take to free our communities of police repression will probably go on as long as it takes us to learn to coexist peacefully; indeed, no community incapable of sorting out its own conflicts can expect to triumph against a more powerful occupying force. In the meantime, anti-police sentiments should be seen as objections to one of the most advanced and egregious forms of conflict between human beings, not arguments that without police there would be no conflict at all; and those who argue that the police sometimes do good things bear the burden of proving that those same good things could not be accomplished at least as well by other means.

The final and most nuanced objection to militant resistance is the pacifist critique of violence itself. According to this account, violence is inherently a form of domina-

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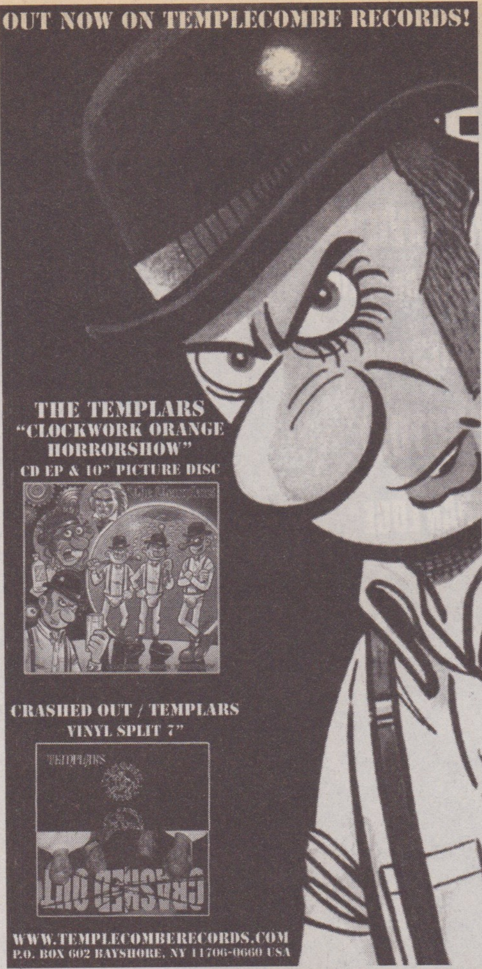

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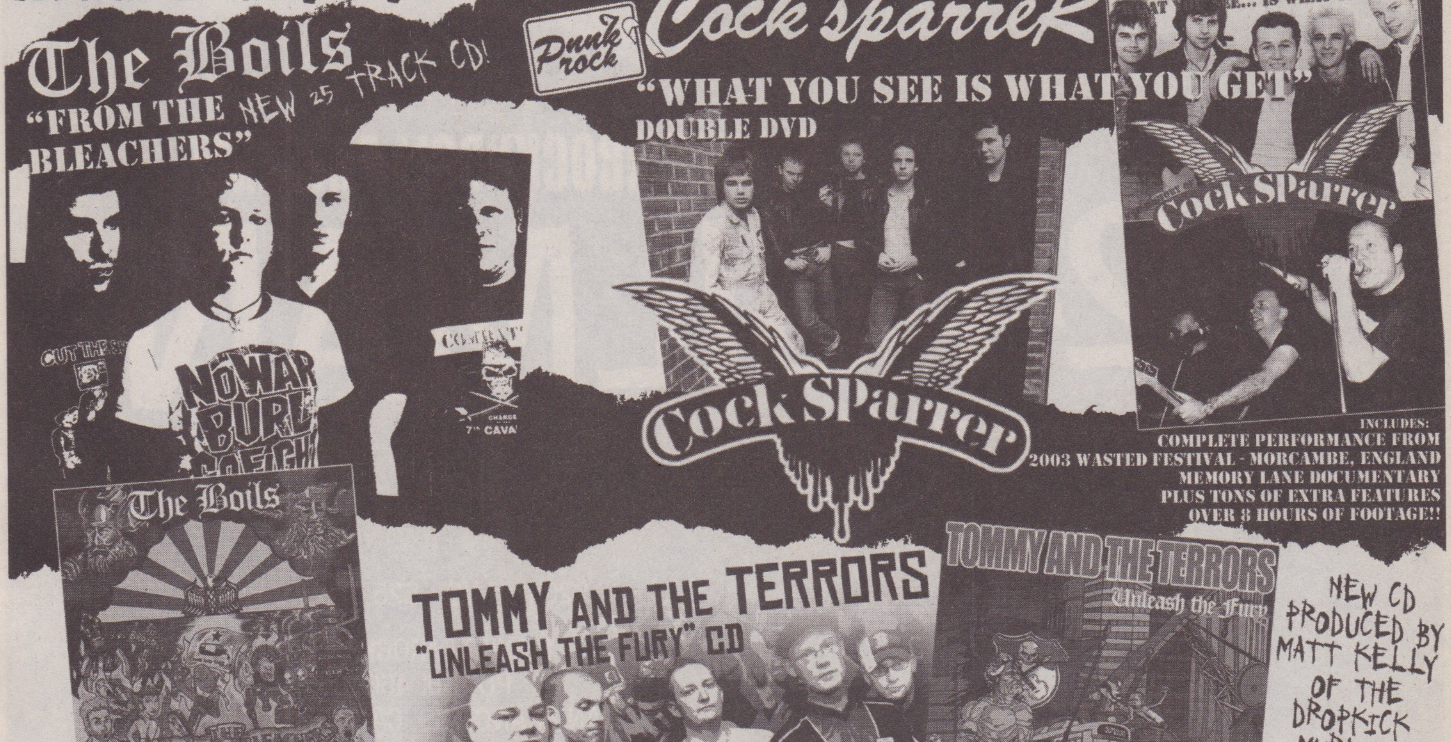

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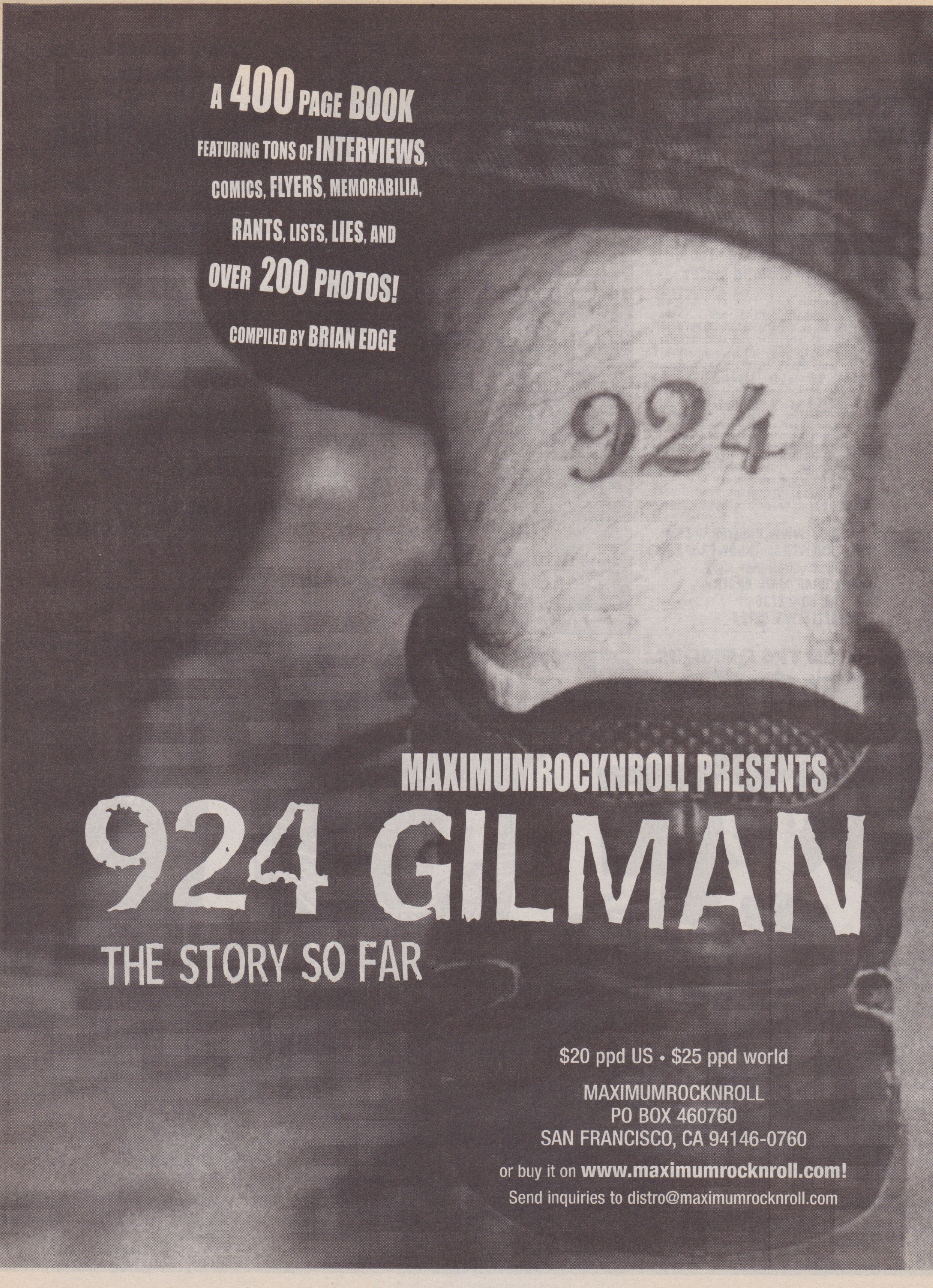

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tion, and thus inconsistent with opposition to domination; those who engage in violence play the same game as their oppressors, thereby losing from the outset. This perspective is not shared by the authors of this column. In our view, in some cases violence enforces unequal power dynamics, while in other cases it contests them—that is to say, there is such a thing as self-defense. For those whose value system is still descended from Christianity, keeping one's hands clean of immoral behavior is the top priority, at whatever cost; for the rest of us, who are free of superstitious prohibitions, the most important thing is what will work, in a given context, to make the world a better place. Sometimes—to name an obvious example, in the struggle against Nazi Germany—this may include violence.

To make this clear: yes, cops are people too, and deserve the same respect due all living things. The point is not that they deserve to suffer, or that we have to bring them to justice—that's Christian morality again, dealing in currencies of superstition and resentment. The point is that, in purely pragmatic terms, in order that other people not have to suffer, the police should be opposed by whatever means necessary.

We must avoid acting out of mere resentment, of course. Though it can be empowering for those who have spent their lives under the heel of oppression to contemplate finally settling the score with their oppressors, a real liberation struggle does not focus on exacting revenge but rather on solving problems so that all might have better lives. Therefore, while it may even sometimes be necessary to set police on fire, this should not be done out of a spirit of vengeful self-righteousness, but from a place of careful thought and compassion—if not for the police themselves, then for all those who would otherwise suffer at their hands.

One could make the argument that encouraging people to fight the police does more to publicize disapproval of them than to cause actual assaults; the literal content of an exhortation and the effects it has in the real world are very different things. In that case, the real purpose of such rhetoric would be to delegitimate the authority of the police and demoralize individual police officers. One could even argue that, in doing so, such rhetoric does a service not only for those who suffer police oppression, but also for the families of police officers and even for the officers themselves—for not only do police officers have a disproportionately high rate of domestic violence and child abuse, they also get killed, commit suicide, and become addicts with alarming frequency. Anything that encourages police officers to quit their jobs is in their best interest, as well as the interest of their loved ones and society at large. Therefore, we can implore, with confidence and no small degree of compassion:

LOVE COPS. *PUNCH THEM IN THE FACE.*

Raucous and irrepressible as always, your friendly CrimethInc. provocateurs

LET'S GET HURT

MITCH CARDWELL

I got drunk and pissed in my hamper the other night. I'm gonna talk about some records now.

In The Red Records is already off to a great start in 2006. They've launched a new series of limited, mailorder-only 12"EPs for you to sweat over, and the first installment sets the bar pretty high. *Flight Of The Donkeys* is a new four-song 12" from the INTELLIGENCE. Fans of the band know that the INTELLIGENCE has morphed from the bedroom one-man pop of *Boredom And Terror* to the four-piece powerhouse heard on *Icky Baby*, their latest blown-out album. *Flight Of The Donkeys* is cleaner sounding than *Icky Baby*, but retains all the wallop we've now come to expect from this lot. I actually like this new 12" more than *Icky Baby*, if that sweetens the deal any for you. Do keep an eye on In The Red's website, as I'm sure that titles in this series will vanish rather quickly.

REIGNING SOUND is easily the best live band I've seen in years, so I guess it's only fitting that labels are chomping at the bit to release live records for them. Telstar's *Live At Maxwell's* LP came out a few months back, but *Live At Goner Records*, recently released on the label of the same name, is the real deal. Boasting superior sound and a better set list, it seems only fitting for Reigning Sound to turn it up a notch for their hometown fans. Norton has also released a 45 with two cuts on *Live At Goner Records*, "Black Sheep" b/w "Tennessee". I'm not exactly sure why this 45 was released considering both cuts are on the LP, but whatever. I'm going to buy it anyway. Somebody kick me in the face *now*.

What's got into Dead Beat Records? They've gone though a *serious* makeover and have been releasing tons of great albums by the best new bands. They've kept the streak going by releasing debut LPs for two of New York's most promising bands, DC SNIPERS and LIVE FAST DIE! The DC SNIPERS' debut, *Missile Sunset*, is a tough one to pin down. They have that frantic, eerie, piercing guitar sound that we've heard on HUMAN EYE and FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS records, but don't veer as far off the course as either one of those bands. Definitely a far better band than I initially gave them credit for. LIVE FAST DIE, whom I loved from the outset, continues to impress with *Bandana Thrash Record*. Before the 625 crew gets their nuts all bunched up, let me say that thrash is nowhere to be found on this LP. There is, however, a hearty helping of completely reckless, garbage-production punk sleaze. It all feels a bit rushed and loose, but that's a big part of what makes this record, and the single that preceded it, great. Do check out both of these LPs, as they appear to be the first great albums of 2006.

There was a lot of speculation that when the ZODIAC KILLERS called it quits, Greg Lowery would set his Rip Off label to rest as well. Not so! Rip Off Records is back in the game with *Neon Signs*, the new album from Germany's KIDNAPPERS! A lot of folks really gushed over their previous LP on Alien Snatch, but I was never that hot on 'em. Not the case with *Neon Signs*, as they somehow managed to meld their already Rip Off friendly sound with some fine power pop undercurrents. The nearest point of comparison might be the early, harder edged material from the MARKED MEN, which is A-OK with me. Easily the best release I've heard outta this band.

Speaking of Alien Snatch, they're back with a slew of new goodies. First and best is a new single from the BASEBALL FURIES, the *Lost Ones* 7"EP. This band recently announced that they are disbanding, but apparently will have a new LP for 2006. This single is as good as anything found on their stellar last album, *Let It Be*. Next is a new single from the MOJOMATICS, the *Nothin' About Nothin'* 7"EP. As expected from the band's previous releases, this is primal blues-punk done right, with some fun injected for good measure. To completely the trinity, France's MIGHTY GO-GO PLAYERS have a new 10"EP, *Play, Lose And Die!* If you were lucky enough to get any of their previous releases, you know that they are a loud, W-I-L-D 60s punk band with loud, fuzzed out keys.

Even if you are burned out on bands aping the MUMMIES and stuff, there's no question these Players inject some much-needed energy and abandon to this stale genre.

Shit Sandwich Records has just released the debut LP from Chicago's HEADACHE CITY. This should come as no surprise considering that Shit Sandwich is the brainchild of HC's keyboardist Norah. Anyway, after their fantastic 7" from a year or so ago, Headache City's self-titled album is much darker than I had expected…but also much better, topping the 7" by miles. They'll be out west by the time this issue hits stands, so go see 'em and pick up this LP. Perhaps there will be some colored vinyl left for their tour!

I've got this big stack of singles right next to me, but there's one in particular that I just can't take off the turntable. Yeah…a new FINAL SOLUTIONS record. I know, I know. You're tired of me going on and on about how much I love this band, but I truly can't help it. If you like old punk, American or Euro, then there should be no other band going today that you rank higher than FINAL SOLUTIONS. Even when they do all-covers 7" EP, they're head and shoulders above the rest. Bassist Tommy Solution's new label, Frick and Frack, has just released the *Return To The Motherland* 7" EP. Here, Final Solutions pay tribute to three of the best first wave Euro punk bands: KRIMINELLA GITARRER, PEKINSKA PATKA, and BIG BALLS AND THE GREAT WHITE IDIOT. Yeah…pretty good taste. Naturally, they pull off all the tunes like they wrote 'em themselves. Sets the bar pretty high for the rest of 2006.

Mitch Cardwell / letsgethurt@yahoo.com / PO Box 23882, Oakland, CA 94623, U.S.A.

Allan McNaughton

It's all Valerie McMillan's fault. When I was a nipper I was a bit of a swot, always in the quiz team and stuff like that. I don't remember putting myself forward for this stuff, but I was pretty compliant. If the teacher told me, "You're in the quiz team. Practice is at four," I just turned up like I was told.

Valerie McMillan was a year or two older than me (it was primary school, so I was probably nine or ten). Mrs. McMillan, her mum, was my teacher, and she was brilliant. Valerie, on the other hand, was snobby and mean. I don't know if she thought she was special because her mum was a teacher, or because they lived in a nice house in the nicest part of the village instead of the grey council schemes that most of us lived on, or what. Anyway, one day at quiz team practice I got a question about flowers or something. The answer was "anemone," and I knew the answer even though I'd never seen an anemone or heard anyone pronounce the word. I answered it correctly but pronounced it wrong, like "ani-moan" or something, so I didn't get the point. Valerie jumped in to poach the goal, triumphantly enunciating the word while looking smugly in my direction. Looking back (and don't ask me why I remember this crap) it seems obvious that Valerie must have had something lacking in her life if she felt it necessary to vaunt her superiority over a wee boy two years her junior (age-wise—probably more like five if we're talking physical and emotional development; I was a late bloomer) but all I can remember is feeling crushed. The incident was just one more reason to feel inferior. How was I meant to get on in the world competing against these folk that no doubt spent their lives up to their ears in anemones, and probably rhododendrons and camellias as well, when all we had was a balding square of grass and a tiny rhubarb patch?

The phenomenon of class is a strange one. Before I developed any kind of class-consciousness, I was ashamed of the hand-me-downs my brother and I would often wear to school. In certain circles (usually around the other "clever" kids, most of whom lived in houses in nice areas that their parents actually owned and whose dads had white collar jobs) I was ashamed that my dad worked in a factory or that we rented our house from the council. At the same time, I still managed to feel superior to the kids who came to school dressed worse than me, or not clean, or who got the free lunch. Load of shit, eh? Now I'm just ashamed that I ever felt ashamed. Of course, most of the time none of this stuff mattered, it didn't plague my thoughts or anything, but I can see where this stuff might have made its mark on me and how it affects the way I've lived my life and the choices I've made.

When you're working class you learn to keep your head down. It doesn't do to appear too ambitious. If you are seen to be trying to improve your lot or get ahead, people will talk shit behind your back. "Who the fuck does he think he is?" On the other hand, when someone from a Scottish working-class background becomes world famous (Sean Connery, for example), everyone thinks to themselves, "Ah, he's one of us."

Is the above really true, or is it my perception of what happens? Maybe it's just my guilt at wanting to escape my surroundings. I didn't want to get out because I thought I deserved better than everyone else. I believed that everyone deserved better. I just created the opportunity to leave for myself.

To this day I have an aversion to speaking up for myself. I keep my modest achievements to myself to avoid sounding like I'm bragging, because I don't want to sound like I'm getting ideas above my station. I'll sit in a restaurant and eat something that's cold or tastes rubbish rather than speak up and send it back. I'm mystified by the air of self-confidence and entitlement that surrounds people that grew up with money. Actually, at first I didn't always realize that's what it was. I'd meet these people who seemed to believe that they could do anything, that the world was their oyster. I'd be in awe of them, wishing I could be like that, and feeling that there was something lacking in me. Eventually someone pointed out to me that a lot of the time, people carry around that self-belief because they've been told their entire lives that they deserve to have anything they want and that every opportunity is open to them. Whereas I'd never seen evidence that anyone from round our way could amount to anything much.

I feel like things are slightly better now, but when I was young the only representations of working class culture you got in the media were total stereotypes. Never mind Scottish working class culture. At school, there were no authentic Scottish voices represented in the literature we studied, with the exception of having to learn a Robert Burns poem once a year. Even this they turned into a chore. No attempt was made to relate Burns' poetry to modern life, we were just supposed to learn a particular piece word for word and the student who could best recite it would go off to a national competition. I never won that privilege. Ironically, Burns was a bit of a radical and I actually enjoy his work now, but I was completely turned off of it by the ham-fisted way it was taught. It was made patently clear that literature was something created by and for the enjoyment of the middle and upper classes, preferably those in the southern counties of England. Turn on the television and you got a similar message—successful people (lawyers, doctors, politicians, actors) were well-bred graduates of the finest private schools and universities. Blue-collar types (when you saw them at all) spoke with "regional" accents and were generally cap-doffing supplicants. I spent many of my formative years reading books about the heroic exploits of upper-crust English types, like the Famous Five, Just William, Jennings, Bertie Wooster, and Sherlock Holmes. Luckily I later discovered James Kelman, Alasdair Gray, Iain Banks, and of course Irvine Welsh, among many other amazing Scottish authors, although I do feel that my earliest influence can still be detected in the way I write today.

I don't really know why I'm going on about all this, except that I was recently reminded of the quiz team story, so it's been on my mind. I don't mean this as any kind of exertion of working class pride or some such spurious notion. These are just hang-ups I was born into. It's true that on the rare occasion I find an affinity with someone they often turn out to come from a similar background, but I try not to hold onto any prejudice. I feel very strongly that to feel proud of something that you were born into and had nothing to do with (your class, your race, your country) is treacherous territory and has been known to lead down a rather dangerous path.

I wholeheartedly recommend checking out any of the authors I mentioned above, but particularly the newer Scottish ones. While you're at it, have a go at Alan Bissett, Laura Hird, Alan Warner, Tom Leonard, Ian Rankin, Janice Galloway, or Duncan McLean. Actually, Laura Hird (author of *Born Free*, one of the best books I've read in the last ten years) has a pretty impressive website at www.laurahird.com, which, although named for her, also includes a host of material from other writers, as well as a section on her favorite punk bands (phew! Against all the odds, the boy McNaughton manages to slide a punk reference past the bewildered goalie and brings the column back under *MRR* guidelines as the ref looks at his watch) including Crass, The Undertones, The Ruts, The Buzzcocks, and SLF. There's hours of reading on this site and I won't pretend I've even started to make a dent in it.

Speaking of websites, at time of writing I still haven't updated mine, but I can still be contacted at allan@dropout.cc. I love to receive snail mail though, so send me a postcard (or a book): PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

Continuing our discussion of DC hardcore vinyl from the early '80s. Last month we talked at length about the Bad Brains ROIR cassette, which I consider to be a genre-defining record for US hardcore. This month: the stellar output of Dischord Records in the crucial year of 1981.

People used to say that '81 was for hardcore what '77 was for punk rock. That is to say, elements that had been bubbling beneath the surface suddenly erupted in a volcanic fury. In DC this was certainly the case; trailblazers like the Bad Brains and Teen Idles spawned dozens of offshoots, and their performances and recordings inspired many others to take up instruments and join the fray.

In our day, compilations get a pretty bad rap as repositories of "throwaway tracks" or point-of-sale samplers for mall punk labels. But when hardcore was new and urgent, a compilation was the only way so many of the new bands could get noticed easily. Consider that in 1981 there were only a handful of hardcore labels nationwide. And as we discussed last month, Dischord was aesthetically and politically at the forefront. Dischord released six seven-inches in 1981 and the *Flex Your Head* Compilation in January of '82. These records documented some of DC's most crucial bands at a most crucial point in the development of hardcore. *Flex Your Head* stands as one of the most essential compilation LPs ever. It's personally my second favorite comp of all time topped only by *Welcome to 1984*.

Flex Your Head was originally issued with a "violin" cover, and later, with the "wheat field" cover. These cover blanks were run off in the hundreds of thousands back in the day and the customer could just have their black and white back cover and printed on them and overprint the artist and title on the front. The FU's *My America* also uses one of these inspirational cover blanks from a record jacket printer.

The first two bands featured, Untouchables and Teen Idles, had already split up by the time the comp was released, and both bands are still pretty rough around the edges. This was the Untouchables' only release, whereas Teen Idles also released a seven-inch on Dischord. Both bands were full of youthful energy and they had the hardcore template of sped-up UK punk in place. I feel, however, that both bands were more important for laying the groundwork as well as providing a cadre of ex-members for the coming DC hardcore explosion.

State of Alert busted out with some insanely crucial and tough hardcore, even though two of the songs are covers—"I Hate the Kids" is so venomous and scalding it's often still covered today. Minor Threat contributed two songs, one of them also a cover, and cemented their place as one of America's leading hardcore bands with their memorable riffs and positive energetic songs. Government Issue, who went on to become one of DC's most prolific bands, turned in two rough early tracks. Like a lot of the bands on this comp, GI were to get a lot better with time.

To my mind one of the most underrated of early US hardcore bands is DC's Youth Brigade. Their three tracks here are so rough and fiery, combining the speed and energy of US hardcore with the raw brutality of UK bands like Discharge and the Varukers. Red C is the one critical early DC band with no other releases to this date. They did record a demo, but it has never been released. Red C played some of the most eclectic songs on the album—"Jimi 45" had a jazz-meets-Hendrix intro that is very unlike what most bands were doing at the time. Their last song, "Assassin," however, sounded a lot like what Dead Line and Youth Brigade were doing.

Void has proven to be one of the most captivating and enduring DC hardcore bands. Their aggro hardcore, hate-filled lyrics, and early swing towards metal influences have made them cult favorites with generations of hardcore kids. The three songs on *Flex Your Head* are some of their best: "No More Authority" and "My Rules" are anthems of disenfranchised, alienated suburban youth.

Iron Cross is probably the most overrated early DC band. If they hadn't been one of the first US bands to jump on the skinhead bandwagon, I don't think anyone but a handful of collectors would remember them. The three Iron Cross tracks on *Flex Your Head* are arguably their best—they were one of the only DC bands to get noticeably worse as time progressed.

Artificial Peace was another criminally

underrated band, like Youth Brigade. I think if they had been from any other city they would be much more fondly remembered, but in DC Bad Brains, Minor Threat, and GI overshadowed them. Artificial Peace brought speed and energy to their songs beyond what a lot of other bands, except Void, were doing at the time.

The LP ends with three outstanding tracks from Deadline. Perhaps the most overlooked early DC band, this was Deadline's only vinyl outing until their demo was released in a very limited edition in 1988. Even then it was released to little fanfare because it was on an emo label and at the height of the first wave of emo. The Deadline demo LP was the first record I bought that was packaged in a manila envelope, and the entire layout was typewritten in lowercase. Still Deadline was a savage and brutal hardcore punk band with some totally memorable blasts of sheer power and angst that are still sounding crucial over twenty years later.

I don't feel as if I need to say a lot about Minor Threat. Along with Black Flag and the Dead Kennedys, they are one of the most popular and important of the early hardcore bands. Certainly, like the other bands, Minor Threat had great music and a message that drove them to record, tour, and play, helping build up the early hardcore scene on the east coast. They popularized the straightedge lifestyle and the DIY ethic at a time when those were both radical and rebellious programs. Minor Threat's self-titled seven-inch stands as one of the top five US hardcore seven-inches on most anyone's list. The simple and direct, while catchy and memorable riffs of "Screaming at a Wall," "Filler," and "Seeing Red," are top-shelf American punk classics. You could put on this seven-inch in almost any room full of punks or hardcore kids anywhere on earth and everyone in the room would know the words to every song. The level of brilliance, fire, and fury in the nine songs on this seven-inch has rarely been equaled. Pound for pound, only the Negative Approach seven-inch, Poison Idea's "Pick Your King," and a handful of other records can even come close.

Minor Threat's second seven-inch is great, but pales in comparison to the power and intensity of the first. Great songs and bold lyrics, but lacking the extra 110 percent that put the first one so far over the top. Still, it's miles ahead of most hardcore, then or since. These two seven-inches sold out fast, but have gained eternal life, first as an LP compilation then as a discography CD that has by now sold enough copies to be firmly ingrained in the popular culture.

Youth Brigade's 1981 *Possible* EP was so called because that's how it was initially listed in the Dischord ads. This record rarely makes anyone's top-ten list, and I don't see anyone sporting T-shirts or patches, but I think it's one of the underrated classics of early '80s American hardcore. The guitar tone on this seven-inch is so crunchy and evil, no band copying it could do wrong. The raw, scalding riffs definitely owe a tip of the hat to bands like Discharge, and the raw punk attack shows the influence of traditional UK punk, but the style is full-on DC hardcore. As soon as you drop the needle, that guitar tone cuts like a knife. When the crew kicks in on the chorus: "Sick of things the way they are, it's about time that we had a change," I can only admire them for their youthful protest, and bemoan the thought that tragically, things have only gotten worse in the world since 1981. "Full Speed Ahead" is another hardcore youth anthem/mission statement. The token slow tracks on here, "Barbed Wire" and "No Song" are not very alike. One is more of a Flipperesque dirge, while the other is a skull-crushing ripper that falls somewhere between Sabbath-style sludge and brick wall Oi.

The SOA *No Policy* EP has often been described as "raw," "crude," and "brutal," and it is all those things. The crude brutality and raw production come together, however, to create a stripped-down masterpiece of raw energy. Like a primitive cave painting that winds up in an art gallery, this blast of teen adrenalin is pure, raw DC hardcore. Once again, great guitar tone, sick bass rumble, and perfect Don Zientra Production. SOA were fairly fast, but also rooted in traditional UK punk. The end result is a nearly perfect aggressive hardcore sound. Singer Henry later went on to a show business career, which is something of an embarrassment to his previous work with SOA. His vocals on this record are outstanding, and the lyrics more pointed and defiant than the later poetry or whatever he wrote for his other bands. But I think a lot of people tend to dismiss SOA as just "Rollins' old band" when it has to be evaluated not against later Black Flag, but alongside Youth Brigade, Minor Threat, and GI. Viewed in this context, one is again struck with the fact that in one or two years, DC produced such an unprecedented number of heavy-hitting and influential hardcore records.

Next month: Government Issue!

George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!
MRR: Do you get

So, there I was, in a time before you needed condoms, sitting in my Datsun 610 stationwagon with the blue racing stripe down the center, staring at my apartment. Which was about fifty or so feet in front of me. Of course, I was wearing my leather jacket with the US pins, a Ramones t-shirt and jeans. But I was also wearing a big black cowboy hat and shit-kicking cowboy boots my mom got for me. She said they made me look taller and cute. I thought they made me look like a pussy and a redneck, but I wore them to make her happy. And to annoy other punks in Florida. It was fun doing that. Until they pulled out M-16s and put them to your head. But that's another story.

Anyway, I'm sitting there in my car, looking at my apartment, and the sun is coming up. Students are beginning to leave their apartments and make their way toward the University of Florida campus. Me? I'm just getting home, and am extremely fucked-up and drunk. And wearing cowboy boots and a cowboy hat. Black. I see the students as they pass me in my car. Carrying their textbooks, wearing their alligator shirts and loafers, and looking like a bunch of fucking jock/fratboy assholes. And the girls looked like Suzy Sorority. Little skirts, button-up blouses, bows in their hair. It was making me nauseous. Well, not them. The booze. The booze I drank the night before. The whole lot of booze I drank the night before. The booze that was soon gonna make me puke. Hard. And that was my problem.

There I was, in my car, the Ramones' *Road To Ruin* playing on the tape deck, with students passing my car to the left and right. I figured if I ran fast enough, I could make it to my apartment. Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe I'd puke on the lawn in front of it, and all the students would see me. Maybe I'd puke on my doorstep, and then have to clean it up. Maybe I'd puke all over myself, then have to wash it off my leather jacket with the US pins. Or maybe I'd make it to the toilet. It was all a big gamble, and I wasn't sure what I wanted to do. All I knew was that it was gonna happen soon, the damn cowboy boots I was wearing were hurting my flat feet, and my penis felt all gross. Then I remembered why. I guess I should back up a bit. About twelve hours.

*

So I'm sitting in my old dorm lobby, wonderful Graham Hall, watching television with all the other guys who didn't have a date for a Thursday night. Actually, most of us didn't have dates for any nights. Ever. That's why I'd hang out at my old dorm, even though I now lived off campus. We'd watch television together every night instead of studying. Who needed that. This was college. An institution of higher learning. Of higher learning on how to drink and get rejected by girls. We were good at that. I think I was the best.

I would go out to clubs sometimes, with my pals Aaron and Jorge, get totally loaded, tell some girls I had a band called Roach Motel, and then they'd either just look at me funny, tell me to fuck off, or get their jock boyfriends to kick my ass. The third usually being the case. It sucked. Soon, after hundreds of rejections, I got into the habit of watching TV in my dorm, and drinking there. I remember that if any girl from the dorm would come to the lobby, we'd all try to hit on her until she left, disgusted. Hey, what can I say? College. Blech.

Anyway, I'm sitting in the lobby one night, watching reruns of *The Love Boat,* and getting excited over that Julie. Man, she was hot. I bet Isaac the bartender and Gopher were doing her. And probably at the same time. Isaac would say, "Hey Julie, ya want it on the rocks, or straight?" Then Gopher would show her why he got that name. Yeah. That Love Boat ruled.

"Hey George," someone said to me, waking me out of my Love Boat fantasy, "some chick is on the phone. She says she knows you. You wanna talk to her?"

I looked at the guy talking to me. It was Jake, the guy behind the Graham Hall reception desk. He knew me well. Hell, I was there almost every night even though I didn't live there anymore.

"Ask who it is," I said to Jake. I thought he was bullshitting me. No girl was gonna call me. At that dorm. Or at my apartment. Unless it was my mom. And her voice was so low that everyone always thought she was a guy.

Jake asked who it was, then nodded his head.

"George, it's Natalie," he said.

Before he finished the word Natalie, I was over at the desk with the phone in my hand. Natalie was this girl I really liked. She was friends with all my friends. She wore that cool raccoon eye make-up and was totally punk rock. So much so that she used to punch me and say how punk rock she was. She also had a leather jacket, and, well, let's just say I had a crush on her.

"Hi George," she said. I could hear lots of noise behind her.

"Hi," I said, suddenly forgetting about Julie and Captain Stubing, and that doctor who was the Nazi on *Get Smart*.

"I'm at a party. Wanna come over, and bring Chris, Jorge, and Aaron?"

I yelled to the guys if they wanted to go to a party. They were all drunk, and lusting after the girls around The Love Boat pool.

"Natalie," I asked, "Is there free booze?"

"Hell yeah!" She said. Sometimes she had a southern accent to go with her Russian one. I thought it was cute.

I told the guys there was free booze, and lots of broads. I wasn't sure about the broads part, but I had to tell them something to come with me. Anyway, Natalie was there, and that's who I wanted to see.

*

So we all make our way across campus, tripping over ourselves, drunk as dogshit. We get to my car, and are all arguing about who Julie would fuck. I say she'd fuck me cause I'm such a stud. Jorge, my Cuban friend, said that she was an Aryan bitch, and wouldn't fuck me 'cause I was a Jew. I tell him he's Cuban, and she wouldn't fuck him, either. He says that she's liked "several Latino" guys on the series. But no Jews. He has a point. Chris and Aaron tell us both to shut up, and for me to get us to the party. I do. Somehow. Drunk driving was something I really hadn't mastered. Yet.

Actually, drunk driving is stupid and very dangerous, and too many people die from it. Looking back, if I had gotten arrested and thrown in jail, it would have served me right. I had no right to drive around and endanger other people's lives. Even if it was Florida, and their lives only count for about one fourth of other human beings'.

So, we get to the party, and Natalie runs up to us and hugs us. She liked to do that. Hug us. Then punch us. We all hugged her back, hoping to feel her breasts against our chests and maybe touch her ass for a second or two. That night, I let my hand rest on her butt for about three seconds. And she hit me really hard. And I didn't even squeeze or anything. Women. Actually, Natalie.

We all kinda got really drunk at this party. As we did so, I looked around and recognized lots of punks from around town. They were all older than me, and thought I was some dipshit kid or something. I remember trying to talk to this guy, Gordon, from this New Wave cover band, The Riff, and he blew me off, telling me that Roach Motel was a loser band and I was just a little kid. It pissed me off.

As I drank more and more, I got friendlier and friendlier with Natalie. I really, really liked her, and think I began to hit on her. For me, hitting on her meant actually saying more than two sentences to her. She talked back to me, and I would feel my face turn red every few minutes. I knew I was blushing, and felt like a complete dork.

"George and Natalie sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g," whispered Jorge in my ear. I punched him.

We got more and more loaded until we were at the point were we were all competing for Natalie. I knew Chris, Aaron, and Jorge liked her too, but, well, fuck, I liked her more. If only I could tell her, though. But I couldn't. 'Cause I was a pussy.

"Hey, George!" yells some female voice from across the room. I turn and look and it is this girl, Michelle.

Michelle.

Wow.

Michelle was this girl that, well, how do I say this? Um, Michelle was this girl that like dated every guy in every band in town, and from everywhere else, too. She had been with like everyone from, well, hell, I don't even wanna mention them.

"Hi, Michelle!" I say to her. She was looking good, what with her long blonde hair and gigantic boobies. She was wearing a button-up shirt, jeans, and cowboy boots. Like me.

"Nice boots, George," she said to me. Her voice was low and sexy.

"Thanks," I said to her, "I picked them out myself."

"Your mom got those for you," yelled Chris.

I thanked him for his comment, and told him to fuck off.

"So," slithered Michelle, "what are you doing tonight, Mr. Roach Motel?"

I looked at Natalie, and she had this hurt look in her face. She could tell that Michelle was trying to hit on me.

"Not much," I said, "Just hanging out with my pals, getting loaded, and then planning to go home, play my guitar, and have sex fantasies about Julie from *The Love Boat*."

"Really," she said, not interested in what I was saying, but interested in me, none the less.

I again looked at Natalie. She glared at me. I wanted to tell Michelle to go away and fuck the Plasmatics or Riff again, ooops, and tell Natalie I really liked her. Tell her that I thought she was pretty, and nice, and sweet, and punk rock. Tell her that I thought about her often, and how I just wanted to hold her hand.

"Yeah," I said to Michelle, "It's lonely being in Roach Motel."

"I can make that loneliness go away," said Michelle. And I knew she could.

I looked again at Natalie, and she looked at me. I wanted to tell her that I'd only had sex once in my life, and it was horrible, and that I didn't care if she and I did or didn't have sex. That I just wanted to be with her. Share drinks, food, fun. Just hold hands.

"Well, how about it, George?" said Michelle.

I looked at her with her long blonde hair, boobs the size of basketballs, and perfume that was stronger than that in those glossy magazines at the supermarkets.

"Nice boobs," I said. It was all I could think of. I wanted to tell her to go away, and that I wanted to be with Natalie. But I knew if I did, Chris, Aaron, and Jorge would all laugh at me. At least I thought they would. Also, what if Natalie didn't like me? What if she said she just wanted to be friends? What would I do? The rejection would kill me. Plus, here was this girl in front of me, wanting me! Me! A curly-haired Jew. In Florida. It was unheard of.

"Really?" asked Michelle, "you really like them?"

I told her I did, and then she lifted her shirt and put my hands on them.

"Ummmm, boobies," I said, sort of in a trance.

The next thing I knew Michelle was leading me by my hand to her car and mine. They were parked right next to each other. I looked back, and I'll never forget that look of hurt on Natalie's face. And the look of jealously on Chris's, Jorge's, and Aaron's.

*

Somehow, in a drunken haze, I followed Michelle back to her apartment. She in her car. Me in mine. I listened to the Ramones *Road To Ruin* album, and got all amped up. I was gonna get laid. So what if she slept with every band guy from here to China. It was my turn. I deserved this. That Julie from *The Love Boat* had been turning me on all night, and Natalie wasn't really paying attention to me. Hell, if Michelle wanted me, she could have me. I'd get laid, and be a great lover. Even if I was shit-faced and had drunk a whole pint bottle of Jack Daniels myself.

We arrived at Michelle's apartment, and I followed her in, stumbling. She had to pick me up off the ground a couple of times. We went into her bedroom and started to make out. I think I tasted every rockstar that ever toured Florida on her tongue.

We went at it more and more, and I felt myself really start to get excited. This was it. The second time I was gonna get laid. And, this time, I was gonna come. See, the first time, I was so scared that I couldn't have an orgasm. So I stayed erect, no kidding, for like three days. Of course the girl fell in love with me, and as soon as she left, I jerked off, and for the first and last time in my life, hit the ceiling.

So Michelle is sticking her tongue down my throat, and I am playing with her basketballs. Then she reaches down and unzips my pants and takes it out. At this point, I get really excited.

"It's so big," she says.

"I bet you say that to all the guys," I say.

"I do," she says, "but I want you anyway. I've wanted you for a long time. Your cock. In me. Fucking me. I want to feel you pound me. Please."

I almost burst right there. I never, ever, heard a girl talk like that. She sounded like those 970 numbers you could dial on the phone, and charge to your parents.

I reached down between her legs, and felt something all warm and wet. I then let out a loud burp of Jack Daniel's. By accident.

"Sorry," I said.

"You make me hot," she said, and then pushed my head onto one of her boobs. It was almost bigger than my head.

I started to kiss and lick her nipples, and then she sat up.

"I have to run into the bathroom," she said, "to insert my diaphragm".

I nodded my head okay, and watched her leave the room. Then I wondered what the fuck a diaphragm was. I thought it had something to do with your voice. What ever.

So, I laid there on her bed, surrounded by lots of stuffed animals and pink sheets. I realized I was laying where lots of men had been. And some famous ones. A place I could brag I was. I felt I was somewhere important. Doing something important. And punk rock. Like taking a piss in the CBGB bathroom.

Michelle comes walking back in in a little pink nightie. She looks hot. She then gets on top of me and starts kissing me all over. I feel her kissing my nipples, stomach, then she goes down there. I feel like I'm in heaven. Surrounded by stuffed angels with little bear and doggie faces.

"I want you in me," she whispers in my ear as she and her mouth leave my penis.

"Okay," I say. What else was I gonna say? No?

So, Michelle climbs on top of me and puts me inside of her. Suddenly she's moving back and forth real hard, and I feel myself bouncing around in there like a damn pinball.

"Oh yeah, fuck me, fuck me hard!" she starts to yell.

I look up at her face and start to feel, well, dizzy. Laying on my back, with this much booze, is kinda making me sick. Plus, I start to think of Natalie. How I'd rather be with her. Even if it was just to hold her hand. To sit and watch television together. To share a drink, or hold hands at a movie.

"Oh god your cock is so hard," screams Michelle, interrupting me from my thoughts.

I move my hips a few times and start to feel myself lose my erection. Maybe it was the booze. Maybe it was Michelle. But I bet it was Natalie. I shouldn't have been here. At all. I didn't like this girl. And I really doubt she liked me. She just wanted me because I was in a band. A band that played house parties to like three people and dogs. And the dogs would leave the room when we played.

"I want you to cum," she said, in a low, sexy voice, "I want you to cum so hard in me."

As she grinded and grinded more, I felt my penis totally falling down like a collapsed building. I knew I had better think quick or I'd look like some sort of freak. Some guy who couldn't keep it up, and I could imagine her telling everyone in town that I was a pussy. And every touring rockstar. I could just see the conversation.

"He's such a pussy," she'd say to the tall guy with rose-colored glasses and wire frames. And who had that long black hair.

"Yeah," Joey Ramone would say, "He's a pinhead."

There was no way I was gonna let that happen. So I did something I never did before. And haven't done since. Something I thought I couldn't do, or pull off, but did perfectly. I faked an orgasm.

"Fuck me," she yelled, in ecstasy, as she rubbed herself, with me below her.

"I'm cumming," I yelled, and then buckled my own hips a few times, and grunted and groaned. I made all sorts of funny faces, and then acted exhausted.

"Oh yeah," said Michelle, "that's my

sweet baby, cumming inside me. Oh yeah”.

I smiled at her and she smiled back, quite happy that she thought she satisfied me.

“I gotta run to the bathroom,” she said, “I’ll be right back”.

She left the room, and I lay there, naked, with my penis flaccid as a flat tire. I felt like a stud. But more like a loser. I knew I wasn’t supposed to be here, surrounded by dumb stuffed animals and a girl who’d have fucked anybody, as long as he was in a band.

Michelle returned to the room and we cuddled for a while. All the time, I felt the booze doing a number on my stomach.

“You fucked me real good,” she whispered in my ear.

“Uh huh,” I said to her, half falling asleep.

“I never knew it could be like that. We have to do it again when we wake up in the morning,” she explained.

I told her that was a great idea. Then I waited for her to fall asleep. She did. With a complete smile of satisfaction on her face. As soon as I heard her start to snore, I was fucking dressed, and out the goddamn door.

*

So, there I was, sitting in front of my apartment, in my car, drunk as dogshit, somehow having driven home in a state of oblivion.

As the students passed my car, I felt the puke kinda tickle the back of my throat. I knew it wouldn’t be long before I vomited, and I deserved it. My penis was all sticky from some girl I didn’t even like. I had faked an orgasm, and the worst thing was, none of it was worth it. So I had gotten laid for the second time in my life. Big deal. I remembered the look on Natalie’s face, and figured I’d probably blown it with her, forever. She’d never go out with me after what I had just done. I deserved to die. Or at least drown in my own vomit. I was a pig. Driven by lust, and my own insecurity.

And now I was gonna puke in front of all these college students, and look like a complete ass. Me, and my leather jacket with the US pins, and my fucking cowboy boots. I was sure that the manager of the apartment complex would see me puke outside and kick me out. She didn’t like me anyway, and I could see her in my rearview mirror cleaning the pool as steam rose off of it.

Suddenly I felt the puke begin to rise up the back of my throat. I thought for a few seconds that I could make a mad dash to my apartment door, unlock it, run into the bathroom, open the toilet, and puke into it. But it sounded too confusing. Then I thought about just opening the car door and letting it out onto the pavement. I’d be evicted by the next day. Same with vomiting on the lawn.

So I did the only thing I could. The thing I should have done a long time ago. When I first got my cowboy boots. I threw up into them. Well, the left one. I took it off, and gave new meaning to the word “booted.” I threw up hard and loud, and filled the boot with whiskey, pizza, and the taste of Michelle.

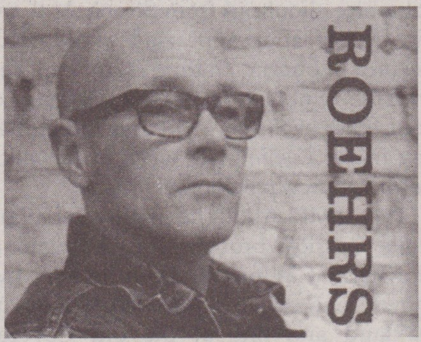
When I was all done, I got out of the car, with one boot on my foot, and the other off, in my arms and filled with vomit. I then limped over to the trash cans near the management office and threw it away. Then I took off my other boot and threw that one away, too.

“Whatcha doin’ there, George?” asked the old lady manager with the white hair, who was cleaning the pool.

“Getting a bad taste out of my mouth,” I answered. And then, as I walked away from the trash can with my boots and puke in it, for some reason, I began to feel better.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:
1. www.georgetabb.com



War on the Streets

STRAIGHT TO HELL and Gloom Records have released a furious attack on your senses with the *Commence the Apocalypse* LP. This material was recorded in May of 2004. If you have not heard these songs or listened to this band, prepare to be completely overwhelmed! Straight To Hell comes off the starting blocks like fucking men possessed! “Eviscerate the Affluent” cuts right to the quick: “The children of the ruling class will be cut open like a pig. The walls will be stained with their blood.” Song two is a cheerful spin: “I’ll always be alone and full of hate.” “A Toast to New Beginnings,” song three, ups the ante considerably—this bitter anthem goes like this: “I’ll hold this grudge until one of us dies / There’s a high price to pay when you’re living a lie / Because I don’t forgive and I never forget / So let’s have a toast to new beginnings / So I can drink your fucking blood / Now I’d like to bury the hatchet / Right in your fucking head / I hold onto baggage and stew in my hate / Always trying to get even, it’s never too late / I want to watch you suffer and make you afraid / So you can feel the pain of betrayal.” Song four asks, “What would we become?” if we weren’t controlled by cops, politicians and thieves.

The music Straight To Hell offers is brutal, violent hardcore with well-placed breaks where the guitars crush your head slowly, only to reemerge at blinding speed. Song five is straight-up thrash mayhem with “My Dying Day” carving a dark gutter in your heart: “I never trust / I never love / I hate this fucking world… / I never dared get close to anyone.” Fucking great!

Side two delivers another toxic dose of inescapable hardcore. Straight To Hell fucks you up right away with “Commence the Apocalypse.” Read this cheerful comment: “All logic has vanished… / Six million parasites infect this planet… / Six million human leeches die on their knees.” Song two on side two is “Skulls, Wolves and War.” This song advises you punks not to follow orders, not to stand in line. Song three is “Counter-Culture Necrophiles”: “Posers infested the scene / And killed it with no remorse.” Next up is “Korporate Scum,” originally by MENTAL ABUSE. Song five on this side is “The Last Night”: “Try to plead for mercy / It won’t do no good / No amount of victims can quench my thirst for blood.” The final blow to your head is “1000 Punks,” about self-righteous punk rock marketing drones, “your inflated ego reeks of pretension.” The grand finale is the hammer that drives the thrash spike through your flimsy little skull! You will not be spared!

The Straight To Hell *Commence the Apocalypse* LP comes in a limited silk-screened cover with first-rate artwork by Mr. Scott Langlais. Get your copy now! Gloom Records, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212, USA.

Scotty’s Tank Crimes Records from the Oakland/San Francisco Bay Area has an excellent hardcore CD prepared for you this month! INSTANT ASSHOLE and their *Straight Edge Failure* is the brainchild of John the Baker from Burnt Ramen and Bill from the esteemed hardcore band STRUNG UP. These fuckers come right down the middle of the road giving you no room to move safely out of the way. The guitars boil, and the bass and drums bludgeon you. The primary lead singer goes off on demented speedy rants with favorable comparisons to Mr. Jello Biafra; the secondary singer has a deep guttural voice that compliments the high-pitched urgency of singer number one.

One of the songs that grabs you by the throat is “Satan.” Read the lyrics to this jewel: “I can’t explain the history / The pain and the misery / When Satan stole my soul away / now I kill for Satan / Now I kill for Satan / I can’t explain the history / The pain and the misery / When Satan stole my soul away / The image of the deity / Near the flames of a burning factory / The horns still burned into my brain / Picked up a gun to kill someone / Dirty motherfuckers I’m number one / Picked up a gun to kill someone / There’s a cop shoot one and run.” Fuck yes!

Instant Asshole plays raw punk rock with well thought out lyrics. There is unveiled anger and venom in these songs. “The Final Straw” is an example of some of the unpleasant thoughts that lurk in these punks’ brains. Read on: “Smash your balls and kick yer nuts / I mean it man, I hate yer guts / That’s it the final straw / Now I’m gonna break yer jaw / Now I’m gonna kick yer ass / Everybody is gonna laugh / When everybody kicks yer ass / Everybody is gonna laugh / Everybody is laughing at you.”

This is no Sunday picnic for you panty-waists! Pick up a copy of Instant Asshole’s *Straight Edge Failure* from Scotty at Tank Crimes World Headquarters, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609; www.tankcrimes.com or karaterex.com/instantasshole.

Fuck yes! STRONG ARM AND THE BULLIES from Southern California have a raging new street rock CD fresh in the stores for you! *You Had It Coming* is the distillation of many nights playing shit-kicking rock ‘n’ roll in all the crappy little dives up and down the California coast. This music is rough and tumble skinhead music performed by seasoned pub rock veterans for the education of all the young skins and street punks who are coming up. The well-honed guitars lay down a solid firmament of Jerry Lee Lewis southern rock and roll with a BRUISERS inflection on top of the whole rowdy mess. The lyrics depict many nights of slogging through the barroom rock ‘n’ roll trenches. Read the words to “Back on Top” and “A Toast.” These two songs are representative of the pride and the honor of Strong Arm.

“Back on Top”: “I’ve been beat and I’ve been down / I’ve been fucked up and fucked around / Now I’m back on top / I’ve been hurt and I’ve been bruised / I’ve been mistreated and I’ve been used / Now I’m back on top / This Rock and Roll life and these Rock and Roll nights / The bloody fights, booze, broads, and knives / Now we’re back on top / I’m living proof that we will survive / The spirit of the streets is still alive / Now we’re back on top.”

“A Toast”: “Far from here is where we were when we started all this long ago / We didn’t know where these paths would lead / We had each other and that’s all we’d need / A fraternal bond built through strife / Too many bloody fights and countless drunken nights / … I remember each drink we shared / no matter how bad it got I always knew that you were there / I remember you standing by my side, I remember you watching my back / We won together and surely changed, but our hearts remain the same / No matter how far we go our love and loyalty remain.”

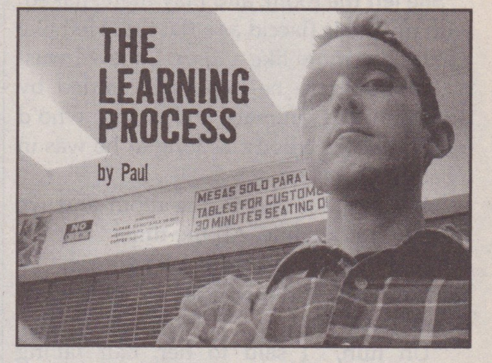
Fuck yes! There is great comradery amongst Strong Arm and the Bullies and great rock ‘n’ roll to boot! Strong Arm and the Bullies thank Gonzo from London Calling, Mark from TKO, San Gabriel Valley United Skins, and many others who support the skinhead scene in Southern California. Oakland’s NUTS AND BOLTS get a nice shout out from Strong Arm and the Bullies after appearing at the TKO Records/London Calling skinhead fest with the Templars in Pomona last year. For your copy of Strong Arm and the Bullies’ *You Had it Coming* CD write to Rebellion Records: www.rebellionrecords.nl.

The TEMPLARS! The mighty Templars! Duke Cassidy brought the Templars to Northern California recently for two shows, one at Eli’s Mile High Club in Oakland and one at the old Covered Wagon at 5th and Folsom in San Francisco, now called Annie’s. The shows were great! On the first night the BODIES, NUTS AND BOLTS, the IMPALERS, and GENTLEMAN JIM & THE LIL BASTARDS all provided excellent support!

The second night saw Nuts and Bolts, the Impalers, and Gentleman Jim & the Lil Bastards priming the crowd for the Templars. The Templars played great sets including “Four Walls,” “You Decide,” “Skins and Punks,” “New York,” “The Templars,” “I Believe in Myself,” “Flight of the Seagull,” ”War on the Streets,” ”Victim,” ”Make Your Mark,” a cover of a DEAD BOYS song (with Matt singing his ass off!!), and ”Violence On Our Minds” by THE LAST RESORT.”

Thanks goes out to the Templars, Duke and all the bands involved!

Until next month, see you fucks at the bar!



THE LEARNING PROCESS

by Paul

It was just about a year ago that I started this gig, wasn’t it? I don’t go back and read my old columns because, almost as much as I hate hearing my own recorded voice, I hate reading my own writing. But as I recall, I wrote a bit about being nervous, excited and a little insecure about becoming a caretaker for the magazine that I’ve been with for more that half my life. I thought that eventually, like after a few months, it would all seem less overwhelming and I would be able to breeze through all of the day-to-day tasks in running the magazine. And soon I’d be able to take on some more exciting projects, like redesigning the headers for all of the sections (aren’t you sick of those too?) and getting some more-in-depth (read: less stupid) band interviews in these pages.

But it never really got to that point, and if anything the job seems more overwhelming than ever. You know when you’re cleaning in your house and once you’ve cleaned one thing you notice that the thing next to it is dirty and you have to start cleaning that? The next thing you know, you’re organizing 25 years’ worth of flyers and ripping up the carpets when you just meant to clean the stove-top. Well I don’t know about you but that’s the way I work. It’s not good to have that kind of ADD working style when you’ve got a specific project that has to be done each month. There’s a ton of little things that need to get done and you just have to plow through it. You can’t go online for a piece of information that someone requested and decide that the whole website needs to be redesigned *right now.*

So, really, it’s a good thing that I’m stepping down as coordinator. I’m not the right personality type for the job. Or maybe I’m too right. The job does require someone with an eye for detail, and who can create procedures that work, and can troubleshoot and fix things that aren't doing what they should. But it also requires someone who is not distracted by shiny objects, and who doesn't wake up at 11 a.m. and decide that, before getting on with their responsibilities for the day, they're just going to alphabetize their entire collection of 600 cassette tapes.

Ah yes, soon it will all be over and I won't have to reply to emails from people wondering when their band's demo is going to be reviewed, or if it was and what issue it was in. (I hate to be rude, otherwise I would have an automated reply for just about every email, which just says: "I don't know. Leave me alone. Love, Paul.") I'm looking forward to the day I can come over to MRR and go, "I'm gonna make a database of every review ever written in *MRR*," and sit there for 17 hours, starving and barely making any headway and going home on the last BART train. Paradise!

But I'm not out of here yet, and actually my impending freedom is raising my spirits quite a lot and will hopefully carry me easily through my last month or two on the job. And there's another thing that just might raise everyone at MRR's spirits through the roof…

***

If you've been paying attention to my blog, you know all about the mysterious "donation" that MRR received recently. To catch everyone else up, basically what happened was we got a piece of mail from a lawyer stating that we were to be receiving a huge (but we can't tell you how much—more on that later) donation from someone who wished to remain anonymous, and that they just needed to know who to make the check to, our non-profit status, etc. Of course it sounded like a total scam at first. I was sure that the next thing they were gonna ask for was our bank account number and our social security numbers and shit like that. So we blew it off until a week or two later when a similar letter showed up, but this one seeming more legitimate, and it included the lawyer's bar number (which we looked up on the interweb and saw that it was real) and the lawyer's phone numbers (office, cell, and home!).

We've had hours and hours of speculation about to who our secret donor could be. Pig Champion didn't have any money did he? Maybe Green Day feel guilty and are finally giving some money back to the punk scene? Golnar joked that maybe Maximumrocknroll was in Don Knotts's will, since he just passed away recently. (This was especially funny because we've had a subscriber for years in Los Angeles by the name of Jesse Donald Knotts, whom we always kiddingly referred to as "Don Knotts.") But we never really took the letters too seriously, especially because of the enormous amount of money they purported was coming our way.

But after all the laughs, we figured it couldn't hurt to call this alleged lawyer and find out what this was all about. We first consulted our own lawyer, though, just to get his take on it. (Yes, MRR has a lawyer, and yes, he is a punk! As a matter of fact, he's on the back cover of the 924 Gilman book frowning at the "No Drinking" sign. But I digress…) Tom the Punk Rock Lawyer said that it all sounded like the normal procedure for a wealthy person making a donation, or possibly someone who left us money in their will. But he said, just in case, to be sure not to give out any personal information, bank account numbers, etc. This much we knew already. And he said that even though an "anonymous" donation is meant to be just that, you can sometimes get the lawyer or whoever is in charge of the estate to tell you the donor's name "off the record."

Unfortunately there's not a lot I can tell about the conversation I eventually had with the lawyer who wrote to us. The only information he wanted was who to make the check out to and our non-profit number, which we don't even have. I was reluctant to admit that weren't an official non-profit organization, just a magazine that doesn't make any profit, on purpose. I assumed that that would be the end of the matter if it were a real donation because no one would give away that amount of moola if it wasn't going to be tax write-off. But he seemed unfazed by that, and by just about everything. He was a humorless old dude who seemed like he wanted to get off the phone as quickly as humanly possible. He was adamant about not giving any information out about his "client or clients" and said that it would be "cause for legal action" (I love the way these people talk) if we even divulge his (the lawyer's) name. But Tom the PRL said there was nothing they could do to stop us from writing about the donation, speculating about who it might be from, or even asking other people for information about it.

So until we actually see some cash, we're taking this all with a grain of salt and a can of Hamm's. But I think it might be fruitful to publish something in my column asking if anyone out there knows anything about this amazing gift/lame joke. We can tell you that the lawyer is in Los Angeles and the gift would be in the thousands of dollars. We decided it would be unwise to let people know exactly how much it is for a variety of reasons. But this way we would know that if someone came forward with information about the money, who knew the exact amount, we could be pretty sure they were telling the truth. So if this is not a joke, we want to thank you, whoever you are, from bottom of our hearts-full-of-napalm, and we promise that if you let us know who you are we won't print it in the magazine or make your name public in any way, shape or form: print, Internet, word of mouth, or otherwise. Besides, we know if we did that, that frumpy lawyer of your would sue that money right back out of us!

Peace out. —Pablo
paul@maximumrocknroll.com

Last minute addition: I don't want to sound crazy, but I think it's weird that just now, right before sending the final proof of this issue to press, we received a subscription cancellation notice from Jesse Donald Knotts. Hmm.

YOU AXED FOR IT!
golnar
nikpour

Hey, what's up you guys? It's another day here at the office (or "my living room" as I sometimes like to call it), and as almost always, I am bringing you this column somewhere just beyond "the last minute." But it's not my fault, OK? We've all been working very hard, I swear! Look over to Paul's column for "the good news," 'cause this month I'm going to handle the bad.

Life is Over

Just after we went to print last month, we got word of a series of terrible events that have since reverberated through the punk scene. First off, Tom "Pig Champion" Roberts of the classic Portland hardcore band Poison Idea died, apparently of causes that are not yet totally known but not very difficult to guess. Pig was without equal in many respects, and his loss was another terrible blow in a year when it has seemed like I couldn't write a column or lay out a news section without making mention of another fallen punk. At a show not long after his passing—one in which three different bands covered Poison Idea songs from three different records—Brandon from Direct Control said it all when he lamented from stage, "Pig Champion's dead. Life is over."

Not only did the punk scene suffer from death this month—that of Pig as well as Jason Sears of RKL—but it also suffered from a nauseating display of wanton violence. At this point, many of you have heard (and it is written about elsewhere in this columns' section) that Jack Control of Texas bands Severed Head of State and World Burns to Death, as well as the man behind Mind Control Records endured a severe and nearly fatal stab wound outside of a punk show in Austin. Jack was attempting to break up the rowdy and destructive antics of a bunch of out-of-town crusties who were damaging the pizza parlor where the show was being held, a space that has critical links to the DIY punk community in Austin. Instead of backing off, one of the kids grabbed Jack from behind and stabbed him in the gut, causing massive blood loss as well as extensive internal damage. Happily, Jack pulled through, but that doesn't change the irreparable harm caused by those few seconds. It would be bad enough if the kid had *just* broken the window at the pizza parlor—which he did, just moments before stabbing Jack—since it's hard enough work to maintain viable DIY show spaces without some selfish assholes doing whatever they can to fuck things up. Now, Jack is in an incredible amount of pain, can't work for months, and is faced with astronomical medical bills on top of his own mounting day-to-day expenses. A silver lining to this dark cloud: a lot of punks have pulled together to help Jack out—who well deserves it for all the time and energy he has put into our scene—by setting up benefit shows or contributing financially to help offset his massive new debt. You can email his good friend Timmy at timmythetexasturd@gmail.com if you want to do the same.

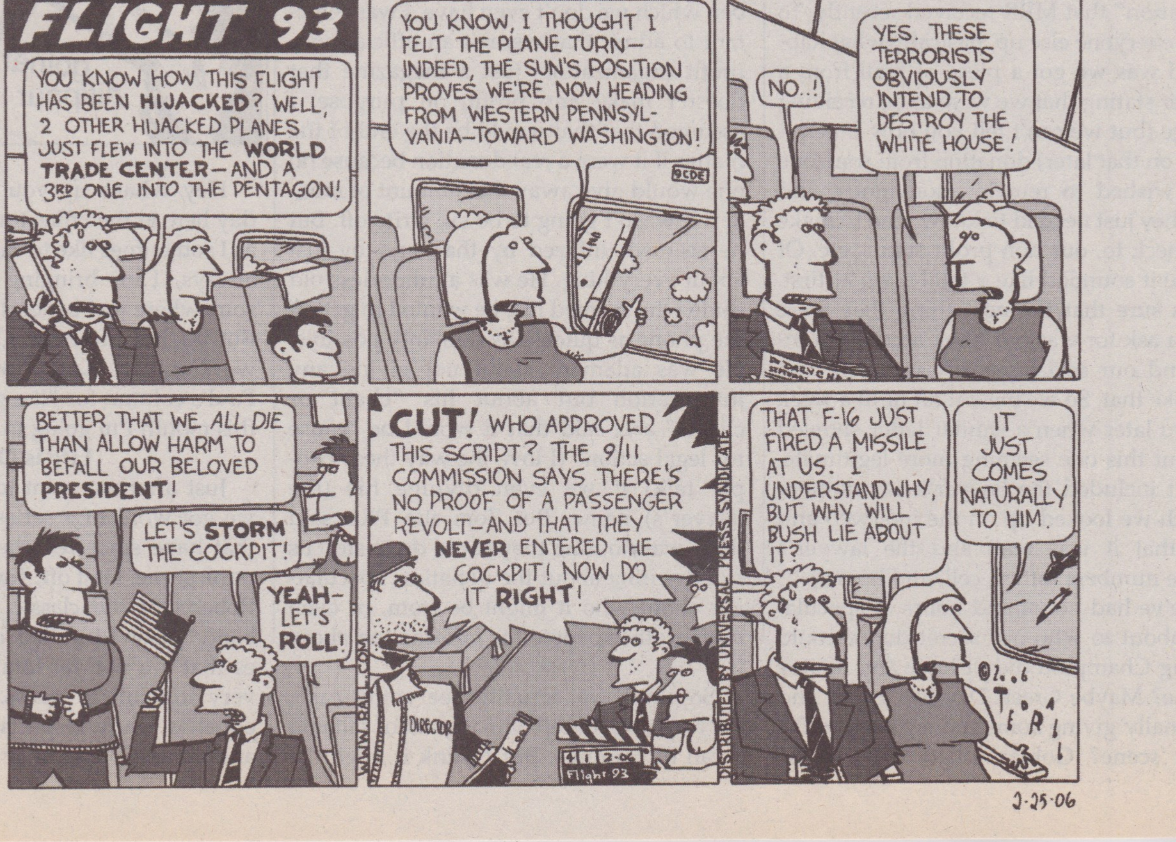
Unfortunately, this was not the only case of knife violence in the US punk scene this month. Just a few days ago, at a warehouse show in Oakland—Tragedy and Look Back and Laugh played, among others—another stabbing took place. I was at the show, and saw some of aftermath, but the scene was too confusing to actually figure out what was going on. I still have no idea what happened, really, but it was a pretty brutal thing to bear witness to at an otherwise fun show. I have seen a few fights in my day but stabbings at punk shows? I mean, what the fuck? It's 2006, not 1985! I know that there are places where the punx have to fight for their survival every day, but random, unmitigated violence is totally not a welcome (re-) addition to the scene.

*

In the last few months, I've gotten some really great letters, mix tapes, demos, and zines from my fellow world wide punkers. Thanks! If I am sometimes slow in responding it's because I don't want to send a rushed reply to thoughtful correspondence, but don't worry I always write back. Anyway, I love getting stuff in the mail (who doesn't?) so send me cookies, the UBR 7", found letters, real letters, or a simple hello: Golnar / PMB #241 / 530 Divisidero Street / San Francisco, CA 94117 / USA. There is also the internet, which is probably faster but ultimately less gratifying: golnar@maximumrocknroll.com.

This month, don't forget to listen to some new stuff: Infierno de Cobardes 7" (awesome and inspiring one-man raw hardcore punk from Barcelona, Spain), Out With a Bang 12" (the best Italian band since the '80s?), the Social Circkle demo, the still-underrated Kvoteringen 7" from a few months back, as well as some old stuff: Dead Moon (and the Rats), Swell Maps, Atoxxxico 7", RIP – *No Te Muevas* LP, Red Cross – 1st 12".

That's it for now, enjoy the issue. Punk still rules. Love, Golnar.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9CDE
NO..!
YES. THESE TERRORISTS OBVIOUSLY INTEND TO DESTROY THE WHITE HOUSE!
BETTER THAT WE *ALL DIE* THAN ALLOW HARM TO BEFALL OUR BELOVED **PRESIDENT**!
LET'S **STORM** THE COCKPIT!
YEAH—LET'S **ROLL**!
CUT! WHO APPROVED THIS SCRIPT? THE 9/11 COMMISSION SAYS THERE'S NO PROOF OF A PASSENGER REVOLT—AND THAT THEY **NEVER** ENTERED THE COCKPIT! NOW DO IT **RIGHT**!
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2-06
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THAT F-16 JUST FIRED A MISSILE AT US. I UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT WHY WILL BUSH LIE ABOUT IT?
IT JUST COMES NATURALLY TO HIM.
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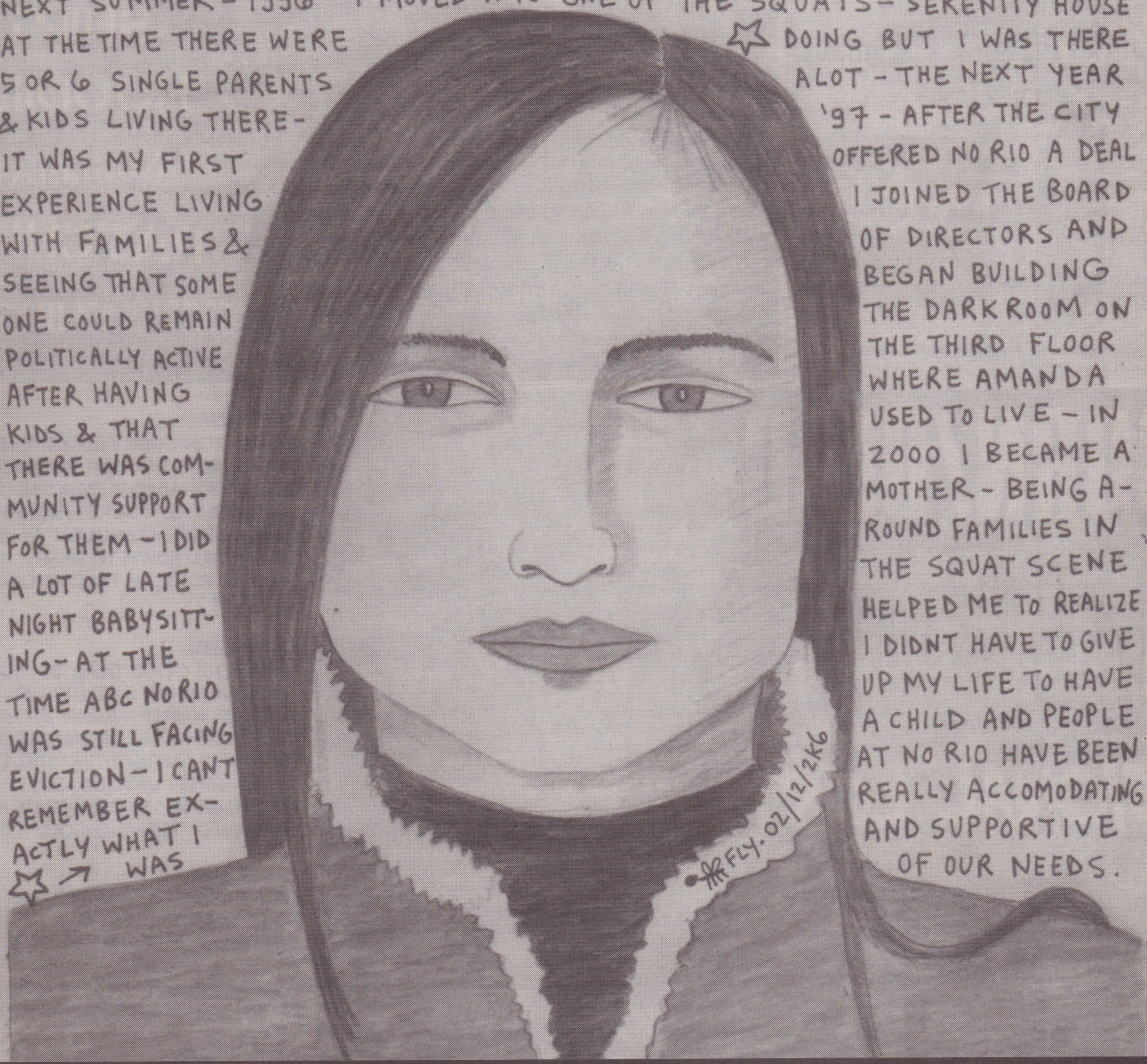
2-25-06

THE FIRST TIME I CAME TO ABC NO RIO WAS IN 1993 FOR A HARDCORE SHOW - MY FRIEND'S BAND WAS PLAYING AND NO ONE HAD REMEMBERED TO BRING A DRUM SET - WE WAITED 3 HOURS AND A DRUMSET SHOWED UP LITTLE BY LITTLE - MY FRIEND'S BAND PLAYED FIRST AND THEN WE ALL LEFT - 3 YEARS LATER I CAME BACK TO DO FOOD NOT BOMBS - AT FIRST THERE WERE A LOT OF PEOPLE HELPING BUT GRADUALLY THEY ALL LEFT & THEN THE GUY IN CHARGE LEFT SUPPOSEDLY FOR 10 MINUTES - HE LEFT ME ALONE AT THE TABLE FOR 3 HOURS - IT TOOK ME ANOTHER MONTH BEFORE I WOULD COME BACK TO ABC NO RIO - I KEPT DOING FOOD NOT BOMBS AND SOMETIMES DID THE DOOR AT THE HARDCORE SHOWS & STARTED HANGING OUT WITH THE NIEGHBORHOOD SQUATTERS - THE NEXT SUMMER - 1996 - I MOVED INTO ONE OF THE SQUATS - SERENITY HOUSE AT THE TIME THERE WERE 5 OR 6 SINGLE PARENTS & KIDS LIVING THERE - IT WAS MY FIRST EXPERIENCE LIVING WITH FAMILIES & SEEING THAT SOMEONE COULD REMAIN POLITICALLY ACTIVE AFTER HAVING KIDS & THAT THERE WAS COMMUNITY SUPPORT FOR THEM - I DID A LOT OF LATE NIGHT BABYSITTING - AT THE TIME ABC NO RIO WAS STILL FACING EVICTION - I CANT REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT I WAS ☆ → ☆ DOING BUT I WAS THERE ALOT - THE NEXT YEAR '97 - AFTER THE CITY OFFERED NO RIO A DEAL I JOINED THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND BEGAN BUILDING THE DARKROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR WHERE AMANDA USED TO LIVE - IN 2000 I BECAME A MOTHER - BEING AROUND FAMILIES IN THE SQUAT SCENE HELPED ME TO REALIZE I DIDNT HAVE TO GIVE UP MY LIFE TO HAVE A CHILD AND PEOPLE AT NO RIO HAVE BEEN REALLY ACCOMODATING AND SUPPORTIVE OF OUR NEEDS.



Vikki Law – 02/12/2K6 – New York City

I met Vikki at ABC No Rio in the Lower East Side of NYC sometime in the mid '90s when she started volunteering for Food Not Bombs – after that she just kept showing up and getting involved and helping out – she is still very involved at ABC No Rio and recently put together a zine about the early '90s at No Rio – check out www.abcnorio.org

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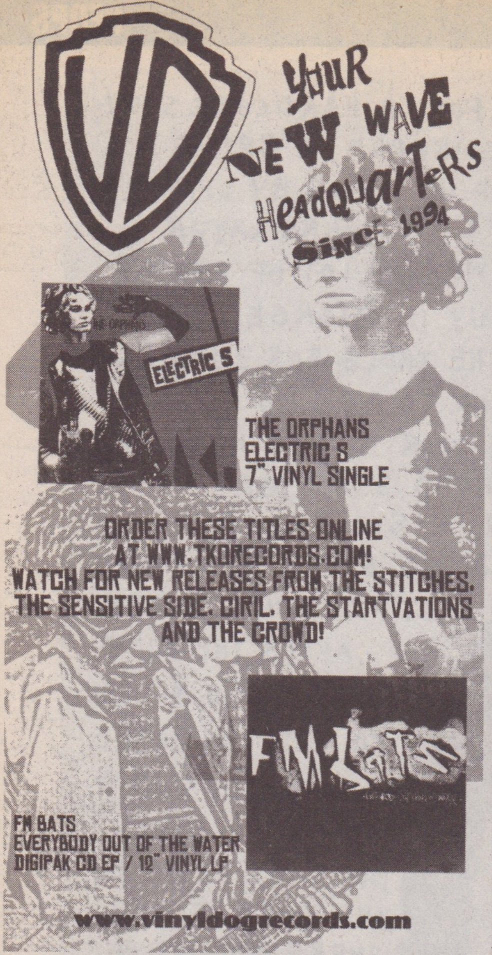

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3/25/06 Seattle, WA @ El Corazon W/ Subhumans, A Global threat, World Inferno Friendship Society
3/27/06 Portland, OR @ Loveland W/ Subhumans, World Inferno Friendship Society, Coldbringer
3/29/06 San Francisco, CA @ Slim's W/ Subhumans, World Inferno Friendship Society
3/30/06 Sacramento, CA @Empire Events Center W/ Subhumans, World Inferno Friendship Society
3/31/06 Corona, CA @ Showcase Theatre W/ Subhumans, World Inferno Friendship Society
4/01/06 San Diego, CA @ SOMA W/ Subhumans, World Inferno Friendship Society,
4/02/06 Los Angeles, CA @ Knitting Facotry W/ Subhumans, World Inferno Friendship Society
4/04//06 Tempe, AZ @ Clubhouse W/ Subhumans
4/05/06 Phoenix, AZ @ TBA (Just Born/Dead)
4/06/06 Las Vegas, NV @ TBA (Just Born/Dead)

SIGNAL LØST

4/6/06 Austin,TX @ Emo's w/ Subhumans,Clit 45 and Storm the Tower
4/7/06 Dallas,TX @ Galaxy Club w/ Subhumans and Clit 45
4/8/06 Oklahoma City,OK @ Bricktown ballroom w/ Subhumans and Clit 45
4/9/06 St. Louis, MO @ Slaughterhouse
4/10/06 Columbus, OH @ The Basement w/ Subhumans and Caustic Christ
4/11/06 Pittsburgh, PA @ Rex Theater w/ Subhumans, and Caustic Christ
4/12/06 New York City, NY @ Crowspace 93 Montrose Ave w/ Social Circkle
4/13/06 Philadelphia, PA @ First Unitarian Church w/ Subhumans,Caustic Christ and Gorilla Angreb
4/14/06 Richmond, VA @ Nanci Raygun 929 W. Grace street 23320 w/ Direct Control
4/15/06 Asheville, NC @ Gourmet Perks coffee shop W/ Witchunt and Kakistocracy
4/16/06 Chattanooga,TN @ Anarchtica 621 Bell Ave

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US PLANS MASSIVE DATA SWEEP

from an article by Mark Clayton, staff writer of *The Christian Science Monitor*

The US government is developing a massive computer system that can collect huge amounts of data and, by linking far-flung information from blogs and email to government records and intelligence reports, search for patterns of terrorist activity.

The system—parts of which are operational, parts of which are still under development—is already credited with helping to foil some plots. It is the federal government's latest attempt to use broad data-collection and powerful analysis in the fight against terrorism. But by delving deeply into the digital minutiae of American life, the program is also raising concerns that the government is intruding too deeply into citizens' privacy.

"We don't realize that, as we live our lives and make little choices, like buying groceries, buying on Amazon, Googling, we're leaving traces everywhere," says Lee Tien, a staff attorney with the Electronic Frontier Foundation. "We have an attitude that no one will connect all those dots. But these programs are about connecting those dots - analyzing and aggregating them - in a way that we haven't thought about. It's one of the underlying fundamental issues we have yet to come to grips with."

The core of this effort is a little-known system called Analysis, Dissemination, Visualization, Insight, and Semantic Enhancement (ADVISE). Only a few public documents mention it. ADVISE is a research and development program within the Department of Homeland Security (DHS), part of its three-year-old "Threat and Vulnerability, Testing and Assessment" portfolio. The TVTA received nearly $50 million in federal funding this year.

DHS officials are circumspect when talking about ADVISE. "I've heard of it," says Peter Sand, director of privacy technology. "I don't know the actual status right now. But if it's a system that's been discussed, then it's something we're involved in at some level."

A major part of ADVISE involves data-mining—or "dataveillance," as some call it. It means sifting through data to look for patterns. If a supermarket finds that customers who buy cider also tend to buy fresh-baked bread, it might group the two together. To prevent fraud, credit-card issuers use data-mining to look for patterns of suspicious activity.

What sets ADVISE apart is its scope. It would collect a vast array of corporate and public online information—from financial records to CNN news stories—and cross-reference it against US intelligence and law-enforcement records. The system would then store it as "entities"—linked data about people, places, things, organizations, and events, according to a report summarizing a 2004 DHS conference in Alexandria, Va. The storage requirements alone are huge—enough to retain information about 1 quadrillion entities, the report estimated. If each entity were a penny, they would collectively form a cube a half-mile high—oughly double the height of the Empire State Building.

But ADVISE and related DHS technologies aim to do much more, according to Joseph Kielman, manager of the TVTA portfolio. The key is not merely to identify terrorists, or sift for key words, but to identify critical patterns in data that illumine their motives and intentions, he wrote in a presentation at a November conference in Richland, Wash.

For example: Is a burst of Internet traffic between a few people the plotting of terrorists, or just bloggers arguing? ADVISE algorithms would try to determine that before flagging the data pattern for a human analyst's review.

At least a few pieces of ADVISE are already operational. Consider Starlight, which along with other "visualization" software tools can give human analysts a graphical view of data. Viewing data in this way could reveal patterns not obvious in text or number form. Understanding the relationships among people, organizations, places, and things - using social-behavior analysis and other techniques - is essential to going beyond mere data-mining to comprehensive "knowledge discovery in databases," Dr. Kielman wrote in his November report. He declined to be interviewed for this article.

Starlight has already helped foil some terror plots, says Jim Thomas, one of its developers and director of the government's new National Visualization Analytics Center in Richland, Wash. He can't elaborate because the cases are classified, he adds. But "there's no question that the technology we've invented here at the lab has been used to protect our freedoms - and that's pretty cool."

As envisioned, ADVISE and its analytical tools would be used by other agencies to look for terrorists. "All federal, state, local and private-sector security entities will be able to share and collaborate in real time with distributed data warehouses that will provide full support for analysis and action" for the ADVISE system, says the 2004 workshop report.

Yet the scope of ADVISE—its stage of development, cost, and most other details—is so obscure that critics say it poses a major privacy challenge.

"We just don't know enough about this technology, how it works, or what it is used for," says Marcia Hofmann of the Electronic Privacy Information Center in Washington. "It matters to a lot of people that these programs and software exist. We don't really know to what extent the government is mining personal data."

Even congressmen with direct oversight of DHS, who favor data mining, say they don't know enough about the program.

"I am not fully briefed on ADVISE," wrote Rep. Curt Weldon (R) of Pennsylvania, vice chairman of the House Homeland Security Committee, in an email. "I'll get briefed this week."

Privacy concerns have torpedoed federal data-mining efforts in the past. In 2002, news reports revealed that the Defense Department was working on Total Information Awareness, a project aimed at collecting and sifting vast amounts of personal and government data for clues to terrorism. An uproar caused Congress to cancel the TIA program a year later.

ADVISE "looks very much like TIA," Mr. Tien of the Electronic Frontier Foundation writes in an email. "There's the same emphasis on broad collection and pattern analysis."

But Mr. Sand, the DHS official, emphasizes that privacy protection would be built-in. "Before a system leaves the department there's been a privacy review.... That's our focus."

Some computer scientists support the concepts behind ADVISE.

"This sort of technology does protect against a real threat," says Jeffrey Ullman, professor emeritus of computer science at Stanford University. "If a computer suspects me of being a terrorist, but just says maybe an analyst should look at it ... well, that's no big deal. This is the type of thing we need to be willing to do, to give up a certain amount of privacy."

Others are less sure.

"It isn't a bad idea, but you have to do it in a way that demonstrates its utility - and with provable privacy protection," says Latanya Sweeney, founder of the Data Privacy Laboratory at Carnegie Mellon University. But since speaking on privacy at the 2004 DHS workshop, she now doubts the department is building privacy into ADVISE. "At this point, ADVISE has no funding for privacy technology."

She cites a recent request for proposal by the Office of Naval Research on behalf of DHS. Although it doesn't mention ADVISE by name, the proposal outlines data-technology research that meshes closely with technology cited in ADVISE documents.

GUESS WHAT? THEY'RE STILL SPYING ON US

from an article by Declan McCullagh, Staff Writer, www.cnetnews.com

The Justice Department asks a judge to approve Patriot Act email monitoring without any evidence of criminal behavior.

As part of a grand jury investigation that's still secret, the Justice Department asked a federal magistrate judge to approve monitoring of an unnamed person's e-mail correspondents.

The request had a twist: Instead of asking to eavesdrop on the contents of the e-mail messages, which would require some evidence of wrongdoing, prosecutors instead requested the identities of the correspondents. Also included in the request was header information like date and time and Internet address—but not subject lines.

The federal magistrate judge balked and asked the Justice Department to submit an additional brief to demonstrate that such a request would be legal.

Instead, prosecutors asked Judge Hogan to step in. He reviewed the portion of federal law dealing with "pen register" and "trap and trace" devices—terms originating in the world of telephone wiretapping—and concluded it "unambiguously" authorizes the email surveillance request.

Though the language may be clumsy, Hogan said, the Patriot Act's amendments authorize that type of easily obtainable surveillance of email. All that's required, he said, is that prosecutors claim the surveillance could conceivably be "relevant" to an investigation.

Excerpt from the court's opinion:

"In 2001, Congress enacted the Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism Act of 2001 (the "USA Patriot Act"), Section 216 of which explicitly amended the authorities relating to pen registers and trap and trace devices...by expanding the definitions of these devices to include "processes" to obtain information about "electronic communication."

"Commenting on the very language that was finally enacted in Section 216 of the USA Patriot Act, several members of Congress highlighted the fact that the amendments would bring the state of the law in line with current technology by making pen registers and trap and trace devices applicable to the Internet and—more to the point—email.

"For example, a section-by-section analysis of the bill that Representative John Conyers included in the record before the final House vote, which contains the same language that was finally enacted by Congress, states that Section 216 "extends the pen/trap provisions so they apply not just to telephone communications but also to Internet traffic."

"In addition, Senator Jon Kyl, who is currently Chairman of the United States Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Terrorism, Technology & Homeland Security, noted that the same language in the Senate version of the bill "would codify current case law that holds that pen/trap orders apply to modern communication technologies such as email and the Internet, in addition to traditional phone lines."

"The Congressional Research Service also published a legal analysis of the USA Patriot Act that states that the Act "permits pen register and trap and trace orders for electronic communications (e.g., email)."

"The plain language of the statute makes clear that pen registers and trap and trace devices may be processes used to obtain information about email communications. The statute's history confirms this interpretation and there is no support for a contrary result."

US BLOCKS BOLIVIAN SCHOLAR FROM ENTRY

from an article and press release on www.historians.org

On February 13, 2006, the American Historical Association (AHA) sent a letter to the Departments of State and Homeland Security expressing concern over the plight of Dr. Waskar Ari, a member of the Aymara indigenous people of Bolivia and an authority on religious beliefs and political activism among indigenous Bolivians, who has been prevented from taking up his post as assistant professor of History and Ethnic Studies at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln because he has been placed on a list of individuals under "conspicuous revision"—that is, he is being subjected to extensive background checks due to alleged security concerns.

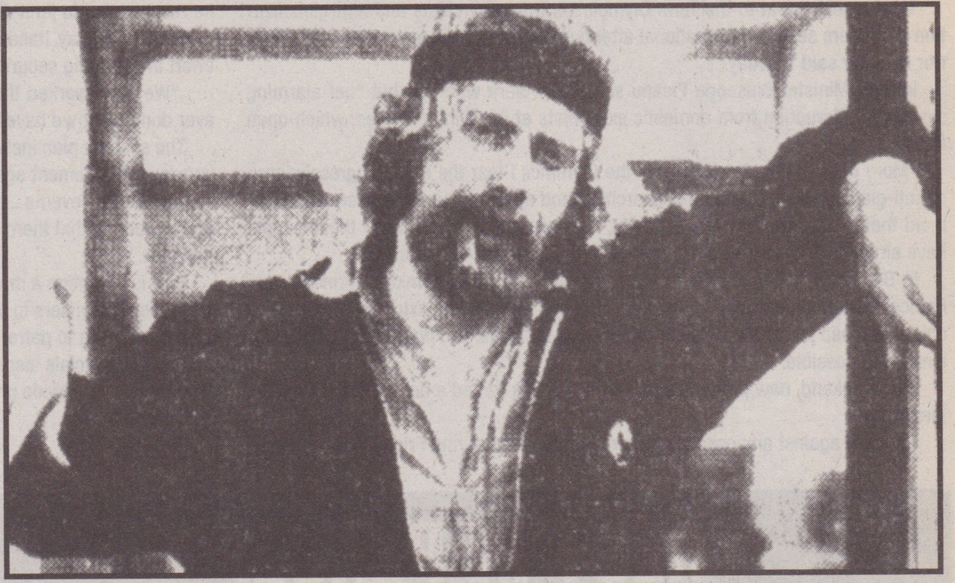
The AHA is committed to fostering historical research and instruction unencumbered by government restrictions that could infringe on academic freedom and intellectual exchange. While recognizing that there may be individuals who pose a genuine security risk and for whom there are legitimate reasons to delay the granting of an H-1B visa, the AHA notes that in Dr. Ari's case that there are no perceptible grounds for such treatment.

Under such circumstances, a fine scholar whose only apparent offense is his indigenous identity could be permanently excluded from US academia. The AHA appealed to the Department of State and the Department of Homeland Security to reconsider the decision to subject Dr. Ari to conspicuous revision, and asked that he be granted the visa requested by the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

Dr. Ari earned his Ph.D. in history at Georgetown University in the fall of 2004. He has served as a consultant on social and economic issues confronting the Aymara community with various organizations (the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank) in the Washington area, and has also been a visiting assistant professor at Western Michigan University and a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Texas. Upon completion of his doctoral degree, he was offered the position in History and Ethnic Studies at Nebraska, so that he could begin teaching in the fall of 2005.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF STEW ALBERT

by Robert Eggplant



On Monday Jan. 30th Stew Albert passed away from health issues at the relatively young age of 66. Turned onto activism in the '60s, he remained active, stayed informed and opinionated and took it to the streets up to the present-day. He is mainly remembered for his associations and the outrageous activities they partook in to expose corruption and war. He was present at almost every key revolutionary moment of the time. He was what the establishment considered "A New Journalist", a rare breed of writer who dared to be a participant as well as an Observer.

Stew was a young man in New York in 1965 when he dropped acid and saw the scene as a prison. The night he arrived in San Francisco he saw Allen Ginsburg a hero of his, at a poetry reading and hung out with him afterwards. Later they would attend meetings at the Vietnam Day Committee together, planning to stop the war along with a budding activist named Jerry Rubin. The VDC, organized Berkeley's first teach in and lead actions over the next year that were confrontational and bloody. Their march to the Oakland Army Induction Center was a wake up call to activists of police brutality and marked the birth of the underground newspaper The Berkeley Barb, which Stew went on to write for. In 1967 the night Stew met Abbie Hoffman in NYC, he was conscripted in a prank to throw money off the balcony of the Stock Exchange putting a stop to trade amidst chaos. This event showed them that marches and speechs were easily ignored but a theatrical stunt would be fun, both for them and the people consuming it through the media. This was the primary tactic employed a year later when Abbie, Jerry, Stew, Phil Ochs and others formed the Yippies!(Youth International Party). Days after their first prank they and thousands of others made an unprecedented siege to the Pentagon. The initial stand-off is beautifully described in Norman Mailer's book Armies of the Night. There the pranksters publicized they would levitate the prime symbol of war culutre amidst similar announcements, like H. Rap Brown's promise to-bring a bomb to it's steps.

By 1968 the newly formed Yippie's set to planning a Festival of Life in the very hostile city of Chicago to counter the Democratic National Convention (Festival of Death). The city was run like a mob by mayor Dick Daley who advised police to shoot-to-kill, or maim, protestors. The Yippie's attempt to publicly elect a pig as presidential candidate was castigated when they and the pig were arrested before reporters. The victory of making the news was short lived as only a fraction of the expected protesters showed up. In the days to come millions of Americans watched their TVs in horror as the police went ballistic beating anyone in reach; youth, shoppers, reporters and anyone else at hand.

Back in Berkeley he was arrested at a sit-in on the UC Berkeley campus demanding lecture rights for Black Panther Elridge Cleaver. After serving 30 days Stew ran for Sheriff of Alameda County and challenged his opponent to a gun duel on Telegraph Avenue. He won the vote in Berkeley and received 30,000 votes county wide, striking fear into the establishment. By early 1969 Stew was involved in the planning, creation and fight for People's Park of which he said," For the first time in my life I enjoyed working. I think lots of people had that experience. Ever since I was eighteen I hated every job and either quit or was fired. But this was something different, with aching back and sweat on my brow, there was no boss. What we were creating were our own desires, so we worked liked madmen and loved it."

A trip to England with Jerry saw them running onto a live TV show set cursing and calling for revolution. This was enough for them to get deported but they evaded capture and snuck into Northern Ireland, there they met with rebels from the IRA. Upon returning to England they met up with John Lennon touching off his most overtly politicized days. Back in Berkeley he helped start the ultra polemic paper The Berkeley Tribe-which rallied against what they saw of the watering down and compromises of the Barb. Shortly after Jerry and Abbie talked him into flying to Algeria to act as a welcoming party. The acid guru Timothy Leary had, with the help of the Weather Underground, escaped a low security prison and fled the country. Stew was the first person to greet Leary's arrival as he was to make the symbolic alliance with Eldrige Cleaver.

In 1980 he co-edited the book The '60s Papers and remained in Berkeley until that ironic year 1984. He then made a new home of Portland Oregon where he remained active in writing and went on to be on the board for The North West Coalition for Human Dignity. As the years passed he would see his friends leave radical politics and watch them die.

He was inspired by the protests in Seattle in 1998 and even liked the Black Bloc. Though he didn't like the tactic of scaring the public from protests via random destruction. He did share the Black Bloc's opinion of dreading the life draining speeches that the large protests used as a crutch. He himself was asked to make a speech at a Oct.22 Police Brutality action. He claims though that he kept it short so as not to hamper the unpermited march.

Stew's Blog is filled with observations of the protests he attended the past five years and he was quite impressed with their turn out. He did state he wished the movement would keep ending the war as it's primary focus. He was also an advocate of the internet and file sharing type practices.

When he was released from prison in 1969 during what would be the start of widespread state repression of radicals Stew wrote, "I expect the Federal Government to come down on my head this year. What is happening to me is part of the reality our whole movement is dealing with. I am nothing unusual. It's all worth it. Things are going to get worse and we must organize and prepare for war. But what is the alternative-to abandon everything we know is right and beautiful about our lives for a plush suburban tomb beside an LA freeway? We will all have our consequences."

The month Stew Albert passed saw also the loss of veteran advocates Corretta Scott King and Betty Friedan. He is survived by Judy Gumbo, who he married during the '68 Chicago Convention, and their daughter.

Proving that if you remembered the '60s you weren't there, this is Robert Eggplant reporting from Occupied Berkeley.

ANTI-GLOBALIZATION PROTESTERS SEEN AS PROBLEM FOR OLYMPICS

By Alessandra Rizzo, AP via www.anarchistnews.org

The biggest threat to the Turin Olympics is from anarchists and anti-globalization protesters seeking international attention — not Islamic terrorists, Italy's interior minister said Tuesday.

Interior Minister Giuseppe Pisanu said there were worrying but "not alarming signals" of disruption from domestic extremists at the Winter Games, which open Friday.

"More than Islamic terrorists, for the Olympics I fear the rising aggressiveness of anti-globalization protesters ... anarchists and all the domestic subversion movement that is after the Olympic spotlight," Pisanu said. "Unfortunately these people have already done very serious damage to the image of our country."

In December, demonstrations against a high-speed train linking Turin to Lyon, France, turned violent. Pisanu said at the time that far-left extremists and anarchists who had joined the demonstrators were to blame, and warned that more violence was possible.

Last weekend, new protests against the rail link forced a detour in the Olympic torch route.

To guard against any possible airborne disruptions during Friday's opening ceremony, Turin's Caselle airport will suspend all traffic between 6:45 pm and 11:15 pm, according to SAGAT, the company that operates the airport. Some flights might be rescheduled to limit disruption.

Earlier Tuesday, Italian Premier Silvio Berlusconi said the country had spared no effort in providing security for the Turin Games.

"We have worked thoroughly for security and I think that no government has ever done what we have," he said.

The security plan includes increased intelligence and coordination between various law enforcement agencies, he said.

"For certain events ... we are on high alert," Berlusconi said. "Certainly, we have acknowledged that there is an extra danger, and so we are now being ... even more attentive."

Italy is mounting a massive security operation in Turin, with about 10,000 police reinforced by soldiers to protect Olympic venues. NATO is providing two AWACS surveillance planes to patrol over northern Italy during the games.

Security officials also said Monday that they were stepping up their efforts in response to worldwide protests among Muslims over caricatures of the Prophet Muhammad.

REST IN PEACE:
JASON KEMPER SEARS

Jason Kemper Sears: January 23, 1968 – January 31, 2006)

submitted by Scooter Malt Soda

Jason Kemper Sears of RKL, was a legendary musician, artist, storyteller, son, father, and brother. He passed away on January 31, 2006, due to complications during a medical procedure in Mexico. He had just turned 38 a week prior to his death. Jason Sears was born at Cottage Hospital (see last week's obituary) on Jan. 23, 1968. His enormous accomplishments literally touched the world and influenced a generation of people (www.rkl.com). He enjoyed a life of personal prestige and great abundance. His death has sorrowed the hearts of his family and fans, throughout many countries. Jason was a born leader, as told in his former obituary on February 3rd and 4th 2006. He mastered whatever he attempted and his charm and personality engaged all who knew him. He was present at Bomer's (RKL bandmate) memorial in Summerland, California, only weeks before his own death.

FEDS SAY OFFICER MADE THREATS

from an article on www.anti-politics.net

A former Hagerstown Police Department officer was arrested after a criminal complaint was filed alleging he made threatening phone calls and sent hate mail dating back to 2004.

The officer has been charged with over twenty individual criminal incidents including:

On Jan. 11, an unidentified male called the Washington County Administration Building saying he put anthrax on the second floor of Hagerstown City Hall outside of council chambers. The caller said he was a member of the Earth Liberation Front (ELF) and was tired of the city destroying the Earth.

On Jan. 17, an unidentified male called Marshall Street School claiming to be a member of ELF and that a biological agent was placed in the Potomac Center.

On. Jan. 21, an unidentified male called Wal-Mart Supercenter on Garland Groh Boulevard claiming to be a member of Animal Liberation Front (ALF). He said ALF wanted all animal-based products in the sporting goods and pet departments removed or the store would be bombed. Jeffrey Scott Shifler, 41, of 13934 Green Mountain Drive in Maugansville, was arrested without incident Thursday afternoon, according to Assistant US Attorney Vickie LeDuc.

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THE FUTURE OF HUMAN SPACE FLIGHT

from an article on www.newscientist.com news service Maggie McKee

Human spaceflight is NASA's top priority and must take precedence over science in the agency's budget, NASA chief Mike Griffin told a US congressional committee.

Griffin defended the agency's 2007 budget proposal, at a hearing before the US House of Representatives' science committee. The $16.8 billion budget includes $5.3 billion for science in 2007 but calls for $3.1 billion in cuts to science programmes by 2010 compared to projections made in the 2006 budget request.

The cuts were made to fund $3 billion to $5 billion in cost overruns to fly the space shuttles until they are retired in 2010. The funding shortfall means several key science missions will be delayed indefinitely.

Science committee chairman Sherwood Boehlert said he was "extremely uneasy" about the budget. "It basically cuts or de-emphasises every forward-looking, truly futuristic programme…to enable us to do what we are already doing or have done before," he said. "If science becomes secondary, if scientists leave the agency, if new missions don't keep young researchers going, then it will be hard to leave this pattern."

Last resort

Griffin countered that the same loss of expertise threatened NASA's human spaceflight programme, which had served to define the US as a world "superpower". He said NASA lost a substantial fraction of skilled engineers during a six-year gap between the end of the Apollo programme in 1975 and the first space shuttle flight in 1981. Letting the human spaceflight programme "atrophy" after Apollo damaged the agency for three decades, he said.

To prevent similar losses and maintain US leadership in space, he originally set out to minimise the planned gap between the shuttle's retirement in 2010 and the launch of its replacement, the Crew Exploration Vehicle in 2014. But cost constraints mean the CEV's maiden flight can be brought forward by no more than a year, Griffin said.

"When I got to the point that we had taken all the delays we could reasonably take, I delayed some science missions. That was my last alternative," Griffin said. "I believe the human spaceflight portion of our portfolio is the one most in need of nurturing and care right now."

During the hearing, science committee member Bart Gordon expressed concern over human spaceflight "cannibalising" other NASA missions in this way. But Griffin pointed out that science had grown from 24% to 32% of NASA's overall budget over the last 15 years, carving its extra funding from the human spaceflight programme: "When that was happening, no one complained, though human spaceflight was suffering." That prompted Gordon to interrupt, emphasising: "No one complained."

"Touché," Griffin responded. "I'm complaining now."

Race to the Moon

Committee members acknowledged that the $16.8 billion proposed for the space agency by the White House is simply not enough to achieve all of NASA's goals. Several said they would consider voting to give the agency more money.

"I'd be willing to support that as long as any additional money went to the unmanned side of the programme, and as long as the money didn't come from other science agencies," said Boehlert. "But money is not exactly growing on trees around here."

Alternatively, Gordon suggested delaying some of NASA's goals – such as reaching the Moon by as early as 2018 – to allow it to pursue a broader range of programmes. But other committee members worried that China would then leapfrog ahead of the US in space. "China's going to be on the Moon in 2017 - I think that's something we ought to be concerned about," said committee member Ken Calvert. "The US must maintain its global position."

Thursday's hearing was probably the first of several that Griffin will attend with the House Science Committee, which will advise the House of Representatives on the president's budget request for NASA. Both the House and the Senate must approve the budget request and can change the amount of funding appropriated to NASA or its programmes.

Negotiations over the budget are expected to take several months.

TECHNOLOGY BACKFIRES?! NO WAY...

from *Scientific American*

Radio frequency identification (RFID) tags—tiny wireless circuits that derive their power from radio waves and cost just pennies to make—have quickly found their way into identification badges, shipping containers, even ordinary store products. Because, unlike barcodes, the tags can be read surreptitiously, a number of groups have raised privacy concerns. To address these concerns, leading RFID makers have created so-called "Gen 2" chips that will divulge their data only after a reader transmits the correct password. The new chips can also be triggered by a different password to silently self-destruct, for example as a customer leaves a store.

Encryption protects the password transmission. But renowned cryptographer Adi Shamir of Weizmann University claims to have found a way to bypass the encryption scheme and obtain the self-destruct password using technology no more sophisticated than that in a common cell phone.

Shamir announced the discovery this morning at the 2006 RSA Conference, a large computer security meeting opening today in San Jose, Calif. "Everyone expects that there will soon be billions of these tags in circulation," Shamir noted. "We bought one of the major-brand RFID tags and tried to break into it by power analysis," he said.

RFID tags have no battery or internal power source; they obtain the energy they need to operate by sucking it out of the radio signals they absorb. But in doing so, every computation of the RFID circuit modifies the radio environment. Shamir and his coworkers used a simple directional antenna to monitor the power consumption of an RFID tag as they transmitted correct and incorrect passwords to the device slowly, one bit at a time.

"We could easily notice a power spike after the first bit that the chip didn't like," Shamir recalls. By starting over and modifying the offensive bit, the researchers were able to derive quickly the kill password for the tag.

"We believe that a cell phone has all the ingredients needed to detect these passwords and disable all the RFIDs in the area," Shamir says.

If confirmed by others, the flaw would raise serious questions about the suitability of current RFIDs for use in theft prevention, employee identification and other applications.

For more about RFID tags, see "RFID: A Key to Automating Everything," by Roy Want. *Scientific American* Magazine, January 2004.

OUTRAGE SPREADS OVER NEW IMAGES OF TORTURE

from an article by ***Dahr Jamail and Arkan Hamed, Inter Press Service,*** **16 February 2006**

Special Broadcasting Service (SBS) aired previously unpublished video footage and photographs mid-February of abuse of Iraqis by US and UK soldiers inside the now-infamous Abu Ghraib prison in 2003.

New footage of British soldiers beating up young Iraqi men in Amarah city in 2003, and the release of more photographs of atrocities by US soldiers against Iraqi detainees in Abu Ghraib prison has spread outrage across Iraq. The timing of the new images is potent, in the wake of violence spreading through Iraq and much of the Muslim world over cartoons of Prophet Mohammed carried by a Danish newspaper and then other European publications.

"We in Basra have decided not to cooperate in any way with the British troops," 43 year-old food merchant Ali Shehab Najim told IPS. "These occupiers of Basra are invaders and we will not sell them any of their requirements."

Najim added, "None of us will work with them any longer either. My cousin used to work with them inside their base, but not any more. He refuses to go to work, and we have decided to show our contempt for them in every way possible." Najim said people are particularly angry over the Danish military presence in Iraq.

He said he had first accepted the presence of occupation forces, but now "I think it's about time to tell them we do not respect them since they are behaving in a very bad way."

After footage of British troops beating young Iraqis with fists and batons was aired earlier, the Governorate of Basra announced it has severed ties to the British military. This included cancellation of joint security patrols.

"We condemn any of those actions by British and American troops in torturing our young people," former head city councillor of Basra governorate Qasim Atta Al-Joubori told IPS. "Iraqis [have] suffered a lot during the past 35 years, but now they are tortured by foreigners who invaded our country," said Al-Joubori, who was a city councillor in Basra for 40 years. "We can't accept having them any more."

Far from cooperating, people in Basra are now prepared to fight the occupation forces, he said. "What these beatings and torture show is that the occupiers are both assaulting and insulting all of the Iraqi people."

Similar views are being echoed around Basra, a relatively quieter area in the south under charge of British troops. "We are looking to the day we see those bastards out of our country," 55 year-old factory owner Abdullah Ibraheem told IPS. "Now they are torturing the citizens of Basra, Baghdad and Amarah, so they have not only lost the support of the Iraqi Sunnis but the Shias in this country as well."

He said most Iraqis know someone who has been in a military detention centre, but said the new video footage and photographic evidence of torture have "demolished whatever credibility may have remained for the occupiers."

The Australian television network Special Broadcasting Service (SBS) aired previously unpublished video footage and photographs Wednesday of abuse of Iraqis by US soldiers inside the infamous Abu Ghraib prison in 2003.

The images are similar to those published in 2004 that led to furor across the Middle East. But many of the new images show a brutality and extent of sexual humiliation that many news outlets found too shocking to carry. The American Civil Liberties Union had obtained the photographs from the US government under a Freedom of Information request, but its members said they were not aware how the SBS came to air its new footage and the photographs.

There could be yet more photographs to come. "I believe major newspapers in the US like the Washington Post have scores more photos which are evidence of torture at Abu Ghraib, but they won't publish them due to pressure from the US government," an attorney at the Centre for Constitutional Rights in New York City told IPS.

In Washington, Pentagon spokesman Bryan Whitman told reporters, "The abuses at Abu Ghraib have been fully investigated." He added, "When there have been abuses, this department has acted upon them promptly, investigated them thoroughly and where appropriate prosecuted individuals."

He said the Pentagon believes that releasing of the new images would trigger greater violence, and endanger US forces in Iraq.

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ANOTHER OUTBREAK OF ISRAELI MILITARY VIOLENCE

Report, PCHR, 21 February 2006,
from www.electronicintifada.org

The city of Nablus and Balata refugee camp have been subject to a large-scale Israeli military operation for the past three days. Three Palestinians, including two children, have already been killed during these operations. Another 30 have been injured, some seriously. Severe restrictions on the movement of civilians have also been imposed.

PCHR's initial investigations indicate that in the early hours of Sunday morning. February 19, 2006, IOF troops, supported by armored vehicles and helicopter gunships, moved into the city of Nablus and the nearby Balata refugee camp. These troops launched a house-to-house search operation in the refugee camp. Over the course of the following two days, IOF sent reinforcements into the city. And as of Tuesday, February 21st, 2006, the number of IOF tanks, armored personnel carriers and vehicles had reached 40.

IOF used excessive force against Palestinian civilians, who demonstrated against the incursion. And on the first day of the operation, IOF killed two teenagers in an unprovoked attack. They were killed by an IOF sniper who had assumed position in the house of Jamil El-Tirawi in the middle of the refugee camp and who subsequently fired at the two teenagers. The teenagers had been standing in front of their houses at the time. PCHR's investigation reveals that there had been no apparent reason for firing at them, other than the intent to kill. Each was hit with a bullet to the neck. And although demonstrations and stone-throwing do not in any respect justify such responses from the Israeli military, as they do not pose any considerable danger to the lives of soldiers, it is noted that such activities had already stopped prior to the killing.

The two teenagers were Ibrahim Ahmad Mohammad El-Sheikh Issa, 17; and Mohammad Ahmad Mohammad El-Natour, 17.

And in the pre-dawn hours of Monday, 20 February 2006, IOF killed Ahmad Mohammad Nayef Abu Sharkh, 29, as he was confronting the IOF incursion into the refugee camp. He was hit with two bullets to the chest and died shortly after reaching the hospital.

Furthermore, IOF operations have resulted in the injury of 30 civilians, including 22 children. Some of these injuries have been classified as serious.

The military operations were accompanied by a series of strict restrictions on the movement of Palestinian civilians throughout Nablus. PCHR's fieldworker reported that IOF troops, at checkpoints on entry points into the city, had started since the beginning of the week to tighten search procedures, to restrict movement and to detain hundreds of civilians for hours. In addition, IOF set up temporary roadblocks on a number of key intersections along main roads. Troops at these roadblocks subjected Palestinian commuters to searches and abuse.

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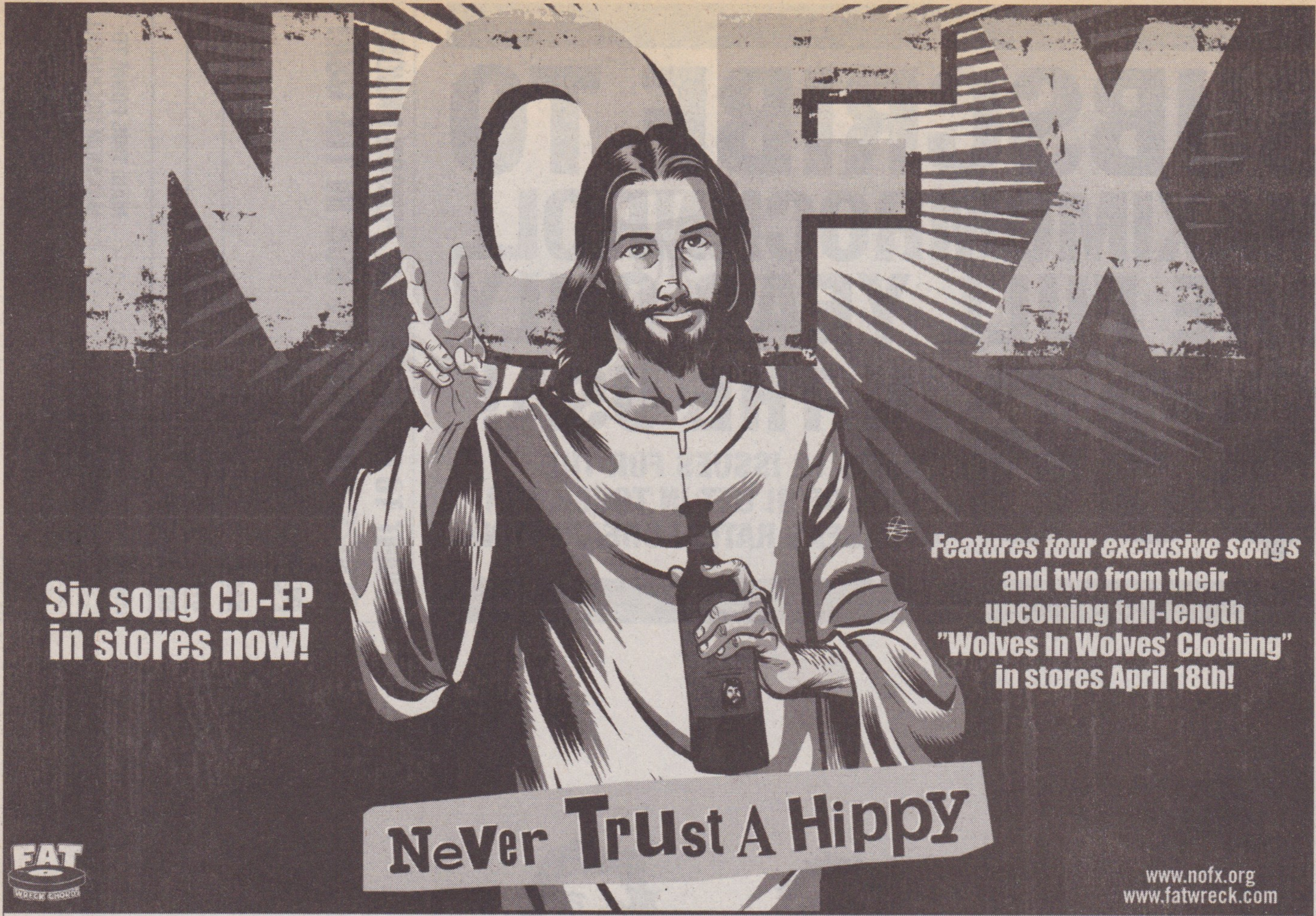

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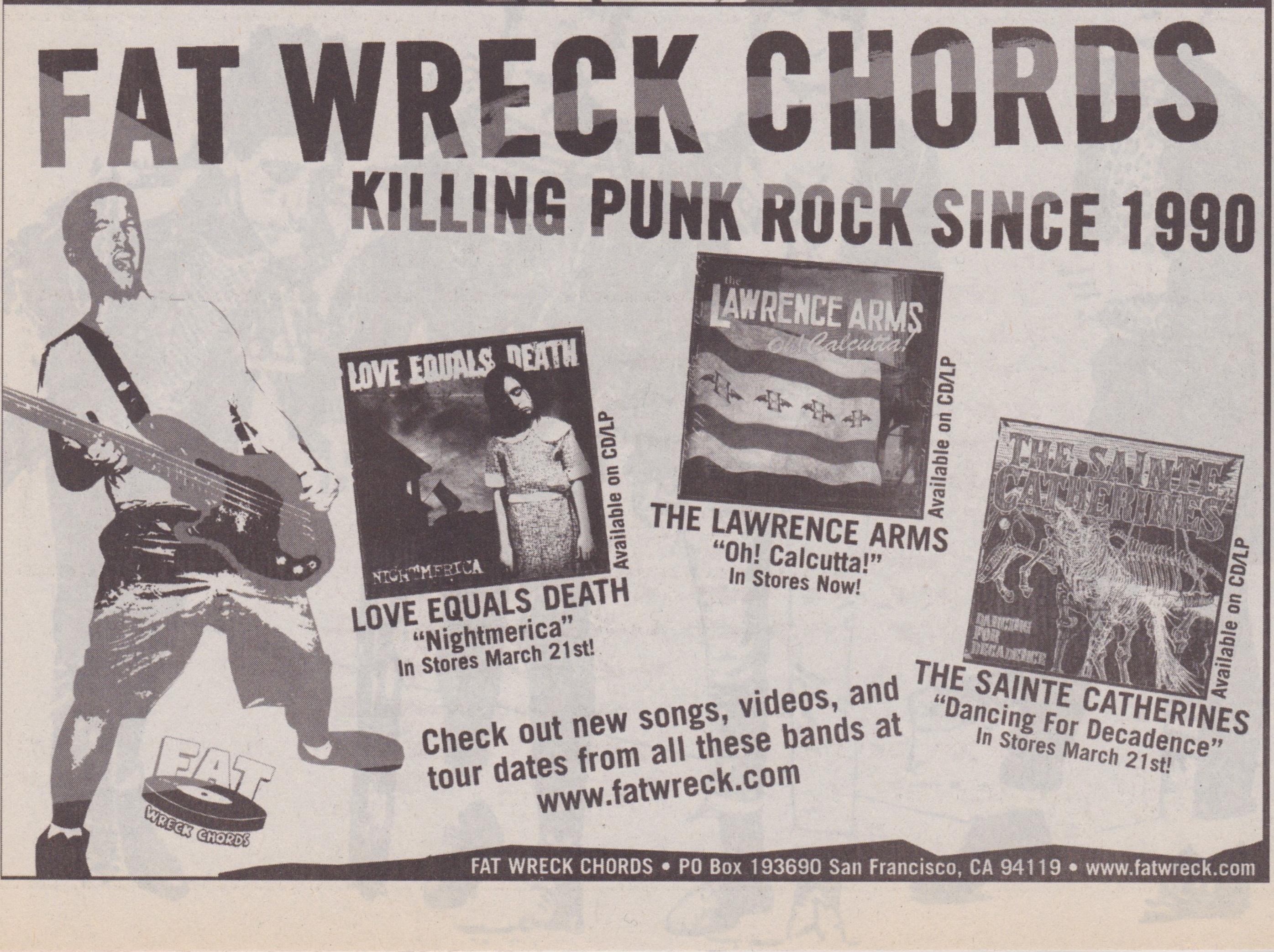

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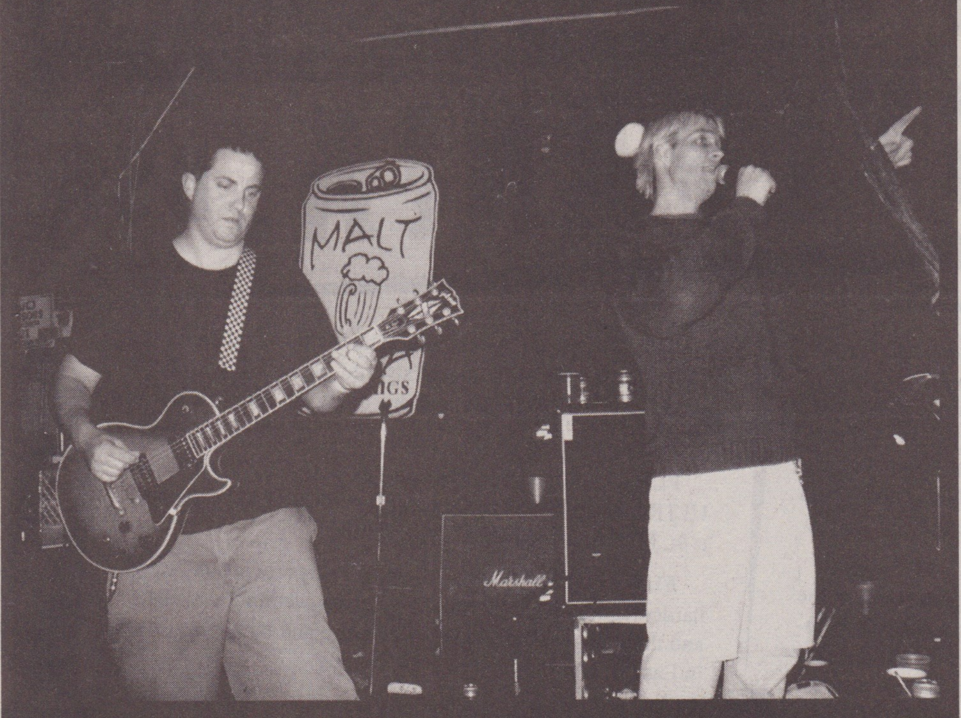

Chris Rest (left) and Jason (right) at the Malt Soda Bash 2005 in SF.

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Hello, Cedric Rokkgod here. I run a *half-assed* underground label out of South Eastern Pennsylvania called Spine Punch Music and have been involved with the punk scene for close to 15 years. The following is a scene report describing the large number of really cool bands that are from this area (Allentown, Philadelphia, Quakertown, and Reading). I'll begin in no particular order.

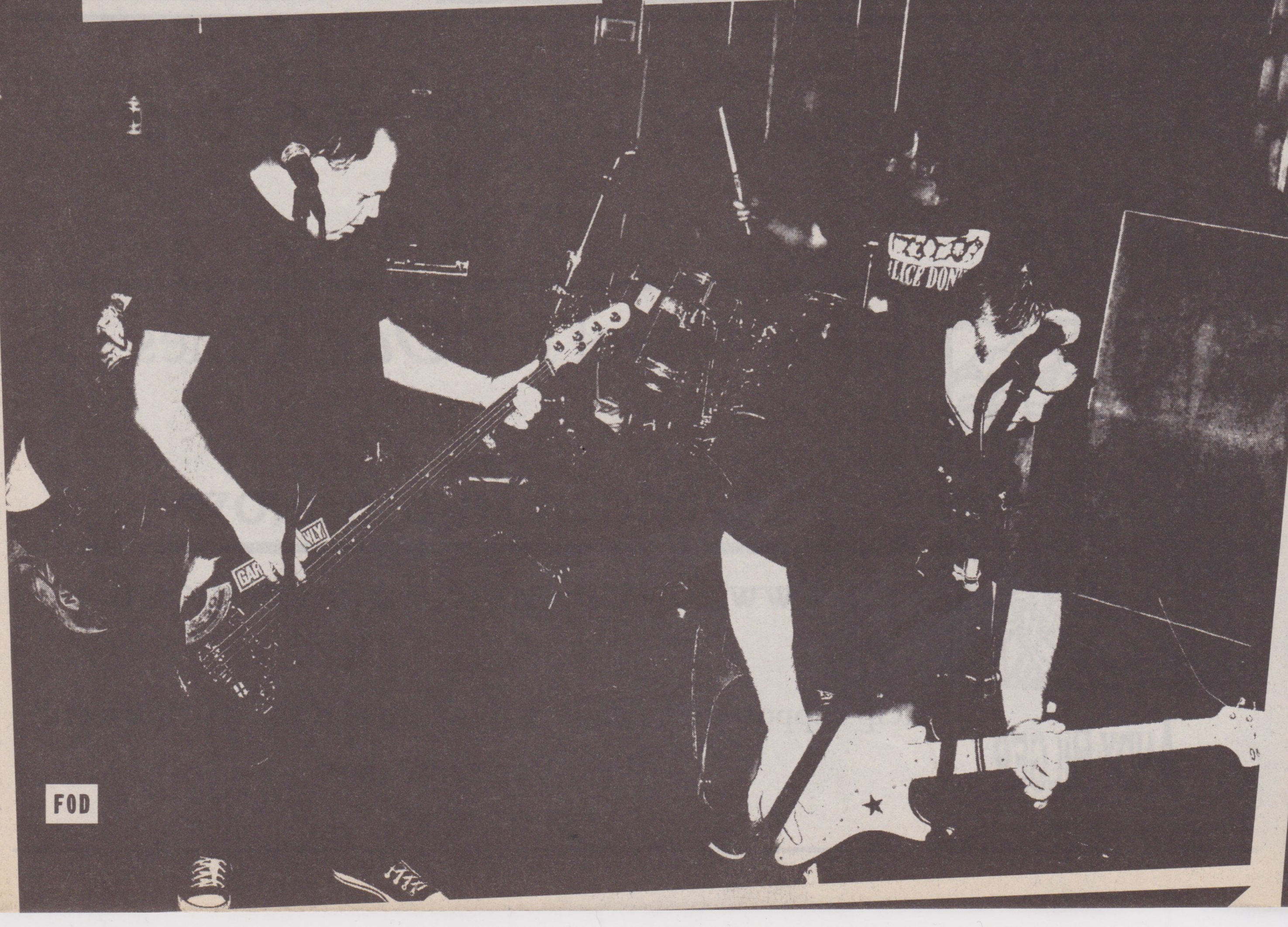
Bands:

STEP 13 is a punk/psychedelic/surfcore band from the Quakertown area. THE ROADHOGS plays punk influenced—think SOCIAL DISTORTION meets REV. HORTON HEAT)—rockabilly at a break neck pace and are currently working on their third full length CD. DICKIE AND THE JERKOFFS, featuring ex-CHRISTIAN SCIENCE A.D. members Adam "The Madman" Mederia and Tim Violent, play a traditional style of punk rock with occasional political overtones and are doing a DIY pressing of their first CD.

PLANET OF APES, featuring ex-RANCID POSSE MK ULTRA-VIOLENCE members, plays rock 'n' roll style punk *a la*, MC5 and THE HELLACOPTERS.

EL DESTRUCTO from Allentown plays rowdy and rough hardcore, punk rock 'n' roll. They have several CDs available and their singer, Tom, runs the Pleasure and Pain tattoo shop in Easton, PA.

SYSTEM FAILURE plays emotional, not quite emo, new-school hardcore. The band has completed two tours and



YOUNG PUNX

recently acquired Jamie Stem (of SINCH fame) as singer.

EXIT WOUND plays death-core and has been described as sounding like a dog ran over by a lawn mower. They recently completed a short winter tour with a spring tour and a full length CD in the works.

EDEN PARK of York plays crazed, technical punk. Obnoxious IP, the bassist for EDEN PARK, has a solo CD and it is *freakin' crazy*; sounds like circus music on crack!

I DARE YOU from Harrisburg plays a pop punk/emo mix and tour extensively up and down the east coast.

BAATAN DEATH MARCH from Emmaus, plays death metal/grindcore inspired by bands similar to CANNIBAL CORPSE. LUCK NUMBER TWO, also from Emmaus, plays ska-punk.

BLACK MOON from Reading is a very young band—the singer-guitarist looks about sixteen—and play old school thrash and metal, *a la* MERCIFUL FATE.

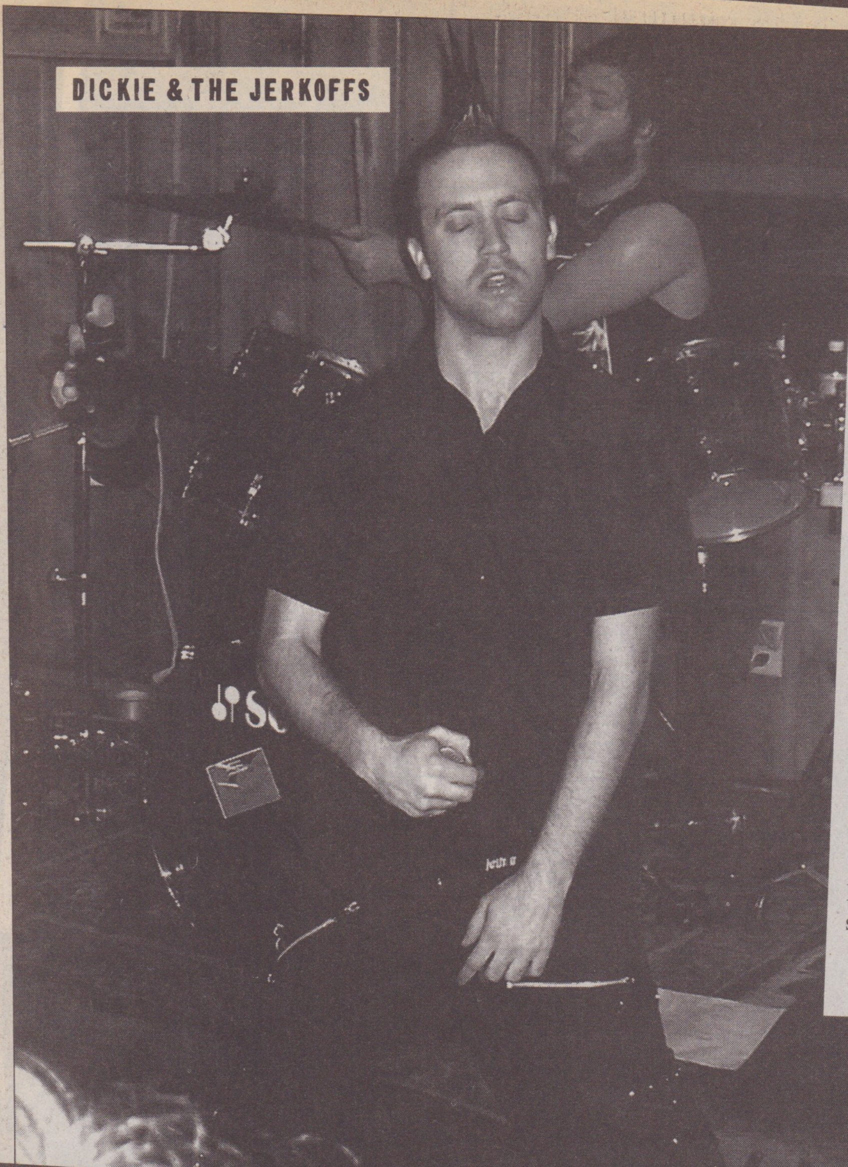
NEXT TO CLOSE from Philadelphia plays progressive gypsy/punk style that is quite out of the norm.

The CUTOFFS play drunken pop-punk rock and just finished a West Coast tour this past winter.

The UNION DEAD from the Philly area plays punk rock 'n' roll self described as TED NUGENT meets HANOI ROCKS, and opened for the NEW YORK DOLLS last year at the Trocadero.

The MIDNIGHT COWBOYS from Red Hill play

BAATAN DEATH MARCH



DICKIE & THE JERKOFFS

thrashy punk.

EXPLOSIVE INTENT is Upper Perks' oldest punk band. The band originally played at venues such as Unisound in the early '90s and after a hiatus has reformed to play shows and record a CD.

DENY THE EMPIRE from Eddystone plays progressive hardcore/metal.

The FUX play old-school punk with social and political overtones.

BLOODPHART, despite the hardcore sounding name, plays RAMONES-esque punk rock.

AMERICAN NIGHTMARE plays THE CULT/ DANZIG-inspired punk.

ACOUSTIC FRONT plays anti-folk music, acoustic punk *a la* RAMONES and ANGRY SAMOANS.

The KING KOBRAS play punk-inspired, white trash aspiring, techno crap and are often billed as the world's worst rap band.

TRUCKSTOP LOVECHILD plays rockin' punk influenced by bands like the SUPERSUCKERS.

Pennsylvania punk legends FOD (FLAG OF DEMOCRACY) play old school punk/thrash and are still around after 20 years.

The YOUNG WEREWOLVES from Philly play goth-rockabilly/pyschobilly and have a self-released CD available.

TOOTHLESS GEORGE AND HIS ONE MAN BAND plays acoustic punk, sounding like an unplugged MISFITS.

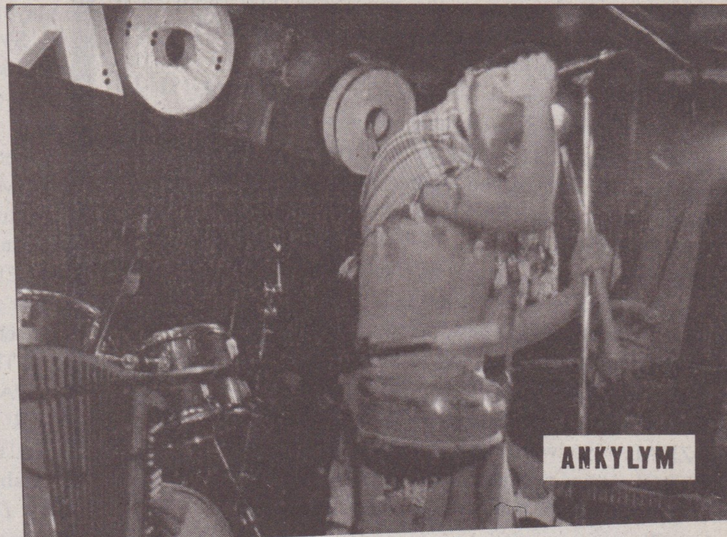
Zines:

TeeKup Fanzine is a Reading-area zine that is fairly new but very open to helping out the scene. *Origavation Magazine* is a Philadelphia-based newsprint publication designed to promote original, local music—cover bands are the enemy. Blood Murder Music from Reading is a newer punk label and will be releasing a CD compilation and a KILL THE WITNESS CD this year. And finally, Medical Records is a local label working with my own to help get area artists heard. Shawn from Medical is also involved in setting up local shows.

For more information on all the bands mentioned here, check out the Spine Punch Music site on MySpace—it will have links to all the artists and organizations mentioned.

ROADHOGS

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA


ANKYLYM

Bands

8HERZ (xkrusayderx@mail.ru), local metallic/extreme hardcore band, is thinking of releasing a live tape that was recorded in early September 2005 at two now-defunct underground music clubs—Moloko (which is to re-open at a new location in April) and Deep Sound (which was shut down by the fuzz after a drug bust). The latter show is a QUEEN tribute, and being all cycling maniacs, 8HERZ naturally played *Bicycle Race*.

ANKYLYM (RA Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia; www.heavy-metal.spb.ru) has added a tuba player to their acoustic folk punk/a cappella grind lineup, and has released a live tape called *V Moloke* on Lyagin, their balalaika player's label, Stauropygial Records; it's also recorded at Moloko, and features both recent acoustic stuff and older art-punk stuff.

ANTIPERFECT (psycho_ska@list.ru) is a new fast hardcore punk band which features ex-GARRET singer Yura on drums; I think their bassist is from Vyborg. They debuted at a gig with Moscow's UCHITEL TRUDA in early January and they rocked. They recorded a four-song demo soon thereafter which is available online. CARIES (www.cariesdemo.nm.ru) has reformed after a few years, and even recorded a demo that combines street punk and surf influences.

CUT 'N' RUN (www.cut-and-run.fatal.ru) now labels themselves youth crew/old school as they were joined by former SVINOKOP/'TIL I DIE guitarist George (who is in his late twenties). They have recorded a split CD with VYSHKA from Severodvinsk, a band in which their drummer, Kostya, sings. It should be co-released by George's Karma*Mira Records and Old Skool Kids Records in Moscow. In spring their split CD with Germany's TACKLEBERRY should be out on Karma*Mira. Kostya has also recorded a solo album, all dedicated to ice hockey.

DISTRESS (totalpunk@hotbox.ru, Alexandr Yakovlev, PO Box 127, St. Petersburg, 192171, Russia), a d-beat band, lost a guitarist in November, Timur, who only played with them for a few weeks and got stabbed to death by a gang of Nazis on November 13, in broad daylight in the very center of the city. The band had just returned from Sweden where they played a few shows. Timur didn't play on their then-recent split CD with KOMATOZ on Total Punk Records. DISTRESS will soon record an album but I'm not sure who now plays guitar.

DOTTIE DANGER (www.myspace.com/deathrockdottie; zine@die.spb.ru) is a surf-punk band featuring two former 'TIL I DIE members, singer Pasha and guitarist George, as well as IGRAI GARMON guitarist Mitr. They recorded a demo, a few songs can be found on their Myspace page, that will be released in its entirety soon and now have a new bassist.

I think 'TIL I DIE will soon have a CD of a demo and live tracks. ENGAGE AT WILL (qbass@mail.ru), also ex-members of 'TIL I DIE, is based out of Kronstadt and is active in setting up DIY shows. Soon a split CD with Moscow based, old school hardcore band CHANGES will be out. Several members also play in the NYHC-style band NEXT ROUND.

IGRAI GARMON (www.igraigarmon.ru; mitr69@mail.ru) recorded an album in March 2005 called *Ukrali*, which they plan to release sometime, but they kicked out their singer, Roma Izmailov. The new guy, Yevgeniy Sukhobrusov, used to play in the Moscow-based band SHTABELYA. They still have an accordion in the lineup, but are reportedly more punk, less folk-punk, now.

THE KING-KONGS (Artyom Petrov, PO Box 25, St. Petersburg, 198216, Russia; www.kingkongs.spb.ru) played a stadium gig(!) in November, supporting Siberian stars GRAZHDANSKAYA OBORONA. It was really bizarre to see a raw, psychedelic, garage punk band playing to a few thousand hostile people. They recorded a demo that is available at their website.

KOMATOZ share members with DISTRESS and released a split CD but are slightly more street punk. I think Sanya, the singer from punk band BRITVA, plays drums for them now.

SANDINISTA! (www.myspace.com/sandinistaxspbhc) was hit by Timur’s murder the hardest. They played a final show in mid-December with CHILDREN OF FALL from Sweden and Denmark. That night Zgibov (who was with Timur on his last night and was stabbed but survived) played bass for SANDINISTA!, and 8HERZ bassist Bigus played lead guitar. They should finish the recording that Old Skool Kids is putting out.

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There are also a few bands with MySpace accounts: OPARYSH OSOZNAL (www.myspace.com/oparyshosoznal), CROWD CONTROL (www.myspace.com/crowdcontroldiy), and CUT ‘N’ RUN (www.myspace.com/cutxrun). Urgh.

Labels/Zines

Despertar (www.despertar.spb.ru; despertar@pochta.ru) is presently a website that is done by former *Voice* zine editor Yegor, but he’s working on a new zine that will also be called *Despertar*. *Ej Tu Dirst* (Vladimir Tarasov, Gatchinskaya 1-3, Volosovo, Leningradskaya Obl., 188410, Russia; www.ejtudirst.narod.ru) has no new releases recently but the bloke is going on a yet another trip through Europe—as DJ Vovan, playing everything, including punk rock. He’s taking the distro along. Epicenter Infoshop (Evgeniy Faizullin, PO Box 103, St. Petersburg, 190013, Russia; www.infoshop.spb.ru; epicenter-infoshop@nm.ru) is mostly a distro of political stuff (e.g., printed matter, music, films). It’s also a perfect contact point for those interested in the political scene.

Get Up!/Karma*Mira Records (Kirill Mikhailov, PO Box 51, St. Petersburg, 198332, Russia; www.diy.spb.ru) are both done by former ‘TIL I DIE/SVINOKOP guitarist George. The zine should have its third issue out soon. The label has released or plans to release tapes of OUT COLD (USA) and KOBAYASHI (Germany), as well as a compilation of CHIMERA covers (CHIMERA being an influential ‘90s punk/hc band from St. Petersburg) and a couple of split CDs featuring his band CUT ‘N’ RUN.

Inflammable Material (www.inflammablematerial.net) is a photography/design website that the other *Voice* zine ex-editor, Julia, runs. She now lives in Italy. Monopolka (Filipp Volokitin, Nalichnaya 27-73, St. Petersburg, 199406, Russia; www.noiseweb.com/monopolka—note new address) are nutters! They put out tapes and books, mostly fucked up stuff, artful packages and limited print-runs. Their noise band incarnation is currently on tour in the UK.

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Outcry Records (Alexandr Volkov, PO Box 59, St. Petersburg, 194223, Russia; www.outcryrec.narod.ru) is mostly releasing vinyl and CDs in collaboration with international DIY labels, and does a smallish distro.

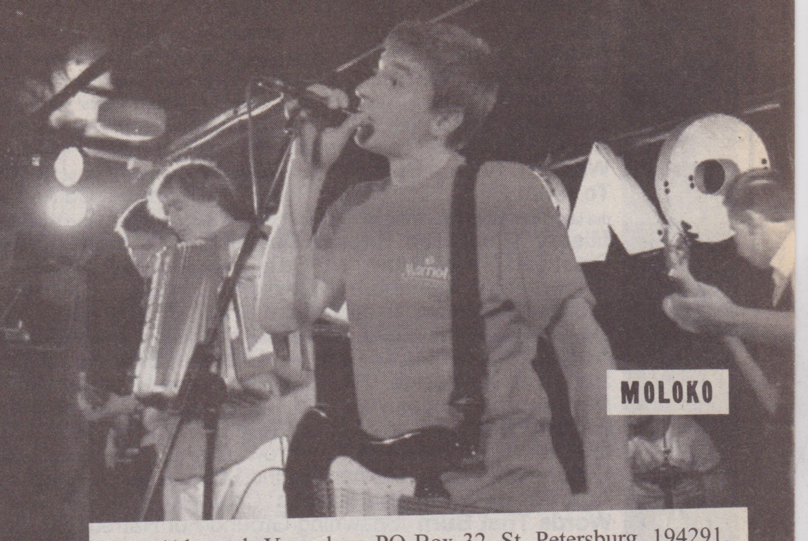
Stauropygial Records (RA Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia; www.ankylym.ru/staropygial) is the anti-commercial label of ANKYLYM / SVINOKOP member Lyagin. Both bands have recent tape releases on the label, as does his project making noise created using a Linux OS. I think it is now based out of Pskov but the address is still in St. Petersburg. SzSS (30 Gale St., Mortlake, NSW 2137, Australia; www.szss.tk) is my label, which is now based out of Sydney. Upcoming releases include a 7" by Latvia's WHEN MY AUTHORITIES FALL, as well as several tapes. I released a new zine called *Blah-Blah-Blood* in October; it's in English and is available either from Epicenter or via my website. *Nozhi I Vilki*, which is right now the oldest Russian punk zine, is putting out its ninth issue in a couple of days. I'm also doing an mp3 blog which largely features ex-USSR punk and hardcore.

Total Punk Records is run by Sasha of DISTRESS and KOMATOZ. It's a distro as well as a label that released the KOMATOZ/DISTRESS split CD and BRITVA tape most recently.

Miscellaneous

St. Petersburg Food Not Bombs group started in January 2005. The servings are in Vladimirskaya Square each Sunday at 4 pm.

Network Against G8: (http://spb8.hardcore.lt, www.nadir.org/nadir/initiativ/agp/g82006/index.htm) is organizing protests against the G8 Summit, which is to be held in St. Petersburg in July 2006—get involved! Novy Svet (Alexandr Yermakov, PO Box 32, St. Petersburg, 194291, Russia; www.novsvet.narod.ru), an anarchist newspaper, is still going strong after 17 years. The Petersburg League of Anarchists is also active with a bunch of other protest stuff including regular pickets against the war in Chechnya (Malaya Konyushennaya street, each Sunday at 2 pm). Pank-Vozrozhdeniye (www.pv.mahost.org; greenkazus@rambler.ru) is a direct action-orientated, anarchist punk community. They also maintain some low-intensity squats. DOTTIE DANGER singer Pasha, a.k.a. DJ Pablo Diablo, is playing punk/new wave/indie and more at Novus Bar (Bolshaya Morskaya ul. 8) on Monday nights after 11 p.m.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Thanks for reading!

Szarapow (30 Gale St., Mortlake, NSW 2137, Australia; diyhc@yahoo.com; www.szss.tk)

Photos by Igrai Garmon.

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Desolatevoid "Self Medicated Psycho Therapy" Cd Consider this an album that is anchored in a more straight ahead SOILENT GREEN, sucks the bone marrow out of EYEHATEGOD, and smokes up a little HIGH ON FIRE. Maybe then you'll understand why this shit is too heavy. (Blabbermouth.net)
Neuron "Gleichschritt" Cd Wicked grindcore from Germany. Some of the best I've heard. Neuron is all about grinding, thick, powerful grindcore
Gaurithoth "Perverse" Cd Raging European Black Metal. A little like Impaled Nazarene, Gaurithoth explodes on their debut album of pure insanity.
Mesrine "I Choose Murder" Cd Essential grindcore / Metal with a style to that similar to Dahmer This is awesome grindcore.
Diskonto "Watch Us Burn" Cd They are from Sweden so you should already know this is awesome. Their best album to date for sure.
Accion Mutante "The Complete Discography" Cd Everything they have recorded so far. Highly Essential. Total Crust / Metal.
Wartorn "Adolph Bushler" 7" Scandinavian thrash like State of Fear. This is limited to 300 Copies only.
To What End? "Concealed Below The Surface" Cd / Lp This one will completely blow you away. So much heavier and harder than the last. Think Wolfpack. I consider this band to be the best Swedish Hardcore band going right now. That's how good this is.
Misery "Production Through Destruction" Cd Re-release of this hard to find classic crust album from the early 90's
Pisshead Blues Band "s/t" Cd Blues lounge rock spewing from members of Civil Disobedience and Misery. Nice and relaxing and awesome.
Uncurbed "A Nightmare In Daylight" Cd Reissue from the 90's. Swedish hardcore that'll knock your socks off with brand new art.
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Beyond Description "A Road To A Brilliant Future" Cd / Lp New Cd of these Japanese hardcore legends. Comes w/ 3 Bonus Tracks.
Despite "No Promise of Tomorrow" Cd / Lp Gut wrenching Hardcore / Grind / Punk from the deepest bowels of WI. w/ Spanish Translations.
Urban Head Raw "Human Instinct" Cd Japanese Crust Metal influences that will blow you away.
Agathocles "Alive And Mincing" Cd Brutal Grindcore from Belgium. We all know them by now. This is almost sold out and gone forever.
Words That Burn "Spawning Ground For Hatred" Cd / Lp (Mailorder gets Ltd to 100 Red Vinyl) Surly, gurgling mid-paced "crusty" hXc that proves what E.N.T. SHOULD have sounded like as a death metal band... (Ex Remission) (Violence Zine)

To What End? "The Purpose Beyond" Cd // **Remains of the Day** "Hanging on Rebellion" Cd
Asschapel "Fire And Destruction" Cd // **Disgust** "The Horror Of It All" Cd / Lp
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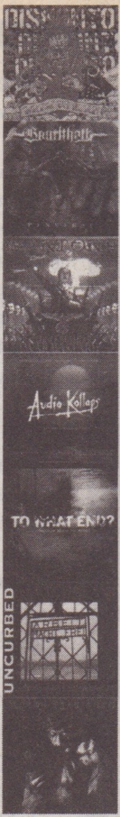
For more reviews of all of these titles visit www.cahrecords.com/reviews.html



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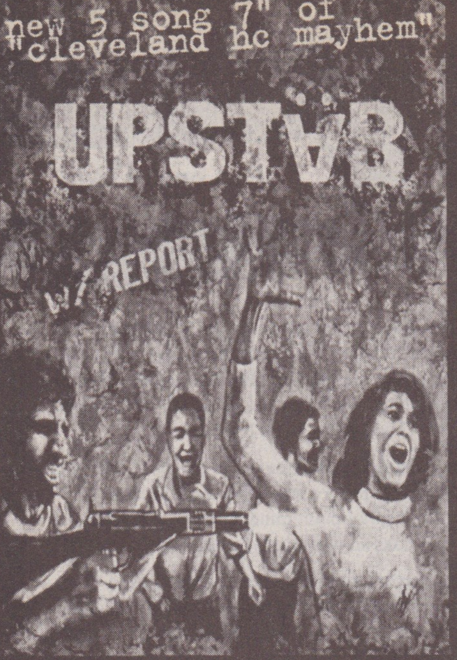

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ABC NO RIO

Part one of two!

ABC No Rio is an all-ages DIY squat turned show and art space in New York City. Home to countless hardcore and punk shows during its famed Saturday matinee's, it has seen a number of struggles with the city that it calls home, with the dominant NYHC scene, and within its own ranks, but has managed to persevere as a countercultural space for over twenty-five years. Here is the story of the origins of the hardcore matinee in the words of the people who started it and poured their blood, sweat, and tears into the building. This is the first in a two-part story compiled and written by Vikki Law.

March 1990: No one walking down Rivington Street could miss the great wall of trash that emerged from the basement of a dilapidated, graffiti-ed tenement building to stretch from Suffolk to Clinton Streets.

The Purple Institution had arrived at ABC No Rio.

The month before, a hole had been knocked in the gallery wall by a contractor working on the adjacent building. The City of New York—No Rio's reluctant and often hostile landlord—used the hole to order No Rio to vacate the premises.

That same month, several of the No Rio regulars—including John S. Hall, Jennifer Blowdryer, and the comedy duo Steve and Mike/Mike and Steve—had gone to Toronto to put on shows as part of Cult X Change, an idea hatched by Fly and New York City poet Gail Schilke on overcoming reliance on one physical space. Now it was their turn to host their Canadian counterparts. The Purple Institution, a collective of artists and performers from Toronto, were scheduled to arrive in March.

"Everybody thought it was the end," recalls Fly, who arrived that month. "I was like, 'No way! It can't get evicted. We're gonna do a show here in March!'"

No Rio filed suit against the City for damages relating to the hole in the wall, putting people in jeopardy and neglect. The City filed suit against No Rio for back rent.

And so No Rio stayed open another month, and then another and another and for fifteen more years after that. In the meantime, the rest of the Purple Institution arrived. "Everyone came down from Canada—there were seven or eight of us, including a guy who played a washbucket," recalled Fly.

Not letting the threat of eviction deter them, the Canadians got to work. "We fixed the floor because there was a problem with the floor." Then they tackled the basement: "We had to take the front off No Rio to get the crap out of the basement. It hadn't been cleared in, like, ten years. We were finding mummified animals down there. We found mummified rats. The garbage from the basement went all the way down the block. We scrubbed the floors and made our installation." Fly painted grass along the vestibule of No Rio and The Jungle Show opened.

The next Saturday, No Rio held its now customary hardcore matinee in the gallery. "They were supposed to stay in the upstairs space," Fly recalled. "Later, we were pissed off because the punks had spray-painted our installation. They didn't spray-paint mine, but they spray-painted Paisley's and he was really pissed off, but they're punks so what can you do?"

Along with the kids who came to hear the bands were photographers from *Seventeen*, a mainstream teen fashion magazine. "At the time we were all raving alcoholics," Fly recalled. "*Seventeen* came to take pictures of us by our artwork. We were being really stupid and really drunk so we were like, 'Yeah, we'll pose.' They made us pose in front of our artwork. And then, in the next month's issue, there was this article about straight edge kids at CBGB's! But we were all drunk as skunks!"

Once the Jungle Show ended and the Canadians had taken down their works, the matinees moved to the now-clear basement.

"Once, I was waiting for Englander [No Rio's director] to give me something," recalled Margaret Petrov, who was running the Sunday afternoon poetry readings at the time. "I wandered down to the basement and there was a kid there—he looked like he was twelve—who asked, 'Do you wanna sniff some glue with me?' and I was like, 'Do people still do that anymore?' And there was some band playing that was throwing hamburgers at everybody."

The band was Bugout Society, a group of Italian kids from the suburbs who had essentially been responsible for starting the Saturday afternoon hardcore matinees at No Rio.

"They called themselves guido-core," recalled Dave Powell. "They would throw White Castle at the audience, then they'd play Pat Benatar's "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" and see if anyone tried to throw them back.

"They were the first hardcore band to see the inside of the space," said Esneider, a Colombian immigrant who came to the first hardcore matinee and stayed for the next fifteen years, as both a volunteer and, later, a booker. God is My Co-Pilot, an eclectic duo and performance group, had invited Bugout Society to perform at No Rio with them. "They told Mike Bullshit about it and that's how we found out about the space. No one from the hardcore scene went to that show though. We don't consider it the first hardcore show.

"The first show I ever went to was at CBGB's," Pete, aka Mr. Jack Terrycloth of the World Inferno Friendship Society, told the audience during the hardcore matinee for No Rio's 25th anniversary. "We got thrown out for wearing make-up and having too much hair. So me and Mike Bullshit decided to come down to this little hole in the wall art space and do our shows here."

In the late '80s and early '90s, the New York Hardcore scene was macho, homophobic

Huasipungo

Photos this page: Chris Boarts

and, at times, nationalistic. Violence was common at the hardcore matinees at CBGB's.

"I'd been listening to hardcore for a couple of years, but felt alienated from the scene at CBGB's. It seemed really macho and cliquish," said Dave Powell, a kid from Bay Ridge who became one of the bookers, and, later, No Rio's Board President. "If you walked into a CB's matinee by yourself, all eyes would be on you. Sometimes people would fuck with you. Some kid would try to prove himself by picking a fight." Joe Martin from Citizens Arrest stopped going to shows: "For me, I had made the promise to myself that I would stop going to hardcore shows the day I got beat up. And then it happened," he said in an interview with the hardcore zine *Jersey Beat*. "Some skinhead picked a fight with me and maybe I didn't get beat up, but I got punched. So I said, that was it, no more, because I knew every time I would go to a show from then on, I'd see this guy and panic and run away."

crowd at ABC No Rio

Charles Bronson

Damad

Charles Maggio remembered the last time he went to a matinee at CBGB's: "A friend of mine was hit in the head with a can of beer that was still pretty full. The skinhead girl who threw it was standing behind her boyfriend. When he turned and looked, the guy asked, 'What are you looking at?' When he said he'd gotten hit by a can of beer, the guy said, 'You're banned from the club.' Then he dragged this guy out and said, 'I don't want to see you between these two blocks' and threw him in the street. I remembered thinking, 'I don't want to come here anymore.'"

Although the girls who later became part of the Saturday matinees didn't experience the same imminent threat, the atmosphere at CB's still wasn't inviting: "There were definitely some of those nasty girls," recalled Melissa York, who described herself as a "big old nerd" at the time.

"I was never threatened or anything, but it was definitely getting to a point where I could not enjoy the show anymore," agreed Akiko Arai.

Then, there were the politics: "The New York City hardcore scene's politics—inasmuch as it had politics—tended to be more to the right. There was Youth Defense League who set up Rock against Communism, Agnostic Front, Jimmy Gestapo," remembered Dave.

"It was very racially mixed," acknowledged Esneider. "There were Asians, Blacks, Latinos, Whites, Jews. But it was very nationalistic, very violent."

"People did not like gay people. There was the sense that gay=bad," recalled Mike Bullshit, who was already known for both his zine *Bullshit Monthly* and for being in the band Go! "Do you know how I came out? I was putting out an issue of *Bullshit Monthly* and said that it was gay-owned and operated." Mike became the first out gay person in the New York hardcore scene.

"If people even thought you were gay, they'd beat the crap out of you," Esneider recalled. "He got beat up a couple of times really bad." At least one of those times was just outside CBGB's and Mike ended up in the hospital.

Esneider remembers Mike stating, "We can't wait for CBGB's to hand our scene back to us on a platter."

Mike remembers the start of the hardcore matinees a bit differently. "There was a show—Bugout Society and SFA. I was there and Gavin was there and the guy who oversaw the space—I think his name was Roger, he lived on the third floor—said the space was available. CB's had just stopped doing matinees because of all the violence and so it was this or nothing."

And so began the hardcore matinees at ABC No Rio. Esneider heard about the first show and came. "We didn't know where it was. We walked to Rivington from Bowery. We didn't know where we were going and it was kind of scary."

Freddy Alva, who would later take over booking, was also there. "Bugout Society and Citizens Arrest played. It was two bands, two bucks."

Mike Bullshit also put out a call for volunteers in *Bullshit Monthly*. Chris Boarts picked up a copy of the Xeroxed, mostly hand-written zine and saw Mike's call. "And I was like, 'I can do that!'" She came early to No Rio's third-ever show. "I remember feeling very intimidated and Mike was really busy—as is anyone running the show. I was excited and nervous and scared. I think SFA played. They really talked a lot between songs. I don't even remember what they were talking about—maybe it was politics, maybe it was practicing politics in your personal life—and I was like, 'Wow!' That was when my whole life was being politicized."

Chris stayed and started making fliers for shows. "That was the least I could do and something that felt quite appropriate," she remembered five years later.

"We all did something, but it wasn't like volunteering," recalled Esneider.

"If you were there and they needed help, they'd say, 'Hey Charles, can you work the door?' And I'd say, 'Sure. For the first band.' Or someone would want to watch the first band and I didn't care too much about that band so I'd watch the door and then go and see the second band," Charles remembered.

"It was so small that you couldn't help but get involved," said Melissa who was one of the people who cleaned up after the show. "It didn't seem like work at the time."

"There was no collective, no system. Everyone helped," recalled Esneider. "Mike would be moving the speaker cabinet and he'd grab one end and I'd grab the other. Or I would be like, 'Oh, I'll help you work the door.' I didn't know shit about doing sound at the time and so I couldn't help work the PA.'"

All photos this page by Chris Boarts

"You didn't need a soundman 'cause there was no sound," remembered Freddy Alva. "The sound system that Mike had gotten for ABC was, like, Toys R'Us. People just plugged into the amps and that was it."

Every Sunday at 3 pm for a year, Margaret Petrov opened No Rio for its weekly poetry reading. "Everyone would get five or ten minutes—I can't remember which. Then the featured reader would get longer."

The readings were not, as an outsider might assume, a sedate affair with literary types peering through their lorgnettes as overly-sensitive poets waxed eloquent about love, life and death.

"One time Johnny Puke peed in a bucket and dumped it over his head," Margaret recounted, hastening to add that "he cleaned it up afterward. But Bob Hart got mad and broke a chair and then I got mad and told him he had to fix it."

The usual attendees were far from an introverted, quiet crowd. "When I started going to readings there in '89, there were winos and junkies," remembered Eak, one of the featured readers who later took over the poetry readings. "Some of them came and read. Some of them came and just sat in the back and nodded out because it was a 'warmer' place to stay."

Orion Feig, a self-proclaimed "part-Aborigine, part-Kangaroo" who towered over most of the other poets was one of these bizarre regulars. "One time Orion read a poem saying that Marguerite was Bobby Kennedy and he was Marilyn Monroe," remembered Margaret. "She got mad and got up and stormed out. And if Orion thought that someone was on for too long, he'd start yelling and throwing shit."

When Eak took over the next year, he did away with both time limits and featured readers. "Some people would take advantage of the open reading and read for an hour and I'd have to nicely tell them, 'Well…' There were some abuses but not that many."

Cloudy was one of the regulars who abused the new no time-limits policy. "This guy Cloudy used to write these horrible poems and he would sit there and read for an hour," recalled Eak before launching into an imitation of someone reading in a monotone. "And everyone would get up and walk out and continue the reading on the street. And Cloudy was such a hardhead that he would just keep reading even though no one else was there."

In the spring of 1990, the Lower East Side art scene invaded Maine. Then-No Rio director and sole staff person Lou Acierno, along with Cheap Art's Stephanie Basch and Esther Kaplan, Anti-Folk promoter Kristen Johnson, and No Rio board members Jack Waters and Peter Cramer, went to Bowdoin College as part of Cult X Change.

With them was Steven Englander, a twenty nine-year-old regular at Matthew Courtney's Wide Open Cabaret, who did a presentation on the Lower East Side's political propaganda. "It was mostly fliers and zines from different anarchist stuff, the Tompkins Square Park riots," Steven recalled. That particular time had been a "real condensed vibrant and lively thing and all sorts of groups were churning stuff out."

That fall, Lou asked Steven to take over No Rio's administrative duties while he joined Jack and Peter in Hamburg for a month. "I was coincidentally looking for both work and a place to live. When he came back, he asked if I would stay and do the full-time thing and he would do the part-time thing."

And so Steven stayed as the sole resident of 156 Rivington Street. "After smashing the wall, the City issued a vacate order which was why there was no one left upstairs. Everyone upstairs left, but No Rio stayed and got the vacate order rescinded."

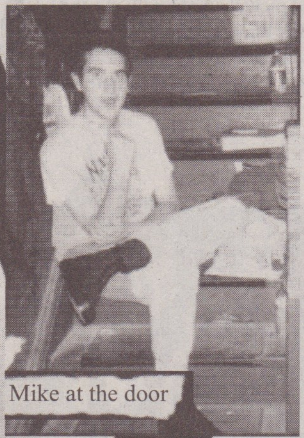
Despite No Rio's shaky future, Steven began to move its programming towards neighborhood politics. "That was the beginning of the connection with the neighborhood squat stuff."

"A lot of the squatters came to the shows and to the open mic," said Fly, who returned to both the City and to No Rio that fall after participating in No Rio's tenth anniversary show at Kunstlerhaus in Hamburg. "The place where I first started hanging out with the squatters was at ABC No Rio."

No Rio became the host to benefits for the neighborhood squats. Eak, who hosted the Sunday afternoon poetry readings from 1991 to 1993, remembered playing at one of these benefits in the basement. "My band was playing. Everyone was jumping around and hanging off the rafters."

Barbara Lee, who later joined No Rio's Board of Directors, remembered that the first time she came to No Rio was for one of these benefits: "It was the winter of '91-'92. Downstairs there were really good bands. Everybody was wearing their winter clothes. Everybody was down in the basement. I remember the beams and the graffiti everywhere. I don't remember if I did poetry or not. A lot of people came to the show. Everybody had a good time. People from all the squats were there that night."

Photos this page: Churabura and fly by fly, others by Chris Boarts


Mike at the door

Churla Burla

Fly painting

Monster X

Go!

Adam of Born Against

Local neighborhood and political groups that emerged from the riots in Tompkins Square Park and the squats began to utilize the space. "We did screenings of raw footage of the riot, the Tent City stuff, Paul Garrin's video of getting beat up by the cops. And I did more exhibitions which were more explicitly political. The one that pops into my mind is a show of *Shadow* photographers."

That fall, No Rio Board member Bobby G was still technically renting one of the apartments above No Rio. "But he wasn't around and so I was squatting his space," said Fly. "I suppose if this is going to go into a zine then he'll know I was squatting his space."

No Rio's connection with the neighborhood squats didn't just happen via Steven. When Mike Bullshit left New York City in 1990, Freddy Alva took over booking shows and decided to reach out to the squatters.

"There were these other shows—Squat or Rot—being put on in the squats. It was Neil [of Tribal War Records] and Ralphy Boy," Esneider recalled. "There was a rift between them and Mike—I don't know why and I don't want to know why. When Mike left, Freddy said, 'Let's go talk to Neil.'"

"I knew Neil, always got along great with him," Freddy recalled. "He had a sound system. The sound system that Mike had gotten for ABC was kind of rinky-dink. I approached Neil about bringing his sound system to ABC, maybe doing a distro thing, getting some of the squatter bands to play."

And so the hardcore matinees became hardcore/punk matinees.

"There was a distinction between hardcore and punk," Esneider explained. "Hardcore was considered more straight edge. Punks were associated more with Mohawks, spikes; they tended to be squatters."

"We started splitting the booking," Freddy remembered. "Neil would book a show and do half the bands and I'd do half the bands. So it would be half grindcore bands, some ABC-type bands, maybe some out-of-town bands."

"The combination of both forces packed the place!" Esneider remembered. "Suddenly people were talking about us! Bands wanted to play here. Then European bands came—Oi Polloi, Citizen Fish."

Not everyone was happy about the change. "A lot of people started turning up just to get drunk, and a lot of the squatter kids would show up and just hang outside," complained Joe Martin in an interview with *JerseyBeat.* He stopped coming to shows around that time.

"There was a lot of alcohol, and other substances," Freddy agreed. "Cider punks would spare change outside ABC—not for money to get into the shows but to go buy beer."

Sometimes the two scenes clashed in ways that, looking back, were more funny than anything else: "One Saturday, the vegan squatter kids decided to have a barbecue/keg party in the backyard during a show. They were very adamant about the grill being only veggie burgers and tofu dogs," Freddy recalled. "And Bugout Society was playing downstairs. They started throwing White Castle at everyone. And one of the squatter kids caught a whiff of it and was like, 'Hey, they're throwing *real* hamburgers!' So they went to confront them about it. And then one of the Bugout people came and pissed in the grill. I think they wrote a song about it later—'Don't Piss on my Barbecue.'"

People's memories and dates from fifteen years ago may be fuzzy. Their anecdotes may contradict each other. But one thing is certain: Everyone remembers the drug traffic on Rivington Street.

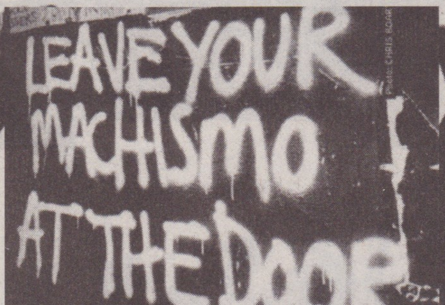
"There were drug dealers all over Rivington, probably because there was nothing else there," said Margaret, who had to maneuver her way through the constant hawking to open the poetry reading every Sunday. Fly remembered constant line-ups for drugs across the street.

"If you wanted to go to No Rio, you really had to want to go to No Rio," agreed Eak, who took over the Sunday afternoon readings when Margaret left. "There'd be all these people selling drugs." Standing in his apartment off a now-sanitized Avenue A fifteen years later, Eak can still imitate the repetitive call of the Lower East Side drug dealers: "Redspot, redspot. Redrom, redrom. Blackdeath, blackdeath."

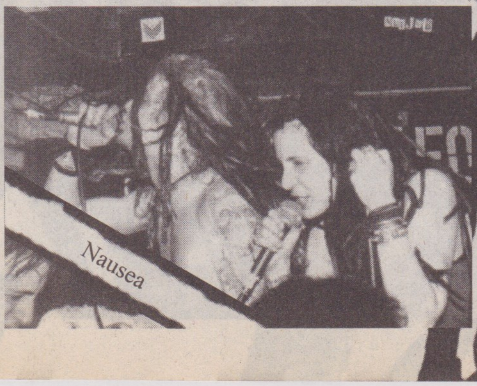
"You had to fight all the drug dealers to get here," recalled Esneider. "They would grab you and ask, 'What you want?'"

"If you were white or freaky looking, the dealers would assume that you were there to buy heroin. There was NYNEX, Body Bag, Dojo, Fire," Dave, who never got physically grabbed by any dealer, remembered. "One time, I found a bag with those Nike swooshes on it just a block away from ABC. It was really ironic because we were talking about corporate logos and corporate advertising and then here's this bag."

There was also a brisk trade in clean needles—or "works." In a zine she did at the time, Margaret recalled writing, "Gee, what a nice neighborhood. You walk out the door and all these people are offering you clean works."



Sascha & Dan


Nausea

Black Kronstadt

Kyanne in sound booth

All photos this page by Chris Boarts

"There was this pretty young girl who was shooting up junkies," remembers Eak. "I think she was a junkie herself. I would go to open up the reading and she'd be sitting there on the doorstep and she'd have a jar of bleach and one needle. And all these junkies came by and she'd shoot them up, put the needle in the bleach and shoot up the next one. And there would be a line of junkies coming to get shot up. But they would always move when I asked. I'd be like, 'Hey, can you move? I need to open this door' and they'd move. Not like the yuppies now."

"I remember kids in New Jersey flat out refusing to come to ABC because of the surrounding neighborhood," said Dave. "But they wouldn't come out and say that they were scared. It was always couched in racist terms—'that's a fucked up neighborhood.' But really, it was the white kids who came to buy drugs. It wasn't Latino kids from the neighborhood."

Drugs weren't the only problem in the neighborhood.

"Bands from out of town had their vans broken into," Freddy recalled.

"I got chased several times by people who were freaking out," Fly recalled. "One time I got chased by a guy with a baseball bat. He saw me and started coming at me. At the time, I thought, 'I gotta keep going towards him. I can't flinch.' So I kept walking towards him and ducked under him just as he was getting ready to swing the bat at me. Then I took off running the other way. I don't know why I got chased—when someone's coming after you with a baseball bat, you don't stop and ask questions."

Charles Maggio remembered one Saturday when a drummer for one of the bands took his friend to his car to listen to a tape he'd just recorded. The two sat in the car listening until someone tapped on the window. "Some guy asked, 'What're you doing in there? And they were like, 'We're just listening to a tape.' And the guy said, 'Well, my friend is upstairs at the window with his gun. He thinks you're narcs.'

"'But we're just listening to a tape!'

"'You better get out of here. My friend is gonna shoot you.' So they started the car and drove away."

As for Charles, the worst that happened to him was that his car was stolen. "From right around the corner," he recalled. "They found it in Brooklyn two days later and it was kind of trashed."

Not everyone had such horror stories though. The Peruvian-born Freddy Alva doesn't remember having any problems. "Then again, I fit in," he pointed out.

Charles remembered the surroundings as "an advantage to the club. There were so many illegal things going on that the cops weren't worried about a bunch of white kids making noise. They had bigger fish to fry."

"We for the most part were in stark contrast to the streets," Chris Boarts recalled. "But at the same time, as time passed, the folks in the neighborhood knew what we were up to, knew that for the most part we brought them business in their shops (rice and beans at the restaurant and beer at the bodegas) and it got to the point where those folks quite liked the punks. There was definitely a free-for-all chaos to the LES at the time. Also the punk shows were early in the day and so it's not like there was loud noise and people in the streets late at night."

"Noise was never really an issue," Freddy agreed. "Well, the sound system sucked anyway."

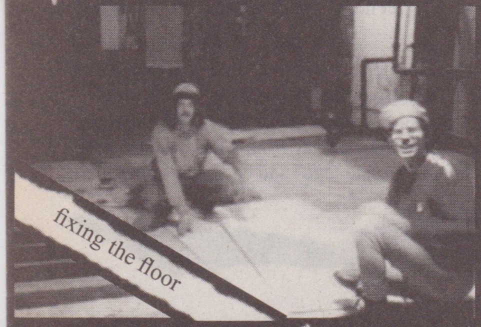
Perhaps because she lived there, Fly remembers it differently. "I got told by the neighbors to shut up a lot. Kids would come to the shows and throw shit around and make a mess and make a lot of noise. They'd be like, 'It's New York City, man!' They didn't realize that people lived in this neighborhood. So I had to tell them, 'Look, people live here.'"

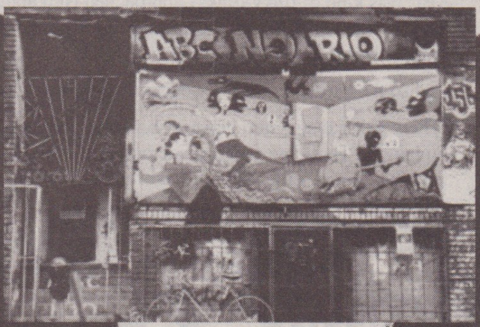
"We did one show—Poison Idea, have you ever heard them? Well, they're loud. It was a night show. It was just a disaster," recalled Mike. "The guy who had booked the show wasn't there and it made a perfect foil. The police came three times and, each time, I'd say, 'The guy running the show isn't here right now.' And they'd leave."

Freddy was the absent booker. "I was really excited to have them play there—a lot of people looked up to them. They had a 300 pound guitarist and I was excited at just seeing them upstairs," he remembered. "And then I got chicken pox and was laid up that week. Everyone was talking about that show too."

Akiko was one of those people who were talking about the show: "It was a packed show and all the kids were so excited. I'm amazed that the floor didn't collapse—and not only because of the size of those band members, really!"

Photos this page: all Chris Boarts except ABC mural photo by fly


fixing the floor



Dirt

Eak remembered setting up a show in June 1990: "This uptight guy across the street called the cops on me because the music was too loud." Although they arrived, the cops seemed pretty much indifferent to the noise.

Sometimes interactions with the neighbors happened in bizarre ways. "One guy came in off the street and Daryl was in the middle of a song and he picked Daryl up and spun him around," Mike remembered. "This was his way of participating in the show. Daryl wasn't that appreciative about it, so we had to help him down. He was a pretty well-dressed guy that came in from outside."

Writer Jan Schmidt remembered that occasionally when the Sunday afternoon poetry readings were held in No Rio's backyard, the neighbors in the surrounding buildings would throw things at the poets.

But even these stories stood in stark contrast to those from a few years earlier when Pat Cremins and Howard Fireheart used No Rio's gallery to rehearse and sometimes stage Oversites, a roving performance series. "Kids would throw rocks through the window," Pat recalled. "Once, people were throwing burning paper in." And then there were the police intrusions: "Once we were leaving the space. It was dusk. Jack [Waters, one of No Rio's directors, who happened to be a black man] had a very well-trained pit bull. You could tell it to sit in the corner for two hours and it would. The police showed up. They saw the dog, they saw Jack, they saw us. They had their guns out ready to shoot us. It really gave me a perspective on the police and race."

Despite the neighborhood—or perhaps partially because of it—the Saturday matinees continued, combining leftist politics and music at a time when most of the New York hardcore scene leaned to the right. No Rio's policy of not allowing sexist, racist or homophobic bands or behavior was groundbreaking and new.

"Our hardcore shows were an action against that nationalistic, violent scene," Esneider stated.

Before ABC, Esneider remembered being terrified of people at shows. "I would usually stand in the corner. I didn't mosh, didn't dance, didn't talk to anybody."

Food Not Bombs

Perhaps because the matinees had been started by kids who didn't feel safe elsewhere, the scene at No Rio was much different.

"ABC seemed like the opposite from the beginning," recalled Dave. "No one had an attitude or, if they did, it was a goofy attitude from someone working the door."

The first time he went to ABC was in August 1990 for a matinee billed as Go!'s last show. "They ended up getting back together every year for a tour or a record though," Dave recalled. "When Go! started playing, Mike [Bullshit]—he was this huge bald guy covered in tattoos—he seemed really buoyant. He didn't slam into people; he seemed to bounce over them. Because I knew some of the lyrics, I was part of the crowd diving for the mic to sing the chorus. And it was cool that I went there alone and still felt like I was part of something."

Joe Martin recalled that his fear about going to shows stopped when ABC began hosting matinees. "Right then and there, that feeling stopped. Every week I'd go there, I didn't care who was playing—I'd go support any band, and I guess for a while a lot of other people did too. There'd be a solid 50 people for every show."

"We wanted to mosh, to dance, but we didn't want the macho bullshit from other shows," agreed Esneider. "We came up with things like chair-diving since we didn't have a stage. Someone would run with a chair, put it down, climb on it and jump off. We did conga lines and silly dancing. When someone was being a macho asshole and punching and kicking, a bunch of us would surround him and dance really silly. They felt threatened, their machismo was being threatened because we were the 'faggots' that were ruining their fun." "People would be more likely to do a ballerina dance around you than fight you about your politics," Charles agreed.

And on the occasions that someone did say or do something, others were quick to point it out. "One time, someone on the mic said, 'This is for all you faggots,'" remembered Melissa York. "Afterwards, Mike went up to him and said, 'That was not cool.' And that really opened my eyes… Before ABC, I was a young homophobic person. I considered myself political, but I didn't really know what that meant. At ABC we would call each other on our shit all the time." Later, Mel came out as a lesbian, going on to play with Team Dresch and the Butchies.

Although ABC reflected the broader New York hardcore scene in that girls were in the minority, the girls that did go to the matinees felt safe there. "At ABC, girls could go in the pit. It wasn't violent. There weren't people beating each other up," recalled Mel.

Stay tuned for part two in next month's MRR!

Photos this page: Chris Boarts

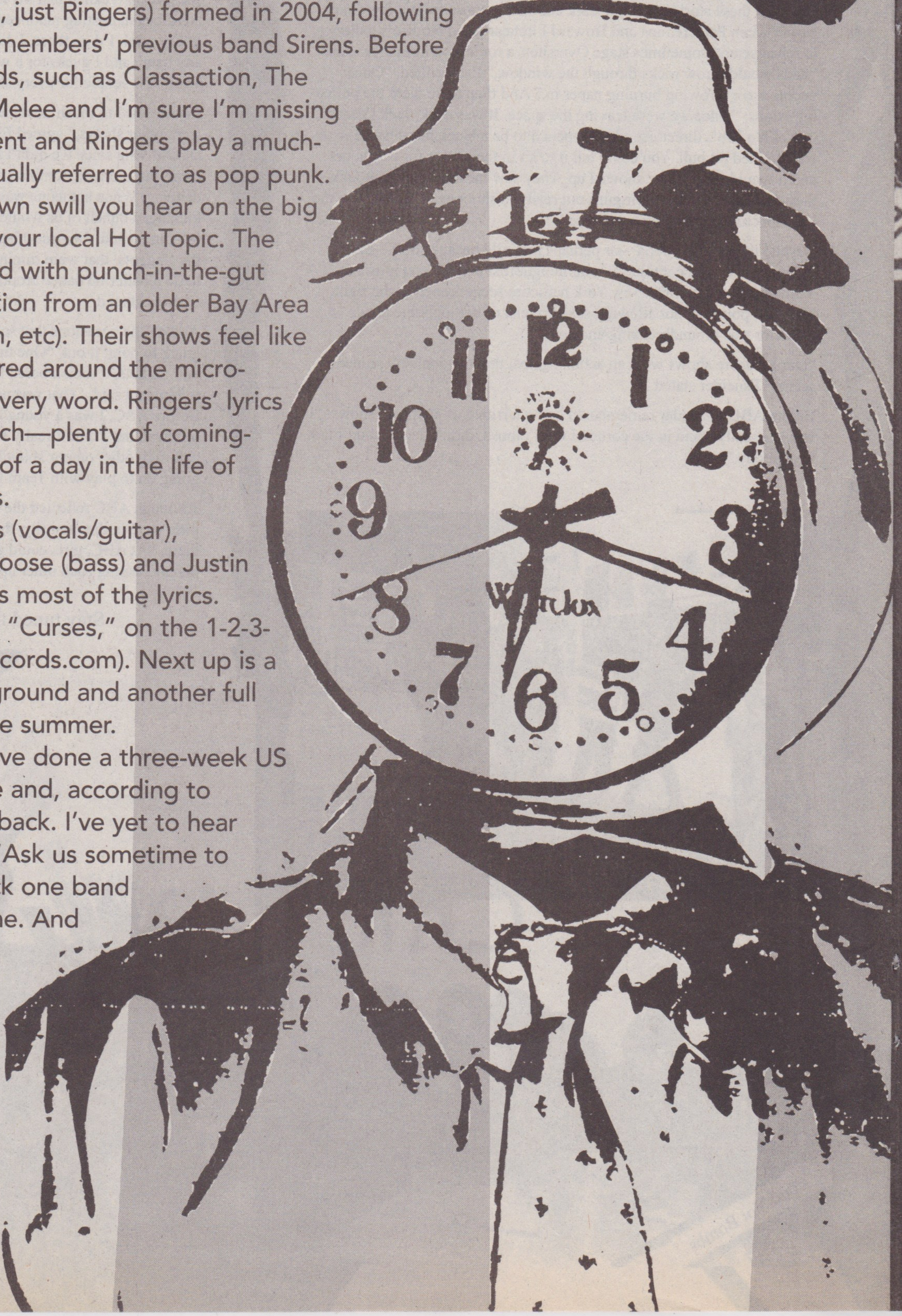
RINGERS

Ringers (not THE Ringers, just Ringers) formed in 2004, following the demise of most of the members' previous band Sirens. Before that, there were other bands, such as Classaction, The Vigilantes, The Insurgent, Melee and I'm sure I'm missing a few…but this is the present and Ringers play a much-maligned form of music usually referred to as pop punk. But it's not the watered-down swill you hear on the big corporate rock tours or in your local Hot Topic. The songs' melodies are merged with punch-in-the-gut energy, taking their inspiration from an older Bay Area sound (Crimpshrine, Fifteen, etc). Their shows feel like a group hug, people gathered around the microphone singing along with every word. Ringers' lyrics take a personalized approach—plenty of coming-of-age themes, a snapshot of a day in the life of the mid-20s band members.

The four Ringers are Ross (vocals/guitar), Fernando (guitar/vocals), Goose (bass) and Justin (drums/vocals). Justin writes most of the lyrics. They've released an album, "Curses," on the 1-2-3-4 Go! label (www.1234gorecords.com). Next up is a single on Art of the Underground and another full length on 1-2-3-4-Go! by the summer.

Since this interview, they've done a three-week US tour with Bent Outta Shape and, according to Justin, they just barely got back. I've yet to hear all the details but he says, "Ask us sometime to hear just how much bad luck one band can have in such a short time. And with Goose finally out of a North Dakota prison, you can ask all of us!"

I interviewed Ringers in the courtyard at MassArt on September 24, 2005. Interview, introduction, and photos by Al Quint.



MRR: Let's get the boring stuff out of the way first. Why don't you give me a short history of the band. I know most of you were in Sirens before. And of course, Ross, I remember Classaction and the classic song "Stop Making Punk Rock Suck."
Ross: Yeah. I was 16. *(laughs)*

MRR: So does punk rock still suck?
Ross: Yeah, yeah. Totally. Definitely. But that's a way longer interview. But how Ringers started—me, Justin, and Goose were all playing in Sirens and the guy who was playing bass, Nate, wanted to move to Poland by way of Africa. So after he left, it felt like a bad idea to just get another bass player, so we just started a new band.
Justin: We started with me, Nate, Ross, and Barton and then Barton left and then when Nate left we decided to change the name. I worked at Toscanini's with Fernando all summer and every song he put on when we were working together, it was like it's my favorite song. So I told him we should play in a band together. It was all happening at the same time—Sirens breaking up and this idea to play with Fernando. We started a year ago, I guess.

MRR: There's some continuity there because Sirens and Ringers are both sound-oriented names.
Justin: Names are an impossible thing. Most bands have awful names. You're just trying to get a decent name, I think. My theory was what if you created your own slang word for people who are... sort of going with this idea of how punk rock is almost like a curse so there's this group of people who are sort of walking around with their ears still ringing and it's sort of like this haunting. You can't escape punk rock. I don't think any of us can. But it can also be a wonderful thing, obviously. It's not completely negative.

MRR: It's definitely a mixed bag.
Justin: Yeah. So it's sort of like this idea of people walking around with their ears still ringing.

That show the other night at Re:generation was the best night of my life. I walked home that night so alive.

MRR: Justin, when I was looking at the album, I noticed that you wrote most of the lyrics. Is that going to change at all? Are the rest of you going to be contributing more lyrics in the future?
Fernando: Justin just writes the lyrics faster, I think. He has a notebook full of them all the time. He's always jotting them down.
Justin: I don't know. I think everybody's open to contributing ideas. I feel like bands gravitate towards what they're naturally inclined to do. So if you were somebody who was inclined to write lyrics and you're always writing lyrics, you're going to wind up writing a lot of the lyrics. If you're inclined to write lyrics once in awhile, then it'll just naturally work out that way. I don't like being in bands where it's like, no you can't do this, this is my thing but I also tend to normally like bands where it's usually one person's lyrical vision.

MRR: Do you find it odd having someone else sing your lyrics and, Ross, do you find it odd singing someone else's lyrics?
Ross: Uh, yeah. I'll tell you, though; it always works out where it's stuff that I agree with. But there's one song, "Hope St.," the song that he sang. I couldn't sing those lyrics. It was about a girl and Jeiven [Ross's girlfriend Sue] would find out. *(Laughter)*

MRR: "Is this about me, Ross?"
Ross: Yeah, it'd be about this other girl from New Jersey and she'd go, "What the hell?"
Justin: It's a story.
Ross: In which the main character is a girl.
Justin: That's true. (More laughter and we decide to move on.)
Goose: One thing I've noticed about your lyrics is it seems like there are some consistencies, even with Sirens lyrics into the Ringers' songs. I've always thought that was kind of cool. It works as like a document.

MRR: What kind of consistencies?
Goose: It seems there are a lot of recurring things throughout the record: phrases and stuff.

MRR: I did notice that. A theme I kept coming across was the whole coming-of-age thing. Being stuck between the youthful idealism of being a teenager and the reality that hits you when you get to be 23 or 24. I went through it!
Fernando: Yeah, 'cause we're in our mid-20s now and it's just really strange. I find myself looking back a lot, especially now, on my teenage years. Not so much thinking how awesome it was but trying to figure out what it meant and how it makes me who I am today.

MRR: So what did it mean, Fernando? How old were you when you played in the Vigilantes? You were really young.
Fernando: We were all between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. We were really young.
Ross: I think it's certainly an awkward time. It's definitely an awkward age to be at. It's like, oh fuck, we love punk and we love DIY but, at the same time, you're getting older and you're settling into a routine. I run a business now and punk has become my life at this point. I do very little besides that. I escape to sports and news and stuff but, really, all I do is listen to punk records, talk about how that record sucks that record is awesome *(laughs)*.

MRR: I worked in music retail for twelve years and you definitely needed to find an outlet to get away from it a little bit.
Ross: It's so touch and go for me right now. Like that show the other night [at his store Re:generation Records] was the best night of my life. I walked home that night so alive.

MRR: It was totally a reaffirming show. This was the Toxic Narcotic show at Re:generation that we all went to. I agree with

you. I've been feeling like shit for two weeks and, after that show, it's a reaffirmation.

Ross: Yeah. And the very next night, there was another show at the store and it was a total bummer. I left that show being just as frustrated and bummed out as I'd been that whole week. I feel so bi-polar, so on-edge where I'll this great day because one thing happened and then someone will just say something in passing and I'll be totally bummed out and feel like everything I'm doing is completely futile.

Justin: The tricky thing is we just went on tour for two weeks and I hadn't toured in almost two years. So I think what we're coming to realize is those more affirming moments of punk, for me, are getting more scattered and a little more spaced out. They still come around and I found myself, on tour, having to really grapple with... I don't want to be this older, burnt-out guy who kind of doesn't want to be there. I don't want to be that person. So you have to be more active in your reasons for why you're still here and what you're doing and what you're trying to get out of it and actually talk about those things because, otherwise, I think you can kind of settle into a rut. We're also in this sort of weird middle ground where we're getting older and have been playing in bands for years and years but I don't think any of us are attracted to this like... well, here's our chance to make a ton of T-shirts and sell all our T-shirts and go on the rise to getting out of, whatever... I don't know.

MRR: "Teeth of the Beast" was kind of about that, right? The age-old "I won't sell out" issue is what I got out of that.

Justin: Yeah but I wanted to write about it in an interesting way. That was an experiment in writing an almost snotty kind of punk song, which I don't tend to do. *(Laughter)*

And the part that sticks out about that song is... we came of age in punk when punk was already sort of being co-opted and that wasn't completely all bad because, for some of us, that's how we got into punk. But, at this point, I see these music videos of these awful, awful bands who resemble the way I dress. It's like a character assassination. That's a really weird experience.

Fernando: To show your identity, you have to dress like a jock or something.

Justin: Where we draw some of our energy is I still feel like we're sort of these goofy, fucked-up punk kids and we're not going on this path of what I probably should be doing or I'm expected to be doing. Even in the punk scene, it's like, now that you're this age, you form more mature bands. It's the curse.

MRR: It took me a long time to realize that because, when I was in my late 20s, I had a chance to get some "music biz" type jobs with record labels. I wasn't ever in a band that went anywhere but I was on the other side, in retail, and I had a chance to take a job with a label. But I really felt like I'd be whoring myself out there and it would ruin any love for music so I said "fuck it" and decided to continue on my own path. But there's one line that stuck out on that song—"Everyone that I meet is a closet fascist." Why don't you explain that one a bit?

Justin: Well, like Fern was saying, I always have these notebooks and, basically, the songs always come from ideas strung together in notebooks. The original line was "all my friends are closet fascists." Then it was "everyone that I meet is a closet fascist. I live in a closet." I think that the perspective I'm always sort of writing from is trying to keep in touch with walking around all day feeling very alienated and then feeling alienated from punk so then you've totally got an isolated feeling

MRR: Yeah, you don't know where to turn!

Justin: That's always from what I tend to draw from in lyrics because, when I was getting into records, I never got into this, "We're in this together, we're all fighting together." That wasn't how I was feeling on a daily basis. It's trying to be snotty and being extreme but all these things are lurking underneath it. There are all these really closed minds everywhere.

MRR: Oh yeah, especially in the punk scene.

Justin: I'm just trying to stay in touch with my alienation from basically everything but, also, keep it interesting. Also, I'm trying to have fun with the lyrics. Like "I live in a closet." I did live in a closet.

MRR: Ross, on "Horseshoes and Handgrenades," you talk about being "23 going on 41." So are you feeling your age a bit there?

Ross: It's this funny thing, like where doing the spaces that we've done. Doing that warehouse and now doing this space at the store where so many people always want my help and I'm always extending myself and I'm feeling like a dad. All of a sudden, I'm an authority, like, "Hey, don't drink there," "put that beer in a cup" and all this other stuff so I feel like this old man. But it's like usually the kids are older than me or not that much younger than me but now I feel like I'm twice my age. But, at the same time, I'm still a goofball and I'm still doing all these dumb things and getting in trouble. It's a very tearing feeling.

Justin: We had a coming home show at the Fenway [rehearsal space] and, afterwards, Ross and I went for a walk and it was a very meaningful talk to me. It was very emotional. Maybe I'm going back to answering the question about how we got started playing together but Ross is somebody who gives a lot to people and it's part of your natural personality and it's also part of the fact that you feel someone has to step up and do it but I also feel like it totally burns you out. It's a really tricky thing.

MRR: Completely. I'm really grateful you were able to get that going because

Boston has needed something like Re:generation for a long time. For those who don't know, it was originally at a warehouse space down in Dorchester and you guys spent the whole summer ('02) putting that place together and it got shut down after a month. Did you ever feel like you weren't going to give it another shot after that?
Ross: I mean, for all intents and purposes, it ruined my life. At the same it got shut down, I got fired from my job and I had live in my friend's closet for a winter and collect unemployment and just basically be a loser. Bum nickels and steal change from the people who were living there so I could go get coffee. So then it was like, what am I going to do? I've got a chance to go to college. My old man teaches at Berklee and I got an opportunity to try out for a scholarship and I did and I maybe made it through half a semester and it's like, I don't want to do this. I don't want to be some college guy. What am I going to do with a career in music? What am I going to do being a guitar player or a singer? That's not a career I want to have. The only thing that I'm ever good at and the only thing I ever felt accepted at is doing punk.

All I want to do is play in bands and do this record store and have fun and be alive.

MRR: Finding a way to hopefully survive doing something you love. That's the ultimate, isn't it?
Ross: Right. And I left home when I was sixteen and the older kids took me in and let me live at their house and it's just been my whole life. What I'm driving at is every time I try to step outside of it, I feel like what am I doing? Maybe I shouldn't have this automatic response. Maybe I should be thinking about what I want to do. I can't think of anything else. All I want to do is play in bands and do this record store and have fun and be alive. Sometimes, you get the life-affirming shows, sometimes you get bummed out. But, Re:gen, it's Sue, too... she never gets as much credit and, also, there are so many great kids who help out, like Ryan Abbott, who drove us here and Crusty Tim. There's a great group of people who help out.

MRR: Sue's the real brains involved. There's no question about it. She's been involved for years and she's definitely an amazing person. OK, next question. On "Old Bands," I'm quoting here: "I was a teenage activist, but no one loved rules more than those anarchists." Why don't you explain that one.
Fernando: That's one of my favorite song lyrics on the record.

MRR: I love that too. I detect a total sense of detachment. Once again, conflicting emotions that you want to hang onto your idealism but you're also dealing with the reality of things.
Justin: Obviously, I got into punk and I got into the political aspects of punk. From there, I got into radical activism and radical politics. The problem was, immediately you wind up in this in this activist scene, this protest movement scene and a lot of aspects of it were really discouraging to me and, furthermore, didn't feel particularly liberating. It's that disconnect between these radical ideas and what felt like...

MRR: Autocratic elements?
Justin: Certainly. And the more interesting, creative and liberated people I've met have not necessarily come from those who are attending the most marches and rallies. I have friends who are artists who aren't even into playing music but different types of artistic media. That's a real source of conflict for me because I do have these ideas and these feelings of the world in both macro and micro sense. The greater picture and the world around me but what I'm starting to realize now... especially on tour, for some reason I was getting in touch with more radical literature again... I realized that I used my dissatisfaction with a lot of people about activism as an excuse to drop out of doing anything. Almost being like, "Well, I'm an artist. That's cool. I'll just do my art." I think I'm at a point where to figure out a way to incorporate some way to act upon these beliefs that gets beyond myself. Then again, I'm just trying to have fun. Sort of like in "Teeth of the Beast," I'm trying to do it in a fun way. There's too many rules. Actually, I think I'm paraphrasing an Orchid song. Some of the lyrics I was never crazy about but some of them were really good and one of them was "there's too many rules to anarchy" or something like that. That's cool. Let's look for something that has even less rules than that, where you're totally free and that's how you get into art and discover art. I think I'm just trying to look for a balance.

MRR: I mean, I have progressive ideas and ideals but I often get frustrated with so-called progressive groups because they're always fighting with each other over one minor point or another and they lose sight of who the real enemy or what the real problem is.
Justin: Yeah. And I also feel like I don't want be part of any movement that forces me to hang out with people that I really don't like and forces me to do things like... this forced sort of fun. Forced community. You find community with the people you're going to find community with.

MRR: On "For Argument's Sake," there's a line that says: "We scream and shout but we never make a sound." Kind of a similar thing, I suppose.
Ross: I wrote that. It's pretty self-explanatory. You play all these shows and it's really this self-important thing where practicing is fun and you're having this great time and then you'll play a show and people are just standing there and you feel really awkward.

MRR: But I've seen you in Boston and people seem to be into it. How did it go out on tour?
Fernando: It was a different tour for me. It was the first time I'd ever gone on a straight-up DIY tour and I guess I had a misconception of it. Not so much in a negative way but a general misconception of the DIY scene. With Vigilantes, we always did club tours and played actual venues with a sound guy and you had to show up on time and had to deal with all these guys and it was kind of a hassle. On this tour, I got to meet a lot of these different people that Justin would talk about and Ross would talk about in all these cities. All these wonderful people fed us everyday. We never got that on a Vigilantes tour ever. It was really reaffirming and I had a wonderful time and I'm really glad I got to experience

the community. I can't wait to meet more people. Even for someone like me, who has trouble meeting people—I'm kind of a shy dude—people were able to see that and worked around it and it was really great and I had a really wonderful time. I think the most important thing is we've been able to have a really good time with each other. We get along really well. This is the first band that I've been where it's worked so well.

I thought it would be interesting to write a song about homophobia but not write a "fuck homophobia" song. That's the thing about having politics and trying to present them in an interesting way, to keep them relevant...at 25, I don't need to hear a song like "fuck homophobia" but those are issues that are still relevant to me.

Goose: What I loved most about this tour was I loved being in the van with everybody. I think part of that comes from we all live in different places.

Fernando: I think the tour was the most we've ever hung out with each other.

Justin: Like I said before, me and Ross have done a lot of touring and played a lot of the same towns and same places and it's definitely interesting for me to figure out what's keeping me going and what has changed. Certain conversations I had when I was 19...it's hard at 25 to have those same conversations with the same enthusiasm. But we played this show in Athens and we got there and we were all kind of burned out and tired and we wound up playing twice. It was a wonderful night. We went swimming. The other thing, too, is I think one of the real benefits of touring and playing more intimate places...a lot of times, they're not that intimate and that's the problem. You're playing a house but it might as well be a club because there's just that atmosphere but it gives the potential to really connect with people and I think that's why we keep doing it. The moments are getting less frequent but they're still there.

MRR: One more song to talk about. Explain "Who Killed Darby Crash." It's kind of an oblique song, in a way.

Goose: This is a long explanation.

Justin: Once again, it's pieced together from different notebooks, but I got it from reading *Lexicon Devil* and reading *We Got The Neutron Bomb* and trying to seek out. Part of it is definitely I'm creating a certain narrative that may or not completely have been there but trying to draw out...Brendan Mullen talks about it in the book about Darby being a closet gay person in the scene. At the inception of the original LA punk scene, it was a lot more free and open.

MRR: It came from more of an arts community, but when the hardcore thing started happening, a lot more tough-guy jocks came in and were a lot more homophobic.

Justin: Right and it became a place that, all of a sudden, much less welcoming to women and gay people. I almost thought that was a sort of dramatic moment where you can almost feel this new thing coming in that's going to totally close off all of punk's openness. I say a lot to be inflammatory. I don't like hardcore. It's not completely true but I say to spark conversation about the way that hardcore seems so rule-based where at least punk sort of feels a little more open. I also thought it would be interesting to write a song about homophobia but not write a "fuck homophobia" song. Write a song that uses images that are a little more interesting or drawing out a story. It was almost trying to bring a narrative of that hardcore thing emerging and that fear you would have if you were different. That's the thing, too, about having politics and trying to present them in an interesting way, to keep them relevant...at 25, I don't need to hear a song like "fuck homophobia" but those are issues that are still relevant to me.

MRR: You said you wanted to tell me a story about the van?

Ross: We had this great van. We got it before we opened the store. It was this 1990 GMC Safari van and we got it for $500 out of the want ads. It was the best van. I loved it so much. It was like an old shoe. The windows didn't roll down and there were no seats *(laughs)*. We took it on tour and it was going great. Then we were driving from Tallahassee to Richmond overnight and the muffler fell off and all this other stuff fell off and it started stalling out. Everyone was really bummed that I kept pulling over and starting the van and I said "we're going to make it, we're going to make it, only 30 miles to go" and then the radiator cap blew up. So we got our AAA free tow to the place we played and we played this show and, afterwards, we stole our own van. It was a pretty sad sight. We tried to steal the radio out of it. Our middle class suburban background came out with me and him trying to steal a radio. We left it in a ditch and walked back through all these alleys with the license plates tucked in our pants.

MRR: Anything I missed?

Justin: I just want to say that I think what makes this work and why I'm really happy to be in this band is we would drive around in the van and all the stuff we listen to is what we've listened to since we were fifteen or sixteen and, at times, we were all singing along to these records we've been listening to for ten years. It kind of hit me that I don't know where I could find another group of people who could sing along to these records and still mean it and I would actually still like and respect the people who I was with. I'm sure you could find people who would sing along to some of these pop punk records that we were singing along to but they're probably not into what I'm doing. So I feel very lucky to have this group of people who are in a very similar situation to me, which is still loving a lot of these things and also feeling cursed by them...

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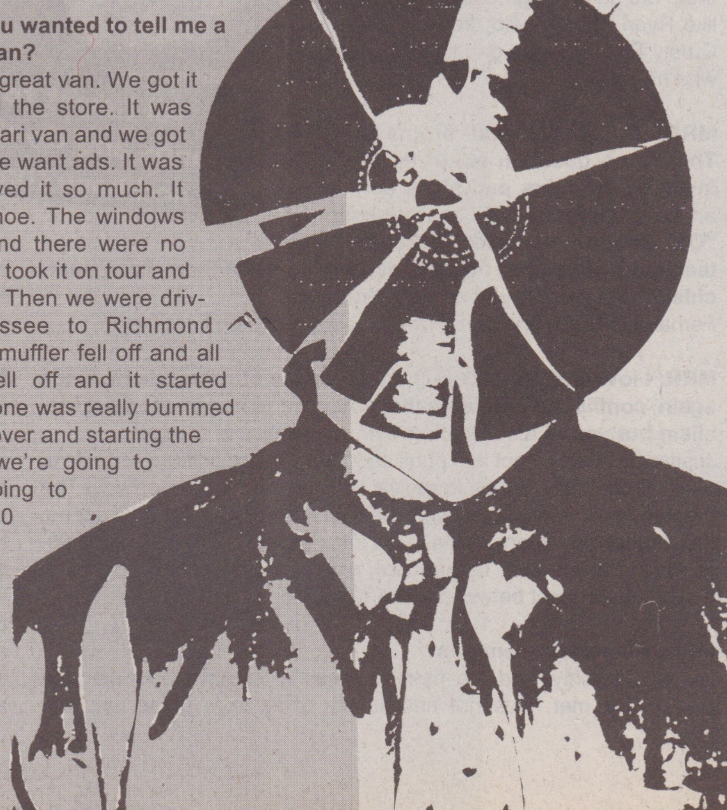


First Missbrukarna gig, June 1980. Photo published in a local newspaper.

MISSBRUKARNA

an interview with Rolf Revålt

Missbrukarna is a band at the intersection of two of my obsessions: early '80s Swedish hardcore and the invention of hardcore itself. The first band on the seminal "Really Fast" compilation LP, Missbrukarna may not be as well known outside Sweden as other bands on that record, but in Sweden the band has many diehard fans. Collectors know that their split EP with Panik is one of the rarest Swedish hardcore records; one of its songs was included on "Bloodstains Across Sweden #3" LP. Rolf Revålt was a founding member of Missbrukarna, but he also played in Dagens Ungdom, a band now labeled "DIY" due to their appearance in Johan Kugelberg's list of the top 100 DIY records published in *Ugly Things* magazine. Rolf also has played in a few other bands, such as Rolf & Revoltorerna and Swinehood, and, still active in the punk scene today, he has written many songs for Totalitär. We talked via e-mail in late 2005 about Swedish punk as he has witnessed it over the last 25+ years.

Interview and introduction by Stuart Schrader.

MRR: First, what does Missbrukarna mean?
Rolf: It means The Addicts or The Abusers.

MRR: Now, let's begin with history: first came The Turfs. What was their sound like? When did that band start?
Rolf: The Turfs came first; our sound was very sloppy. We were not the best musicians, and it was the first band I played guitar and sang with (I had been playing drums in punk bands like The Källare and Massgrav). The other two members were Hasse on drums (*very* sloppy! He later sang in Missbrukarna) and Mats on guitar and vocals. Mats and I alternated between guitar and bass and lead vocals. (Mats also played in The Källare and later in Missbrukarna). We also had a guy called Bullen, not from the beginning but he sang occasionally. He later had a punk band called Faktor 4; I played drums in that band. Well, this sloppy band started some time in 1978 and the first song we ever played was "Boredom" by The Buzzcocks. We had lots of songs! I think there wasn't a rehearsal without some new tune. We did our own songs but we also had lots of covers. We covered The Standells, The Seeds, 13th Floor Elevators, McCoys (YES! We were aware of those old punk garage sounds—two of us had that *Nuggets* double album on Elektra). My main influences were The Stooges (covered by The Källare), MC5—still are!—Ramones, Runaways, The Twinkeys, Buzzcocks, and several others. We also had an improvised tune called "Attackera Mig" (Attack Me); it was played different every time. I remember one take sounded very similar to what Napalm Death later achieved! Sometimes we also improvised the last tune at the rehearsal (it could be that old tune "I'm a Man" or something) and it reached out to be between twenty or on one occasion forty minutes long! So we were influenced by everything from '60s garage and pop to bands from the new punk/new wave era. And we could also be a bit "experimental." And primitive! And we all bought lots of records! Still do! We were big fans of Kriminella Gitarrer. I think they're among the best Swedish punk bands ever! In The Turfs I even wrote a tribute song to their singer called "Stry Terraries Glasögon" ("The Glasses of Stry Terrarie" because he had written a tune called "Anna Greta Leijons Ögon" meaning "The Eyes of Anna Greta Leijon").

The Turfs, 1979. Rolf in mask.

The last gig we played as The Turfs (we only did two gigs) was in front of an audience of about 500 people and it was one of the worst live experiences I've ever had! It was a total disaster! Everything went wrong! The crappiest sound I've ever heard! The guitar amplifier sounded like one big *BBR-RRRRRRRR*... I was so ashamed after that gig; it was embarrassing to go out of the backstage area and face all the people. But one nice punk named Pungen thought it was a good gig! He had seen a crappier gig with Ebba Grön (then the biggest punk band in Sweden). That last concert with The Turfs was in early 1980. So we decided that the best thing we could do after that terrible event was to change the name of the band.

...And so came the mighty rise of Missbrukarna. We now had Hasse on vocals and a guy called P-G on bass and a guy named Johan on drums. In fact, after some consulting, I found out that Johan actually played drums on that disaster gig and on that occasion we had two singers: Hasse and Bullen. We kept some of the tunes from The Turfs but wrote a lot of new songs. We wanted to sing only in Swedish (in The Turfs, we also sang in Swedish but as I said we had lots of covers) and we wanted to play more punky—faster! We also wanted our concerts to be high energy, to move around, not stand still, like all the other bands in this little town. When we rehearsed we trained ourselves to thrash around. It was quite hard, but at least we tried! It didn't really matter if we missed some notes—it was more important to be fun to look at.

The Källare, 1979.

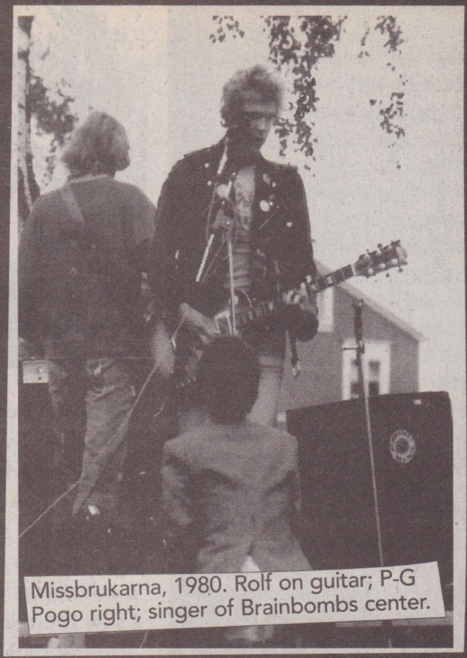
We did our first gig as Missbrukarna early the summer 1980, and it was a success! I don't think we ever did another lousy concert after that! Missbrukarna played their last gig in 1988. We had a long stop after the recording of our cassette and we did one gig in 1987 and that last one in 1988. At those gigs we had two new members, Gacken (used to play in a band called Rymdgrisarna, which means Pigs in Space) on bass and Lennart on drums. Earlier Lennart had played in Totalitär; you can hear him on their demo EP. He also played organ in The Bangsters, where I drummed. The Bangsters released some records on the French New Rose label, and the guy playing guitar and singing actually played bass on Missbrukarna's *Krigets Gentlemän* tape. He also played bass in Rolf & Revoltörerna. Now he lives on his own country-tinged music, under the name Sigge Hill. At those later gigs, I played guitar and Hasse screamed. We were more hardcore than ever at those two gigs. We played faster than Totalitär, man! We had a pack of new hardcore tunes, some of which Totalitär later recorded. I should also mention that I also drummed with Missbrukarna. Our drummer Johan moved back to his old hometown of Stockholm so I had to sit in. He only played on our EP.

MRR: Was Panik a totally separate band from Missbrukarna? How did you end up doing a split 7" with them?
Rolf: Panik was a totally separate band from Missbrukarna. They mostly played covers and they were really a rock 'n' roll band. They made some punkier tunes for that EP. The Forsa Ljud record label and studio wanted to do a record with two popular bands from this town of ours, and that's how the split EP happened.

MRR: Do you have any crazy stories about playing in Missbrukarna? Did you have wild live shows? What bands did Missbrukarna play with?
Rolf: No, and this is boring. Nothing special happened at our gigs! Well, once someone shut off the electricity when we played but the tune was almost finished, so it didn't really matter. When we were interviewed at the local radio station, they actually played that incident, because someone had recorded the concert on a portable recorder. I really wish I had that live tape! We also played live on the Swedish radio program "Ny Våg," which was a classic punk show that went on for years. It was an on-the-spot broadcast and it didn't sound so great due to bad technicians. "Ny Våg" once had requested listeners to vote for the best punk tunes that year (maybe 1981) and we reached, somewhere between 25 and 30 on that top thirty list with our tune "Du Är Inte Du." Fun! As I said earlier, we tried to have wild live shows! We mostly played with local bands, but the most famous band we played with was Stockholm band KSMB (Kurt Sunes Med Berits). They liked us!

MRR: Is this the correct order of recordings: split 7", V/A *Raped Ass*, V/A *Really Fast #1*, *Krigets Gentlemen*? Were there any other recordings?
Rolf: I can't recall the correct order (whether *Raped Ass* was released before the Really Fast record). We also appeared on a tape from Peru called *La Protesta Continua* on Bakteria Tapes. It was released in 1988 and we play "Du Är Inte Du" and four tunes from our cassette. We have some songs from our tape on a compilation tape called *Syfilis 001*.

Syfilis was a punk fanzine done by a nice punk girl in the town of Nässjö, Sweden. I can't remember the year, but somewhere between 1984 and 1986. We have some rehearsals recorded and a quite boring live-in-the-studio recording, done by the Forsa Studio, and also some live recording with lousy sound quality. We have one song on a compilation tape from Forsa Studio and it's called "Jag Skiter Väl I Dig" ("Don't Give A Shit About You"). Quite good!


Missbrukarna, 1980. Rolf on guitar; P-G Pogo right; singer of Brainbombs center.

MRR: Was the *Krigets Gentlemen* cassette distributed much when it came out? It seems like many unplayed copies have surfaced in the last four or five years. Did it originally come with a lyric insert? I've seen only one copy with the lyrics.

Rolf: The cassette was distributed through the SAM distribution, as our split EP was. Well, some of the cassettes…because I had loads of them at home for many years. And that's maybe why some cassettes have surfaced in recent years. I've even seen copies of the tape being sold on the internet! We made 500 copies of that cassette. And yes! We put a lyric sheet in every one of them.

MRR: Do you remember any of the pressing information for the split 7"? It seems like one of the rarest Swedish HC/punk records. Also, do you recall why a very small number of the copies include a mimeographed insert?

Rolf: The split EP was at first pressed in a quantity of 500. There was a second press done, also of 500. I don't think there are any differences in pressings. The second press was done because the record turned out to be quite popular! I've seen some collectors saying it's very rare and pressed in just a few hundred copies, but 1,000 total were pressed. It's still rare, ain't it!? That insert was done just for the fun of it. I was at school when that EP came out around November 1980 and me and some pals copied up about 150-200 inserts at school secretly.

MRR: Missbrukarna was one of the first hardcore bands in Sweden. Early on, why did you play so fast? At what point did you realize that you were playing "hardcore" and that it was something different from the punk rock that came before it?

Rolf: Why we played fast? Well, personally I have always liked fast and trashy music. We got a kick out of it—playing fast is fun! Well, at first we were just a punk band with some råpunk [raw punk] influences. But later on when we heard faster and faster stuff we also wanted to get faster! I remember hearing "Pay To Cum" by Bad Brains (guess why we have a cowbell on some tunes on our tape?!), Dead Kennedys, UK Subs, Stiff Little Fingers, and older bands like Killjoys (UK), Users and, one of my all-time favorite bands, The Dils (their first record, I recall, had been called the first hardcore record!) And of course Weirdos! Love 'em! And Crime! And Germs! Well... Discharge!!! That Hüsker Dü live LP was a real blast!! Gang Green! Gang Green! Gang Green!!! It's hard to remember when I became aware of the hardcore term. I bought that DOA LP *Hardcore 81* early 1982 I believe and there you have that word hardcore. This punk historians all know. So maybe from there on it was more and more hardcore on our minds.

MRR: What was your initial feeling about Discharge?

Rolf: I loved to hear fast stuff and Discharge fuckin' floored me! Hasse, the singer of Missbrukarna, had bought the *Fight Back* EP because it had a circled A on it! Must be good he thought! And I was at his home and he said he was gonna play a band that he was sure I was going to dig. (This was in 1980.) And holy shit was I impressed! Fuckin' fast and raw! Short songs, short lyrics! He bought it down at the university town Uppsala and he was going to visit that city again so I asked him to buy a copy for me too! And soon I had that first 7" also. Then I bought *Decontrol.* Fantastic! I had to write a fan mail! Soon I got an answer from Cal! He had sent me a badge, a patch, lyrics, and that ready made interview they sent to people and publications interested in them. And…on the back of one of the stencils he wrote, "Thanks for your interest in the band. Good luck with your own band! Cal." Was I lucky?! I got to see Discharge live in Stockholm in 1983 and I must say I was a bit disappointed. Not that it was bad, but I had hoped for a more action on the stage. Such violent music must have a violent appearance! Maybe they were tired. Maybe they missed Bones? One thing that impressed me at that time was their drummer's hardened hair! Not one inch it moved when he head banged as he played! And their first three songs done as a medley was really a blast!

Dagens Ungdom, 1979.

MRR: What were some of the other bands playing very early hardcore in Sweden that you knew about then? Were you older than the bands like Anti-Cimex, Avskum, Disarm, etc., who became well-known outside Sweden for playing hardcore? Did you think of yourselves as separate from these bands?

Rolf: I used to visit Sundsvall in the late seventies and early eighties and there they had some really aggressive raw punk bands. At that time it was the raw punk capital city of Sweden, with bands like Massmedia, early Brända Barn, Förbjudna Ljud, Pizzoar and so on. Very nice indeed!

I bought the first Anti-Cimex EP directly when it was released and I liked them. Also I got that Sune Studs Och Grönlandsrockarna first EP. I liked that one too! I remember getting a tape from a Dutch punk with lots of US hardcore and Holland punk on it. I was impressed! And I got some Kloak Stank tape from somewhere with Swedish hardcore, so I was aware something was happening. The bands didn't come from the big cities anymore. I listened sporadically to the "Ny Våg" show and I actually knew one of the DJs from his fanzine. His name is Jonas Almqvist and he did the *Anarki & Kaos* zine, which was one of the best zines ever in Sweden! He also sang in Lädernunnan (aka Leathernun). We did feel that we were part of a new wave of bands coming, but we were not that engaged in the scene. Yes, we were some years older than the other bands at that time.

MRR: What is the story behind Rolf & Revoltörerna? Was it a one-man band? Were there other recordings in addition to the two songs on *Raped Ass*?

Rolf: Rolf & Revoltörerna was a fun thing, just a studio project. Never played live, but we heard someone had seen us play a gig down in Gothenburg?! It was a two-man band. I played drums and guitar, and sang and a guy called Swasse (he worked in the Forsa Studio) played bass. As I mentioned earlier he also played bass on the *Krigets Gentlemän* cassette. We only recorded four songs. These are: "Övervakad Tristess," "Stressad & Pressad," "Sitt Still (Där Du Är)" and "Snuff Movie." You can hear two tunes on the *Varning För Punk* boxset along with a bunch of Missbrukarna songs.

MRR: Now, what is the story behind Dagens Ungdom? This band sounds totally different from Missbrukarna or Rolf & Revoltörerna, barely even punk. How would you describe the sound and lyrics of the band? The 7" was released on a well-known label, Mistlur. How did that happen? Did the band play live?
Rolf: Dagens Ungdom was an artier band with influences from Devo, Captain Beefheart, Zappa, reggae, and the author Franz Kafka—many of the song titles were taken from his short stories and novels! In the beginning we were punkier, but as time passed it got more and more complex. I was the drummer. Lyrically it was a little quasi-intellectual. Some time after that EP was released we split. We were definitely punkier at the beginning but with a weird angle to it. We covered Albertos y Los Trios "Kill" and Sex Pistols "Holidays in the Sun" (both in Swedish), and I tried to get them to do The Dils "Class War" in Swedish but it was too punky for the other boys. Soon the singer bought a cheap Wasp synth to make the sound even weirder, and we all got into reggae. The bassist and the singer wrote most of the music and lyrics and they were really into the more complex stuff, so it all went further and further into a more musically challenging direction. I think because of that, they got rid of me and the guitarist. A few weeks later the guitarist and I heard that the band continued with two new members, replacing us with two of the most skilled musicians in town. They had even played jazz and fusion! Ugly, ugly, ugly!! Not that we cared that much because I'd rather play straight-on punk 'cause that's what's got my nerves shakin'! I don't like to have to sit and think too much about what's happening in the tunes I play! I wanna rock!! The band played quite a lot live and that record on the Mistlur label (same as Ebba Grön) happened because we sent them a tape and they liked it. Later on the band also made a crappy LP and after that they quit again, this time for real. I must admit we could be quite funny to see live and after the split I saw the band many times and they were fun! I'm still friends with these guys, no hard feelings.

MRR: What is your relationship with Totalitär?
Rolf: Oh! Totalitär! These boys ('cause they are boys, but a little older now) are some of my best friends! Very nice people (and I know Poffen is reading this! That punk bastard!!) with good taste in music and good ideas. I got to know them in the middle of the '80s. Before I got to know them, I had seen these guys at cafés, sitting and looking at new punk records they had ordered. I thought they should see my record collection! And I wondered if they knew I was an old punk musician. But I found out they knew—they had even heard some of my old punk records such as Angry Samoans, Misfits, Kraut, Faith, Void, etc. because a friend of mine had borrowed records from me and he also worked at the Forsa Studio. These Totalitär boys had done some recording there, so they got to know him and visited him and he played my records and they listened to this older stuff. But in fact they influenced me too! They were more into the newer hardcore stuff at that time and me I was a bit lost in that hardcore world. So when they gave me a mailorder list downtown one day we became friends, and I discovered lots of new hardcore bands thanks to them! When they were running out of money, they always sold records from their own collections to me, so thank you!! And later on I got to write tunes for Totalitär, and as I mentioned earlier they have recorded some Missbrukarna songs too. I'm very proud of that! I also have a hobby band together with Andreas (plays bass in Totalitär or Tottis as we call them!) and the drummer from Brainbombs, Drajan. The band is called Swinehood and we've made one 10" on the Swedish Ken Rock label. Soon there will be a 7" with eight songs also on Ken Rock. Trashy stuff! Evil!

MRR: When did you first hear the term "d-beat"?
Rolf: I have consulted some experts on this subject because it's a little bit hard to remember when you first heard an expression. We believe the term d-beat (d-takt in Swedish) first appeared in the late '80s or early '90s. One of the main characters in the d-beat world here in Sweden must be the boss of Your Own Jailer Records, Jutila. He's a d-beat fanatic and he once made a d-beat manifesto and that may be the origin of the term in this country. Also the term must have become more visible when the d-beat clones such as Dischange, Dispense, and so on raped our minds senseless! So d-beat late '80s, early '90s! Before that råpunk, mangel, råös, and maybe some Dischargetakt.

An old punk I know claims he heard the term d-beat down in Gothenburg where he lives, in the early eighties, sometime between 1982 and 1985 I believe. Seems a bit early but who knows. And other punk terms we used were the well known ones like thrash, speedcore, thrashcore, and so on.

MRR: To wrap up, do you have any plans to reissue Missbrukarna?
Rolf: Well, it's something I get asked about many times. There are many interested record labels (both American and Swedish), but I'm a very lazy person, so nothing has happened. I do think if it's gonna happen, it's gonna be on a Swedish label.

I asked Rolf about some of his favorite Swedish punk records. Here are a few of his anecdotes:

Dr. Zeke's single, "Jag Ska Aldrig Dö," is one of the best old Swedish punk songs with its powerful sound. I saw them live (not many people did apparently!) and they sucked. Old progheads playing boring music.

Of course I loved early Ebba Grön. Everyone did! Contrary to what many others think I don't think their stuff really sounds that great today. I love those early singles though, especially the first one! Great live band!

Glo – first 7". Saw them once with Lob from Göteborgs Sound singing. He was sleeping dead drunk under the mixing table right before their gig, but somehow he managed to play the gig right through! Impressive!!! He once showed his cock during a radio program (yes—radio!), and he's written some funny books too.

Grisen Skrikers two EPs were fun, and they were really great live! Saw them in Stockholm. They looked like nerds (this was before their EPs), but boy did they thrash around!

PF Commando's first LP was quite fast I thought. I saw them when they had done their second LP and they sucked. Very boring slow stuff. We screamed for faster stuff but they said something like, "Hey, we're playing rock'n'roll man." Yawn...

Rude Kids – I like everything up to that "Björn Borg" 7". They were spat on by punk society because they signed to a major label and they sang in English. Me, I didn't care. They did some very tough punk tunes!

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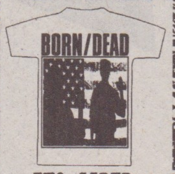

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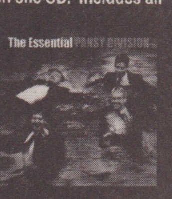

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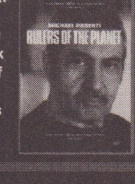

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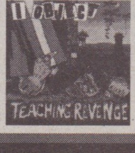

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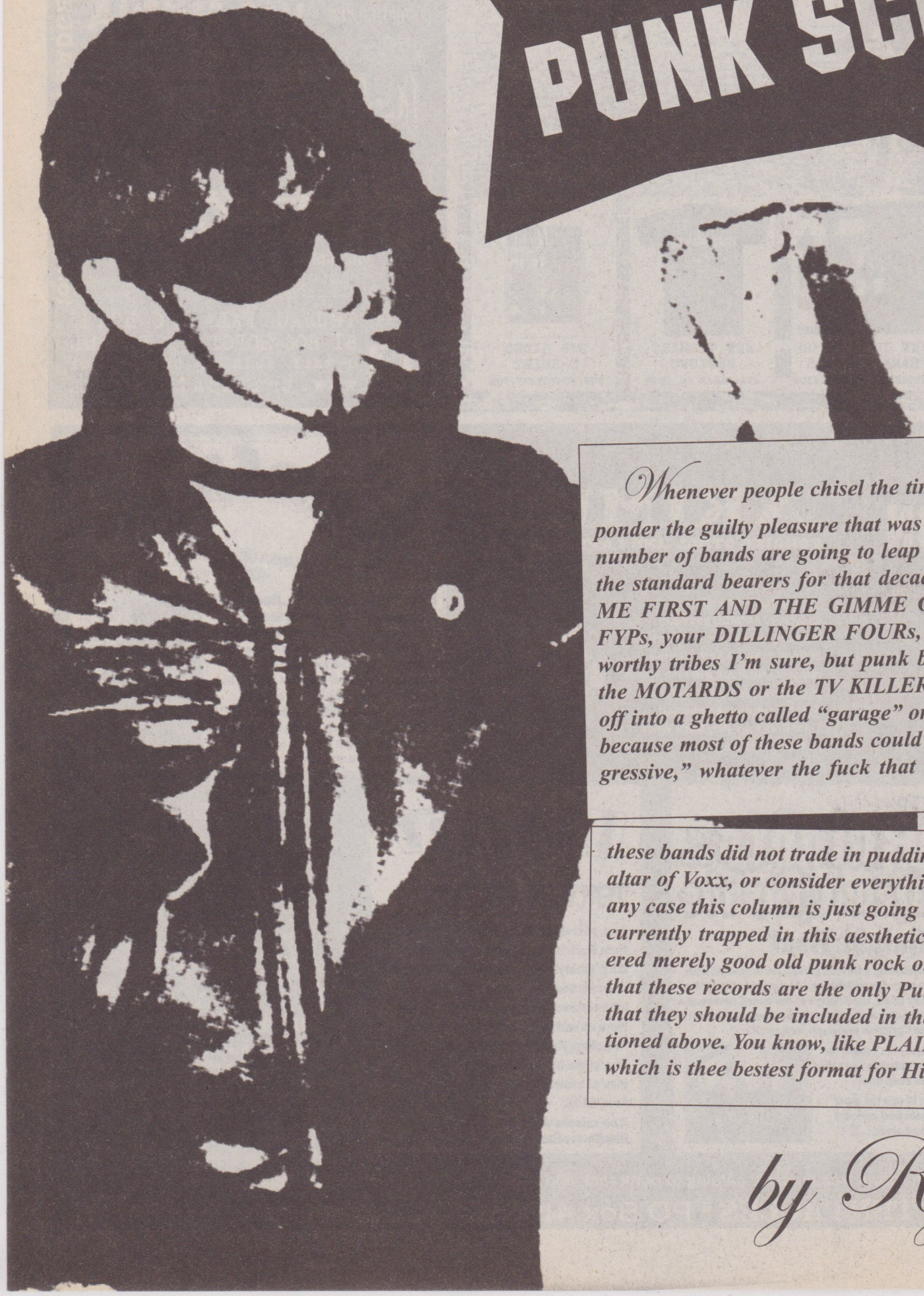
HOLY SHIT! IT'S A '90s PUNK SCUMPIT!



Whenever people chisel the time out of their workaday lives to ponder the guilty pleasure that was "punk rock during the 1990s" a number of bands are going to leap to most minds that have become the standard bearers for that decade's musical achievements: your ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES, your ASSUCKs, your FYPs, your DILLINGER FOURs, your HEROINs, and so on. All worthy tribes I'm sure, but punk bands like TEENGENERATE or the MOTARDS or the TV KILLERS were and are usually shunted off into a ghetto called "garage" or "garage rock." I suppose this is because most of these bands could be accused of failing to be "progressive," whatever the fuck that means, since I can tell you that these bands did not trade in pudding bowl haircuts, or worship at the altar of Voxx, or consider everything after 1966 to be "crap." But in any case this column is just going to run down some records that are currently trapped in this aesthetic ghetto that deserve to be considered merely good old punk rock on their own terms. I'm not saying that these records are the only Punk Rock worthies, no way, merely that they should be included in the same breath as the Giants mentioned above. You know, like PLAINFIELD. These are all 7" or EPs, which is thee bestest format for High Achievement in Punk Rock.

by Ryan Wells

YOUNG LOSERS – "All Gone/Private Affair" 7" (Young Losers, 1998)

The YOUNG LOSERS were yet another short-lived Texas band that sprang up from the ruins of a great preceding band: the two-piece DISTRACTORS, whose first EP will get a public airing later this year, promise. This self-released 7" came out in some ridiculously small quantity in 1998, all the more so for how good it is. The panic-driven mania that typified the DISTRACTORS "sound" is here sharpened up into two solid dagger-thrusts of a more conventional punk attack, but dripping with a sincere "who cares" attitude that is so purely American (take it or leave it, brother). The SAINTS cover on the flip captures the post-teen bleak desperation that fueled the original version, a serious achievement considering that the Saints are my favorite first-wave punk band.

It's strange thinking back on bands, like our friends the YOUNG LOSERS here, that played this fast and this loud still being categorized as strictly "garage" by the general punk public because their sound lacked "progressive" elements i.e. prog-metal riffs lifted from METALLICA or SLAYER records, absolutely trend-of-the-moment-driven "hysterical shrieking," boilerplate political lyrics that repeated the same arguments found on CONFLICT records more than a decade earlier, amongst other extraneous devices. Plus, wearing the *wroooong* band shirts ... alas, the unfortunate by-product of the genre police born of the mid-'80s. The human element is all that matters. I think by 2006 we've accepted the fact that much of what was widely called "garage" in the '90s had *a lot* more in common sonically with the class of 1981 than 1966.

These guys managed another 7" on Rip Off Records before melting away into the brutal Austin afternoon. Guitarist Trey now counts 'em off for the HARD FEELINGS, who put out a damn fine LP on Sympathy back in 2000.

TONIGHT – "1978" EP (Freaked Out Frequencies, 1997)

TONIGHT was yet another fantastic Japanese band, and one of the more underrated punker bands working the REGISTRATORS / TEENGENERATE vein. They only ever put out 7"ers and some comp tracks, which means that they get a little overlooked as the years mosey by. There's not a lot to say about this, it's just a powerhouse punk single (with an amazing BAGS cover) on a label that has never put out a bad 7" ... it's just that they only released one every two years or so is all. The difference maker for this EP is the production; many Japanese bands are utterly sabotaged by unsympathetic studios that suck the guts out of their sound, as most infamously displayed by the REGISTRATORS' *Terminal Boredom* LP. C'mon guys, I like that LP as much as anyone, but it has no "ass"—no bottom end. If TONIGHT had put out a full-length like this...

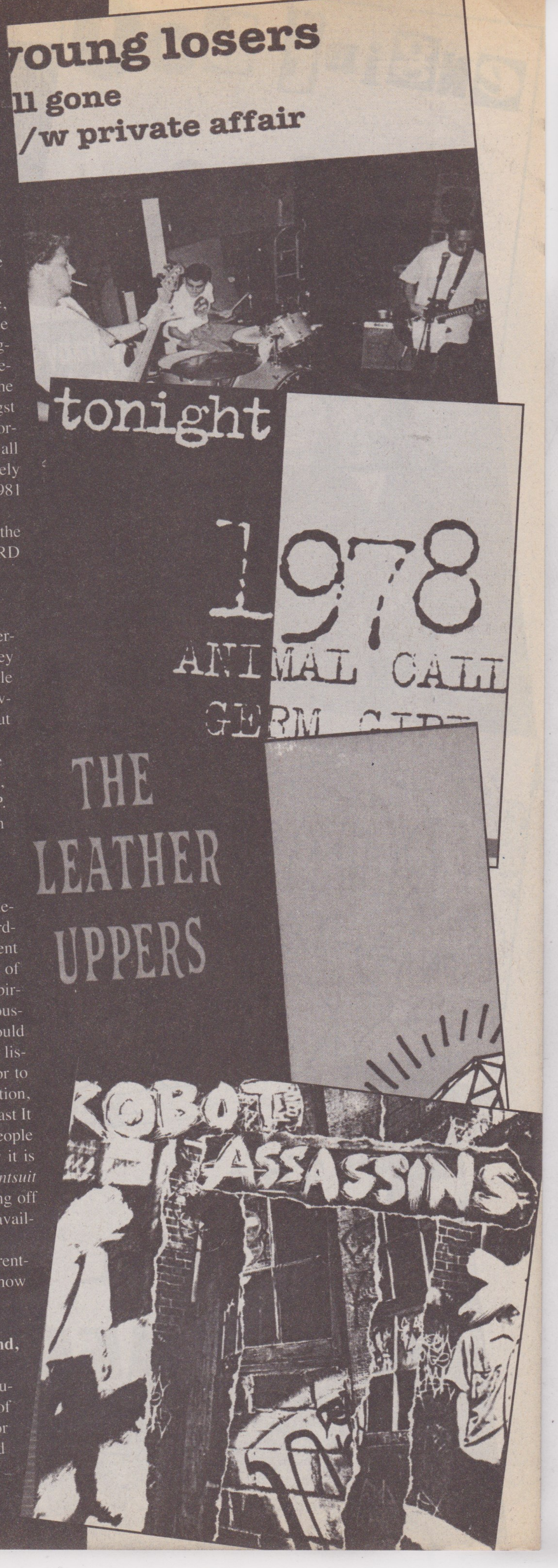
LEATHER UPPERS – "Pantsuit Party" EP (Famous, 1992)

Two-piece bands may have currently captured the hearts and charts of wide-eyed drunks across the planet, but back in the early '90s there were but a few hard-scrabble pioneers who insisted on the Less is More philosophy; your nascent BASSHOLES for one, and these Canuck bashers for two. These guys were one of the funniest bands to come out of '90s garage-punk, and take that in the right spirit folks, I'm not talking about Frank-Zappa-funny here. These guys were "seriously funny," like, the Mayor of D.C. getting-caught-smoking-crack-funny. I would draw an aesthetic parallel to a certain L.A. punk band of the early '80s, but you listeners can make the call yourselves. This is their debut disc, released just prior to their emergence as a full-fledged three piece that is their best-known incarnation, that being the lineup that ripped off the *Ok, Don't Say Hi!* CD masterwork on Past It Records whose genius necessitated an eight-years-after-the-fact *vinyl* reissue. People who like "riffs" will certainly enjoy this debut platter as well, seeing as how it is bringing off a fine balancing act between trebly punk and arty garage. This *Pantsuit Party* EP is their hardest vinyl to track down and the other tracks we're leaving off are great too, especially "Plastic Hassle," so hop to it, they are currently only available on this slice of colored vinyl.

The UPPERS, rejuvenated by the response to the 2002 LP reissue, are apparently active again at their O.G. playing weight. Hope you all made their Feb 3rd show with CAREER SUICIDE. Yup. Punks.

ROBOT ASSASSINS – "Beneath the Planet of the Apes" EP (Total Sound, 1997)

This self-released EP out of Oakland, CA, showcases a much-missed influence that started to overtly seep into the garage-level punk scene at the turn of the decade: minimalized art punk riffs. And not CABARET VOLTAIRE or THIS HEAT or LAFMS or whatever, but the more skeletal guitar-riff-oriented



bands that have been loosely lumped into the UK DIY genre in the last ten or so years, yer REFLECTIONS or the varied Fuck Off label artistes. Certainly the URINALS influence immediately jumps out at you, especially on "Smash," but it's just grin-inducing the way these cats slot it into their shotgun and hit 'play'. As it is, they come off like a more attitudinal A-FRAMES, and indeed they just preceded that band's rise to global domination.

This was their only official (and half-heartedly distributed) release, although at least an LP's worth of demos that are as excellent as these samplings is floating 'bout.

ENGINE BOO – s/t 7" (Wallabies, 1996)

Like many Japanese bands, you've got to get past the name first. ENGINE BOO...o-kaaay...This four song EP saw the light of day at probably the absolute peak of the '90s 7" saturation overkill (though you could make a case for '95), and I think this little treasure kind of got lost in the scrum. Four tracks of "Janglish" vox over fast stutter-stop punk straight out of the early '80s, and this "Miyadera" at the mic has also further added to the translational difficulties on the last track by cramming an entire BBQ'd unagi into his maw. None of that stops this bullet train from slicing that school bus clean in half, trapper keepers and condoms flying all over the tracks. Vroom! Produced by Mr. Fink of TEENGENERATE.

This here Wallabies label was a pretty consistent trademark of quality for years, hell, their first record was the debut TEENGENERATE 7". REGISTRATORS? GUITAR WOLF? TONIGHT? TV KILLERS? Collect 'em all (you, uh, can skip that MCCRACKINS one...) And, since they were pressed up in the USA, they weren't that tough to track down at the time.

PINKZ – "USA" 7" (Radio Beat, 2000)

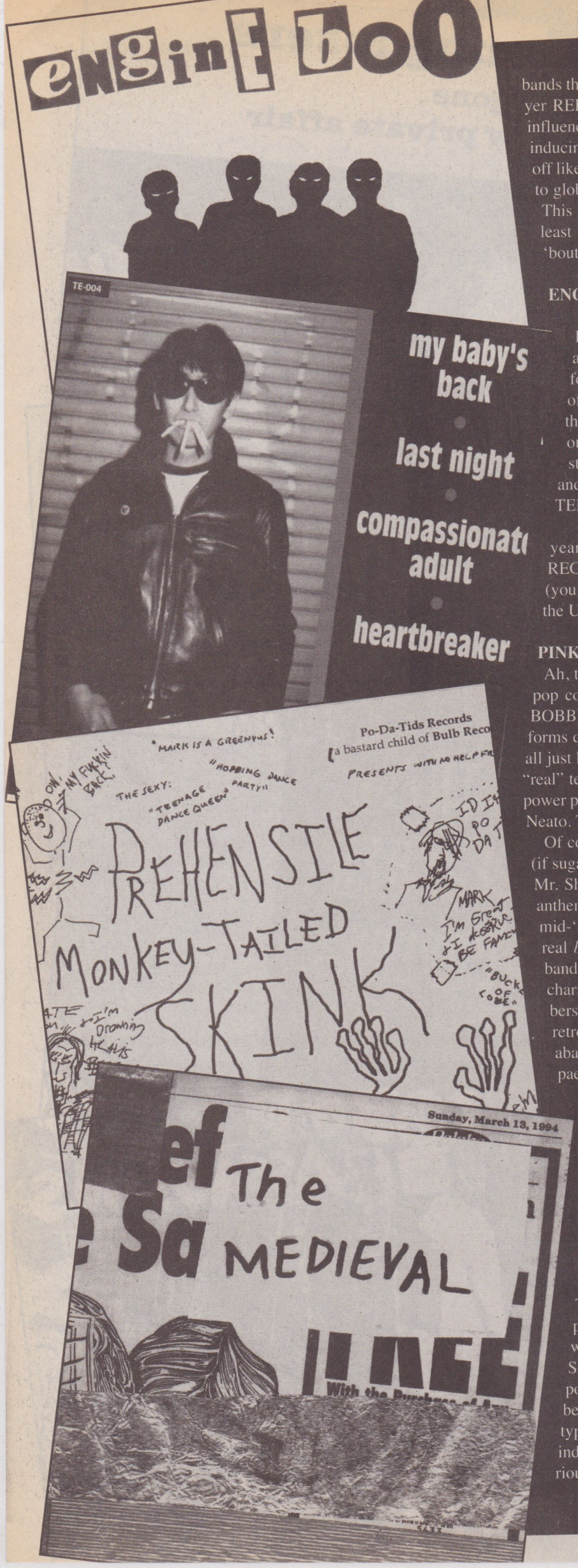
Ah, the PINKZ. Here we find one of the finest exemplars of a re-emerging power pop consensus, a process that consciously started in the USA with bands like the BOBBYTEENS in the mid-90's. Power pop and punk were mutually exclusionary forms dating from the days of early hardcore in 1981, since the skinny tie fags were all just looking to sell out while the muscle boys were all about channeling a far more "real" teenage (male) rage. Plus, they weren't political. So, a bunch of phony poseur power pop dorks got 86'd ultimately in favor of a bunch of phony poseur sweaty jocks. Neato. That's a rather condensed take, but there you go.

Of course, really great power pop dating from the late '70s was as much a violent (if sugar-coated) reaction to mid-'70s bloated rock excess as early punk was (paging Mr. Shaw) but the themes that ran through great power pop (idealized love of the anthemic kind, for one) had become the province of Top 40 synthpop hacks by the mid-'80s. What's happening on this 45 is the recasting of power pop as a club-level, real *band* experience, taking it back as a garage-level genre. There were a lot of bands doing this style by the time this 45 came out, but gosh if this isn't a real charmer, so we'll start here. This band featured ex-LOLI & THE CHONES members and both tracks on this 45 are covers in keeping with the unapologetically retro character of this scene. It was just another style that had been prematurely abandoned in the rush for fast-faster-fastest, and 45s like this were a refreshing paen to idealistically naive pop smarts in a truly "pop-punk" setting, recalling bands running from the REAL KIDS to the BEAT to the BEANS. A return to deliberate songwriting in a punk sense, if you will, absent the forced overdramatic howling clangor of the post-HÜSKER DÜ, emo-style of '90s songwriting.

The PINKZ managed another 7" on the Gearhead label a little after this, then faded away. Perhaps they weren't meant for an LP, but this 7" will do as a headstone.

RAYDIOS – s/t EP (Target Earth, 1998)

These guys sprang phoenix-like from the barely-cooled ashes of TEENGENERATE, and the general anticipation was that their next band would probably be roughly more of the same hearty gruel, just as TEENGENERATE were a general continuation of the immediately preceding AMERICAN SOUL SPIDERS minus all the *Rawk!* jizz. Surprise, the RAYDIOS took that restless power and channeled it into this EP full of hooky buzzsaw power pop, one of the best examples of Pure Pop Moderne of the decade. Most every other "punker"-type band that was attempting to fuse their RAMONES fixations with diabetes-inducing sugar frosting (see the Lookout! catalog roughly 1995-2000, most notoriously the QUEERS) was not only digging for water in the desert, they were



burying themselves in the process (MOTO notwithstanding, there are others...). The RAYDIOS actually managed to recreate everything that is great about a crackly JOLT or PROTEX 45 without fixatedly aping their heroes in the process.

The RAYDIOS turned out to be a stopgap band that was destined to evolve into FIRESTARTER, the true realization of the "New" new wave-meets-power pop project that these guys were dedicated to finishing. These RAYDIOS also have an LP on the Screaming Apple label (distributed by eBay) that has these tracks plus a batch of others just as great. This 45 also marks an unfortunate trend dating from about this time: the gradual disappearance of Japanese bands playing this type of stuff on American-label releases, or even as findable vinyl imports. I noticed that I had somehow missed a Japanese 7" release by the Raspberries-luvin TWEEZERS, why hadn't it shown up via the usual "circa '98" mailorder channels? Japanese metallic hardcore? No problem, here's a phone book full of Ami distros with the required imports. But catchy punk on a garage level? Poof, learn Japanese, fool ... The situation has calmed somewhat in 2006, but you now have to order these types of 7" direct from Japan about 98% of the time, and you have to move fast, like, the week of release. Aaaargh.

CRASH NORMAL – "Nothing I Can Tell" EP (Royal, 1998)

Was an influential record ever less influential than this one? The first EP by this French ensemble came out on Sabotage Records a year or so before this one under discussion here, and confounded me into writing a vacillating, weak-kneed review here at *MRR*. Then I got a hold of this spazz-art punk follow-up and realized what a durn fool I'd been. It was the sound of 2005 (or so), just almost a decade too soon. See, the French (well, actually, the "French" were about thirteen-and-a-half people in and around Paris) had forcibly established a sort of beachhead of garage-level punk in the early/mid '90s, when bands such as the SPLASH FOUR and the TV KILLERS started making the first truly interesting (or physically accessible, same thing) punk rock records to come out of France since early LES THUGS. I assumed I had the French take down, and that take was gut-busting rock 'n' roll with feet planted firmly in late '70s and early '80s punk sounds. "Skydog was back," metaphorically speaking, and no complaints here.

Then Royal Records put this out, a completely unexpected trip into art-punk territory that revealed a whole new side of an entire scene's possible influences. On this you get a palette of early '80s post-no-wave along with bursts of pure fuzz that recall some of the contemporaneous Japanese Psyche Moderne bands (minus wandering guitar solos, natch), all simmering in a tension and bile that immediately mutters "punque roq" in a teeth-clenched whisper. Many bands were attempting this type of thing in 1998, but they usually spoiled it with tedious prog affectations or an obvious lack of dedication to the form; that being punk action, which is our focus here. Many dozens of bands were not formed in the wake of this EP.

So Royal pressed up 200 of these, sold 'em, pressed up another 200 with a screened cover (same songs), then moved on. In the meantime, we are left with this amazing art-punk disc that sounds like it could have come out last year, which is no knock on our current adherents, it just took that long for this thing to dissolve into the Rockquifer. Drink up.

PREHENSILE MONKEYTAILED SKINK – "I Am a Gorilla" 7" (Blackjack, 1994)

It's a delicate balance, this laughing at or with dilemma. This platter, released at the height of the mainstream punk breakthrough in 1994, with GREEN DAY merrily outselling ABBA, the BEATLES and Jesus all put together, inspiring a whole new generation of jocks to laboriously master how to fasten their wallet chains to their shorts, surely would've scored a ten on their squint-meter if it had ever made the rotation at KROC. In this culturally charged atmosphere, the 'SKINKS ask "All right, how many of you out there think anarchy is better!? You're stupid! Yeaauh, yer stupid!" Cue FLIPPER/NIG HEIST-ian freakout. This is the true '90s cultural equivalent to an ESP-Disk release; it's electric folk music, it's got zero commercial appeal, the players and most of the intended audience are probably fucked up in one way or another, you can accuse it of elitism, and it is unmistakably punk, as surely as the GODZ were unequivocal freaks.

There are several different PREHENSILE MONKEY TAILED SKINK EPs floating around in the netherworld of bargain bins in several countries, and you owe it to someone to rescue them. What, are you stupid?

KING BROTHERS – s/t 7" (Bulb, 1998)

At some point in the late '90s I became a little jaded concerning garage-level punk, yes, it is true. One hyperventilating, God-fearing review after another over bands I just knew were patently mediocre had dulled the initial rush of liberating, innocent excitement that the early '90s scene had unleashed within me. For every LEATHER UPPERS and MOTARDS record, there was a LIPSTICK PICKUPS or HELLACOPTERS turd floating in the bowl of someone's Top Ten in *MRR* or *Hitlist*. For every TEENGENERATE or COUNT BACKWURDS live show there was the counterbalancing ass scratching tedium of, I dunno, the FIENDS or some local hack bluessurfsploitation outfit with about as much punk stomp as Eddie Gorme. Part of the problem was the deluge of "calling card" 45s alluded to in an earlier post, but "fake freakout frenzy" on the part of live bands was also a definite bringdownzzzz, merely a way to cover up for a lack of songs. "Please, pleeeeeeze suck our road-grizzled cocks pretty ladies, pleeeeze??"

When I was told that the KING BROTHERS, a Japanese band touring the USA with zero rep, were "fucking amazing" live, I yawned and expected another carefully observed exercise in paper tiger demolition. Uh, wrong. These fung-fu motherfuckers in white suits put on a contorted display of John Woo-styled Action Theater that had me thinking "These guys must be the stunt doubles for the KING BROTHERS, but no, they're actually playing their instruments during this." That this show went down at San Francisco's Edinbugh Castle, whose interior bears a more than passing resemblance to the interior of the brothel where the Bride-Kills-Everbody in *Kill Bill I*, is only cosmically appropriate. Thank God I thought to bring my cattle prod along to the show in order to keep them off of me, or my limp would be even more pronounced then it already is. In brief, I think I gained a better understanding of what our grandfathers went through on Tarawa and Iwo Jima. It is worth noting that the blinding galactic forces these guys were channeling that night surely contributed to the spontaneous combustion of their tour van that occurred on a local freeway later that week; perhaps then they learned not to toy with such primal energies...

So, the band's round-eye squire Mr. Pearson was in charge of these "tour-only" 45s that had come out on the Bulb label (gentlemen, please remove your hats for a moment of silence...thank you) and I gladly purchased one. The sounds transmitted below give an indication of what most everyone missed that night, but for a lucky few. They put out an LP on Bulb, then another on In The Red later, but this 7" is the most enervating example of their glassy-eyed punk roq. And I started crawling out of my anti-garage punk rut...thanks BROTHERS.

MEDIEVAL – s/t EP (Rugcore, 1994)

A mystery band on a mystery label. A one-sided jerkoff housed in folded newspaper held together with duct tape, filled with odds and bits of junk. A great first-take-better-be-the-best-take-'cause-it's-it's-the-only-take example of punk off the top of your head, three grinding, snarling tracks that sound like the shit you hear on old early '80s demo/trade cassettes of pre-thrash hardcore bands. I think the songs even have titles, but since you can't hear a word and the band shows unfathomable *arrogance* by not including a five-page folded insert with all of the really important words you are left to fill in the blanks. Pretty much the quintessential '90s toss off 45 that works because the aspirations were set at "stun" not "oeuvre." They were from San Diego, and I'm very sure there is not an unreleased four-album boxset moldering in a shoebox somewhere. This is like a grunge version of the SNEAKY PINKS 45.

That's all for now. If you would like to hear tracks from some of these records, along with bands like the SECULARS, FABULOUS ORGAN DONORS, GEEKY DORKS, and others, check out: http://static-party.blogspot.com/. There are MP3 up there for these, but they don't last long, they get taken down to make space for more of the same.

ANATOMI-71

Anatomi-71 is a Swedish hardcore band taking cues from the greats of their country's hardcore punk tradition. Spiteful vocals, burly riffs, and a pounding D-beat—along with thoughtful art and lyrics—are all markers of the Anatomi-71 sound and aesthetic. Interview by Andreas Hedberg, photos by Christer Lindbladh.

MRR: To start off the interview, could you give us a brief introduction to Anatomi-71 and tell us some bit of background stories on the band? What is the purpose of Anatomi-71? And Anatomi-71, what kind of a name is that?
Limpan: OK, we're Anatomi-71, a Swedish D-beat hardcore band that has existed since 1999, when Ulf, Pärra, and I started the band. Back then, we were a not-that-serious noisecore band with a drum machine, but after a couple of shitty demo recordings, we recruited Patrik Hultin from Burst to play the drums. Since then, the music has progressed into what we're playing now: pretty straight-on aggressive Scandinavian hardcore rock 'n' roll. We're just doing this for fun and for our personal satisfaction. We're not a career band.
Ulf: The name derives from the early days. It doesn't mean anything in particular; it's just a name.

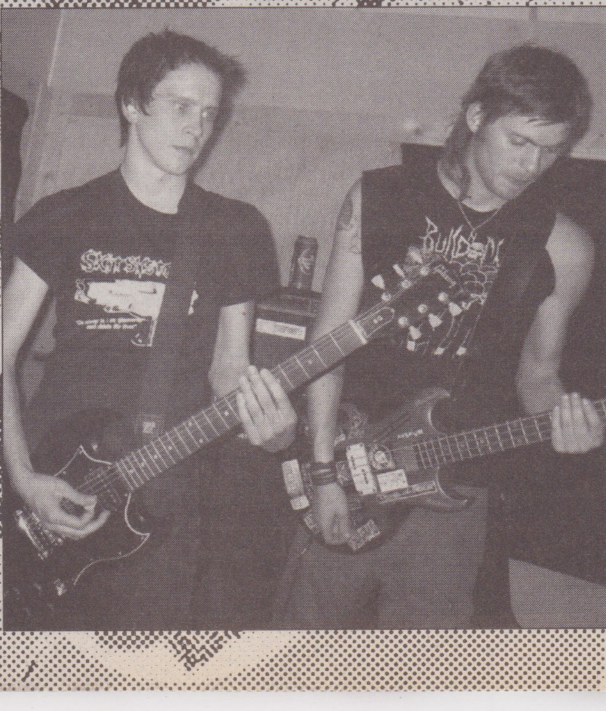
MRR: How would you describe Anatomi-71 musically, and which bands/singers inspire you on a musical and/or personal level? What other things (apart from music) influence your writing?
Ulf: We play straight-on Scandinavian hardcore, with some slower and more melodic/gloomy drug stuff, though I don't feel very comfortable with labeling or inventing new genres. It's just "käng."
Limpan: I guess that the most obvious musical influences are classic Swedish hardcore bands like Avskum and Totalitär, but also 1970s heavy rock like Black Sabbath and so on. We listen to a lot of non-punk music too, but it's hard for me to say if you can hear that in Anatomi-71. Apart from music? Well, everything I guess. Reading books, meeting people...sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Probably the same things that inspire everyone else.

MRR: Why should I listen to Anatomi-71? Do you know that there are thousands of Discharge-worshiping bastards out there who claim to be "the shit?" What do you guys have that they lack?
Ulf: It's not up to us to decide why people should listen to our music instead of some other bands.
Limpan: If you walk around claiming to be "the new shit," you're probably just a self-righteous asshole. Of course we are aware that this is a very narrow genre, with too many bands already, but we really try to keep the music interesting instead of just copying bands that are popular at the moment. As I said earlier, we're not a career band.

MRR: When I heard the *Hej Kom och Hjälp Mig* EP, it struck me that the song writing was more focused than your earlier stuff. Was that a part of your "plan" while writing for this record?
Limpan: Maybe. We didn't really have a plan, so to speak, but if you compare it to our older stuff, yeah, it's more focused.
Ulf: I guess it's just a result of our natural development.

MRR: Are the lyrics important to you? What makes lyrics good or bad? In your early days you wrote lyrics that were considered, well, "funny"—but with the last few releases that's pretty much gone. Why is that?
Limpan: For me, lyrics are a big part of Anatomi-71. Many punk bands just have stupid "war is a bad" lyrics, and I guess that's OK if they're just using the vocals as another instrument. Our ambition, however, is to keep some kind of relevance to them, without just repeating the same old clichés. For example, I don't see a reason for me to write a song about George Bush and his foreign policy: it's not like he's going to hear it. I like smart lyrics, but on the other hand it's boring when bands are trying to show off with as many academic terms as possible. I try to write in a more spontaneous way. The reason why we don't write that many "funny" songs anymore, is that we don't want to be considered a "joke" band like Anal Cunt or some other post-ironic-pseudo-grind-bullshit. I like lyrics that get you thinking. They can be about a certain topic or completely fictional—as long as they're good, it doesn't matter.
Ulf: I don't think it's a matter of us not wanting to be considered a "joke" band. It's more that we don't get that much out of writing funny lyrics about the local drunks and such anymore. I think we still have a humorous element in many of the lyrics, even though the topics are more serious nowadays. Humor can be a good way to approach heavy subjects and bring them to light.

MRR: You've put out two releases, a split 7" with fellow Swedes Radioskugga on the Halvfabrikat label, and a 7"/MCD on Putrid Filth Conspiracy and Halvfabrikat. Tell me a little about them. What's the difference between them? Do people seem to like them?
Limpan: I'm not very fond of the split w/ Radioskugga. It has a strange sound—the guitars are way too low in the mix, and I still would have preferred to make a record of our own. The split thing was Halvfabrikat's idea. The *Hej*



Kom och Hjälp Mig EP is better, and I still like the songs, the lyrics, and the cover art. It has better production too, and according to the reviews I've read, people seem to like it.
Pärra: The songs on the Radioskugga split aren't really that good, but the record would definitely sound better with a different mix, as Limpan already mentioned. Hopefully, we'll find the original recording and remix it someday.

MRR: Your record covers are not really what one would expect from a D-beat hardcore band, as they are pretty artistic and "prog rock." You design them yourself, right? Tell us a little about your ideas. Where are the skulls, the barbed wire, the war images and the suffering children?
Limpan: Well, I like 1970s record covers, as well as psychedelic posters and paintings from the early 20th century. What can I say, I'm a pretentious art-fag. It's the same thing with covers as with everything else, it's funnier to get an outlet for one's own creativity than just copying others. I don't know if they look that much "prog rock" though, do they?!

MRR: There are tons of new raw-punk bands in Sweden right now, Tragedy/ Portland crust or Discharge clones with self-pitying and suicidal lyrics. Personally, I'm quite fed up with it, but what's your opinion on this matter?
Ulf: None. It's not my business to decide what's right or wrong when it comes to other people's song writing. If it feels relevant for them, I guess it's a good thing. On the other hand, I might not buy their records.
Limpan: I can't speak for those bands, but most of all this suicidal stuff is probably just an image thing, like when everyone was supposed to be straight edge and so on (look what happened to that scene). At least, I hope it's a pose for their own sake. The problem with the so called punk-scene is that there are way too many bands, and all the shitty ones make you lose the patience to look up the good ones. Most of them are just clones imitating clones. I'm not saying we're the most original band (we're certainly not), but I don't see the enjoyment in just trying to sound like your "idols" at all.

MRR: Is there anything special you should listen for or think of while listening to your music? Is there any vibe or feeling you want the listener to experience?
Limpan: Just sit back, relax, and listen with an open mind. Play it loud and if you speak Swedish, read the lyrics. I hope people feel either enlightened or ashamed. Maybe a bit of both...
Ulf: I don't know about that "sit back and relax" thing. I would like the listeners to get more of a kick from both the music and the lyrics, and dance around the apartment in their underwear singing along. That's what I do when I get excited about intense music. But then again, there is no right and wrong when it comes to listening to music, I guess. Any way to enjoy Anatomi-71 is a good way!
Pärra: I'll have to quote Twisted Sister on that one: "Play it loud mutha!"
Limpan: I'm grateful as long as anyone cares at all...

MRR: Does everyone in Anatomi-71 have the same goals with the band, or do you strive in different directions? How would the ultimate Anatomi-71 record sound like if you were to decide?
Limpan: There's no plan, we're just going with the flow. I just hope we can keep developing in some way. It's boring when bands stagnate and start to write songs after a pre-made pattern. In some ways we're a very traditional Scandinavian käng-punk band, but we will probably broaden our sound with each release, simply because it's more rewarding. Many bands in this genre who try to do so end up sounding like His Hero is Gone or maybe Neurosis, which is boring, because there's so many other ways to go.
Ulf: The primary goal with Anatomi-71 has always been to have a good time together. We always try to be open for new ideas and as Limpan said, keep developing. The ultimate Anatomi-71 record? Probably one we had some time to rehearse for: an eclectic D-beat/space rock-odyssey, maybe. Tricky question.

MRR: It's been a while since you recorded the EP. What have you been up to since then? Is there a new release in the works?
Limpan: Yes, we have just recorded fourteen new songs that will turn out as our first proper full length LP. The working title for the album is *Mot Nya Höjder* (meaning something like "towards new heights" in English). As always, everything is really unorganized and chaotic, but we're starting to get used to it by now. The songs are in the same style as our last EP, maybe a bit rawer and more dynamic. We don't know yet who will release it or when, but keep your eyes open!
Ulf: Since we live in different parts of Sweden (Malmö, Gothenburg, and Kristinehamn), we have been busy with our own. Putto has been touring a lot with his side project Burst. Pärra is unemployed and has been spending his time playing yatzee. Linus is a full time factory worker, and I've had a year off, living like an onion. OK!?
Limpan: That's a Swedish expression...

MRR: People may not know that you released a 21 song (early demos) split CD with the electrogrinders Nemo on the UK label Rage of Achilles (now Code Breaker Records) back in 2002. What's your view on that release today?
Limpan: It sucks. It's just rubbish, a big joke. Strangely enough, it got many great reviews back when it was released. Some of the lyrics are a little funny though.
Pärra: Yeah, it really sucks, but I remember having a great time recording it in Limpan's parents' house. We consumed a lot of bananas and Julmust (Swedish Christmas soda) during the recording sessions to get the phlegm going.
Ulf: Did you have to bring that up?!

MRR: Well, that's all, I think! Any closing comments?!
Limpan: Thanks a lot for the interview. Stay aware.
Ulf: See you at onion camp!

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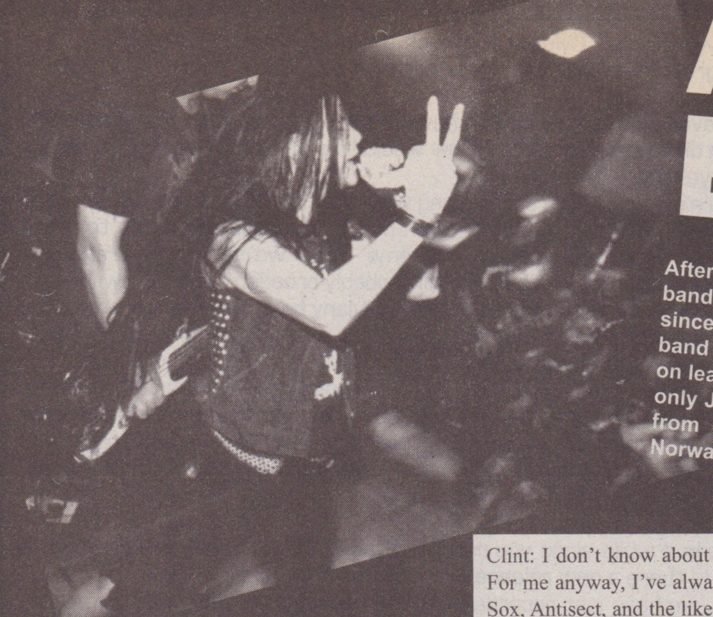
AFTER THE BOMBS



After the Bombs hails from Montreal, Canada and totally earns their band name by playing the most apocalyptic old school metallic crust since bands like Hellbastard and Sacrilege released their first stuff. The band is comprised of Janick on vocals, Jason on rhythm guitar, Stian on lead guitar, Josh on bass, and Clint on drums. I want to mention that only Janick and Jason are originally from Montreal; Josh and Clint are from Western Canada (Vancouver, Edmonton) and Stian is from Norway! Interview by Sam Inepsy.

MRR: How did you guys meet up and decide to start After the Bombs?

Janick: I met Clint and Josh nine years ago when they moved to Montreal. They were in a band that they started in Vancouver and they asked me to join a few years later, in 1997 or 1998. Jason started to hang out with us around the same time, and we started Hellbound with other people. Clint and Josh ended up joining us a couple of years later, after the loss of our guitar player. Stian moved out of Oslo, Norway five years ago to live with his girlfriend, who was originally from Montreal. We didn't start hanging out until three years ago.

Josh: Janick pretty much summed it up with her answer. The band that Clint and I formed when we moved to Montreal was called Arsecollapse, and when that band ate shit a couple of years later, Clint and I joined Hellbound. When Hellbound stopped, we decided to form another band, so we asked Stian to join and the rest is history.

MRR: It seems the "metallic crust" style has had a revival in the last few years with Japanese bands like Effigy, Zoe, and also Hellshock from USA. Are you into these bands at all?

Janick: Fuck yeah! Those bands are amazing! I've been into that style since the time I got into punk—bands like Deviated Instinct, Sacrilege, Antisect, Axegrinder, Concrete Sox, Heresy, etc. The first time I heard Nausea in 1990, I was blown away. Nobody knew that kind of band existed, here in Montreal. Sacrilege was also a big influence for me, of course.

Jay: Yeah, those bands rule, but I don't know about a "revival"—before Hellshock and Effigy, there were bands like Misery, Coitus, SDS, Extinction of Mankind to name a few, but I guess maybe now it's hip to like metal. Who knows?

Josh: I was always into the whole Japanese hardcore thing, and I've always loved bands like Concrete Sox, Amebix, Coitus, Sacrilege, and that shit. Fuck, I could go on forever but I think everyone gets the picture!

Clint: I don't know about there being a revival. For me anyway, I've always been into Concrete Sox, Antisect, and the like.

MRR: I know Jason composed almost all the songs for the band, and I also know that Jason isn't as much into metal as Stian; would you say Antisect *Out From the Void* EP is the most significant influence for After the Bombs?

Jay: I think Sacrilege is our "official" main influence, but I remember the first time I heard the *Out From the Void* EP, I thought, "Wow, that sounds like Sacrilege with a dude singing!" But really our influences range from Discharge to Bolt Thrower.

Josh: "Out From the Void" was just a song we all fucking loved. We all love punk and metal so it was just natural that for us to get into the "metallic crust" style—or whatever the fuck it's being called these days.

Clint: I think it comes a little bit from everywhere. I grew up listening to AC/DC, Sabbath, Motörhead, and various other '80s metal as well as punk, so that's probably what damaged—I mean influenced—me at any rate.

MRR: Does your band name come from the Doom song?

Josh: Of course. When we were in Hellbound we used to cover it, and when we formed After the Bombs, it was suggested and we all liked it.

MRR: Because I am not as into fast and heavy stuff, you guys caught me more than any of the other bands that play this style nowadays, and I also noticed that a lot of punk rockers go to your live appearance. Would you say it has something to do with the female vocalist?

Janick: I don't know. Maybe they think because there's a girl singing in the band, it won't be as gruff and guttural as other crust bands? But I used to sing in other crust bands before, and I had a very gruff voice, so who knows? As long as people are showing up and having fun, that's all I care about.

Jay: The female vocals may appeal to some punks that would be otherwise turned off, but then again we have a lot of metal influences, so I'm not so sure.

Josh: It's so useless to keep trying to use these labels these days—"punks" and "metalheads"—the line was blurred so fucking long ago. It's not 1985 anymore, ya cunts!

Clint: I hope it is not as simple as the gender of the vocalist; I'd like to believe that it's the band but if not, whatever, as long as they have a good time.

MRR: Metalheads and punks don't get along that much because of different values and ideologies; if you were asked to open for a big metal band would you do it?

Janick: No way...Well, it depends which band. If it was Venom, then fuck yeah! Haha!

Jay: Maybe a basement gig in Wisconsin with Motörhead, maybe Bathory (back in the day—ha!), but in my opinion, the metal scene (at least in Montreal) these days is going towards either extreme black metal or complicated death metal. In any case, After the Bombs has no relation to any of that. There are only a handful of current metal bands that I really like, for example Toxic Holocaust and Rammer.

Josh: Like Clint said, I would not want to sign my life away, but if Queen or the Scorpions asked us, I would have to say, "Which way to the deli tray, motherfucker?"

Stian: Bulldozer, give us a call...

Clint: Probably not, I don't think signing my life away to put more money into the pocket of some dumbass that wouldn't piss on me if I was on fire is worth it.

MRR: What are your lyrics about?

Janick: I write about stuff that strikes me, but mostly dark subjects like war, destruction, poverty, slavery, slaughter, etc. I have no desire or inspiration to write about love and happiness, when every day I'm witnessing other people's misery. I think the world has gone on a much more insane and darker path. There has always been war in order to conquer more territory, and wars were waged by a group of men in order to control those who did not share their views and did not want any part in their barbaric world. But today we are witnessing biological wars and calculated terrorist attacks, which are even more

fucked up. There are way more causalities in modern wars with nuclear and chemical weapons. I also think it is the right kind of lyrics for the style of music we're playing.
Josh: Traditional anti-war lyrics. People are all, "That's boring" or "It's been done," but I think it just as relevant now as it ever was. The state that the world has entered makes it important to keep talking about it.
Clint: That's more Janick's department. I love her lyrics. I've never been good at putting my thoughts to paper, as this interview will reveal.

MRR: I was looking at bands on Myspace.com, and I found out that there is an After the Bomb (without the S) from Long Beach, California. Are you upset about a possible confusion or do you just not give a shit?
Janick: Well, I have to admit that I wrote to these guys a little while ago and asked them if they were aware that there was another After the Bombs. He told me they didn't know about it, and since they already had patches printed they decided to keep the name anyway. I might have been a bit upset, but not pissed. I think it brings unnecessary confusion, especially since we have a seven inch out, but whatever, we're not going to make a big deal out of it. Plus, there are a lot of "Dis" bands that share the same name, so fuck it! Haha!
Josh: I don't really know anything about those guys, but I think that we could live with the confusion, because anyone who gives a damn about either band is going to know the difference. Also, the fact that we have a record released kind of trumps their patches, haha! The actual fact of the matter is that I really couldn't give a shit, both bands are just upholding a fine tradition in hardcore music: plagiarism!
Stian: I think Josh nailed that one on the head.
Clint: Yeah, fuck it. There are more important things to worry about.

MRR: Would you talk about your first EP? When did it come out? When was it recorded, and stuff like that?
Janick: I'm really happy with it! The best shit I've recorded so far…
Josh: The fact that Tar pressed one thousand of the seven inch and it's all gone is more than I could have hoped for. It really confirms that people are stoked on what we are doing. It was recorded at our friend's house in the winter of 2004 in about three days and when it came out early the next year we were all very pleased. It's probably the best thing we have ever been involved with.
Stian: I think it's funny that we were going into the studio to record some kind of demo or some shit, but Tarjei was visiting from Norway, and he heard it in the studio and said he would put it out just like that.
Clint: We recorded it just before World Burns to Death played here. It was recorded by a friend (and ex-Hellbound member) Jack in his basement. All things considered, I think it went pretty well.

MRR: Do you think the Montreal punk scene still rules, or is it tending to drop off a bit?
Janick: It seems to me that it's always up and down. Now, I would definitely say it's up! A lot of bands, lots of people at shows even if there are so many of them, also a lot of people involved in the scene. I think Montreal has always had a great punk scene and always will. Montreal kicks ass!!! Aarrgghhh!
Jay: It all depends which way you look at it—in the early 1990s, the gigs were almost every weekend with a huge turnout, but the local bands were not that great except for a few (Global Holocaust, Shitfit), but recently bands are much better with more diversity. You don't end up at a gig with five crust bands who all sound the same.
Josh: I think right now it's really good. There is a number of cool bands and a lot of dedicated people making it happen. Montreal is up and down all the time, but the fact that it never dies is a testimony to its quality. I think we are lucky to have fucking great bands like Born Dead Icons, Inepsy, Kontempt, and Last Days, just to name a few. Throw in a few out of town bands and we always have a fun show!
Stian: I think the Montreal scene is really good. In the time I've been here, it has just gotten better and better, too bad there are no more shows at the Loud House though. There is no scene like this anywhere else that I have been so far. Being able to go see a show with out-of-town or foreign bands, and the bill being topped with a local band, that is pretty rare as far as I know.

MRR: When can we expect a full length?
Janick: The LP will be put out by Christian Dragan (Black Hand, Saturation, Cobra Noir) from Montreal.
Josh: Hopefully in spring of 2006, we will have a full length hittin' the streets.
Clint: The full length should be out by the spring, with another 7" following soon after.

MRR: What about serious projects? Any tour planned?
Janick: A second 7" is coming out on Jailbreaker records from Brazil! We're touring the west coast of the United States in May 2006. There are only two east coast shows: Burlington, NY and Pittsburgh, PA. For info or dates: .
Josh: Recording and touring this spring is going to keep us busy. Hopefully we will all be alive at the end of it all.
Stian: I can't wait to go on tour with Kontempt this spring. I hope they got "50" in Mexico.
Clint: Like the lady says, see you on the road in the spring, fuckers!! By the way *tits*!!!!!

PICTURES
OF STARVING CHILDREN
STILL SELL RECORDS
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RUBELLA BALLET

HE HAS NO LOVE TO WIN

The Rubella Ballet Story

By Lance Hahn

If any band can be truly called "second generation" anarcho punk, it's the quirky and fun-loving Rubella Ballet. Founded in 1978, members Dan (aka Pete Fender) on guitar and Gemma (aka Gem Stone) on bass were literally the children of Vi Subversa of the Poison Girls. After a short stint as the Fatal Microbes with Honey Bane a new group was started with roommates Zillah as the singer and Sid on drums.

Zillah: "Zillah and Sid met at a Crass gig and started to live together at Poison Girls house. Gemma and Dan, son and daughter of Vi Subversa, also lived there. They were in a band called Fatal Microbes. One night at a gig we were told we could use the equipment so Sid played drums and Zillah sang for the first time using any one who wanted to play the guitars, we just made it up as we went along. Later Honey left Fatal Microbes and as we (Zillah, Sid, Dan, and Gemma) lived in the same house we used Poison Girls equipment and formed Rubella Ballet."

The eccentricity of the band that defied all turfs and genres is in no small part due to Zillah's own idiosyncrasies that drew her to punk rock in the purest way.

Zillah: "I, Zillah started to make my own weird clothes; everyone else in the world wore the latest fashion or acceptable clothes for 1976. I went to a club called the Lacy Lady where some other weird looking people hung out (it turned out to be The Damned, Sex Pistols and Bromley contingent) I had my ears and nose pierced and started going to other clubs where people who looked weird went to see new bands made up of the audience. We spoke to people on the street, if they looked slightly punk we would talk it was the only way to find out about gigs or places to buy clothes such as straight legged trousers if you couldn't make your own. We were all friends and went anywhere for a gig. We could not buy any records as no band had released any; we danced to reggae vinyl or the new bands playing live. When the Sex Pistols went on TV we were attacked all the time by the public, but at last records poured out from the new bands. We went to gigs all the time and later started our own band."

The name, Rubella Ballet, was also of the time.

Zillah: "It was early punk days 1978 we was going to call ourselves Rubella Babies but we decided it was mean and thought we would change it to something meaningless."

Rubella Ballet was eccentric even in the punk scene. The bright, fluorescent painted clothing suggested a party rather than a sermon. Their music was keenly melodic with a lot of reliance on rhythm, which often suggested funk, dub or soul. Despite the suggestion that they just randomly came together out of convenience, the music they created was unique and sophisticated in its own way. Comparisons to groups like the X-Ray Spex and Siouxsie are all misleading. More appropriate comparisons to groups like the Bush Tetras are only more confusing.

1978 was a year of change in the punk scene. With the first generation of punk either broken up or putting out almost universally inferior sophomore releases, media attention vanished. The result was new bands afraid of being typecast as punk creating their own tribes. With their unique sound, they could have found a home in one of the many post-punk grooves. But the band remained steadfast to the distilled ideas of punk.

Zillah: "Zillah became a punk in 1976 before the Sex Pistols TV debut and still is a punk. Rubella Ballet *ARE* a *PUNK ROCK* band. In the early days of punk Zillah was attacked on the street because she is a punk, same goes for Sid, Gem, and Dan. We are fucking straightforward; we are all working class and fucking on the dole poor. We are punks; our clothes reflect the early days of punk we were involved in. No one created our clothes then we made them as we went along. Zillah has always been a day-glo, fluorescent punk, like Poly Styrene of X-Ray Spex. Not all punks wear black and sing nothing but political lyrics. Our lyrics are political, but some are about dreams, environment, nature, women, etc. We live the life. We are always punks."

In addition, the group embodied the DIY spirit that has become more and more the definition of punk for many people, more so than any aesthetic conclusions.

Zillah: "In the early days we did everything ourselves. We found our own places to play Squats, anarchy centers, town halls, youth clubs, community centers etc. We hired vans and Zillah drove the equipment that we all packed into the van, then we would unpack and set up ourselves. We would let other bands use our equipment and then we would play. Later we packed it all ourselves and we never got paid because nobody ever thought at that time to ask for money. We didn't plan we just played punk and lived punk. Later when the band started playing at established venues such as The Marquee, 100 club, Camden Palace we did get paid about fifty pounds a gig."

It was also great timing that this DIY ethic would also become the centerpiece of the newly developing anarcho scene. While that original punk scene was inspiring, it was the new scene that gave them the nerve to be self-reliant and the access to a new audience.

Zillah: "In the early days all punk bands were different from each other; they were punk but different from each other. X-Ray Spex, Sex Pistols, Damned, Adam & the Ants all had an influence on us. But it was the new anarchy scene with Crass and Poison Girls that gave us the chance to form a band and play. We just didn't want to do what a lot of the other anarchy bands did and sound the same as Crass. We loved and toured with Crass and Poison Girls. We wanted to be ourselves; so we were. From the start we were different from Crass and Poison Girls, which is why they wanted us to play with them. As Dan and Gemma are the son and daughter of Vi Subversa of Poison Girls they didn't want to be the same as their punk mum or play the same music. They wanted to be in a better band. There was rivalry between Dan especially and Vi, but only in a mother son sort of way. We never released a record with Crass because we wanted the record sleeve to be day –glo. They did offer though, thanks."

There's a perception that punk rock as always been dominated by shorthaired rock-n-roll, that American punk was all Ramones and British punk was all Clash and Pistols. Even the smallest amount of investigation shows that to be untrue. Much experimentation existed and punk was, if anything, an umbrella for many, many kinds of music. Same was true for the anarcho scene that is often assumed to be a wash of Discharge types. But the scene was clearly diverse with bands and even audiences relating in atmosphere somewhere between a party and a family reunion.

Zillah: "It was fan-fucking-tastic. We related with all of the bands and gigged with them all at one time or another. Punk always contained a feeling of mutual respect and friendship at the start, there was only a few punks in the beginning as the scene grew it was still friendly for punks to meet other punks any where in the UK or later Europe and the world. When we gig we always stayed at other punks houses who we met at the gig even in the USA."

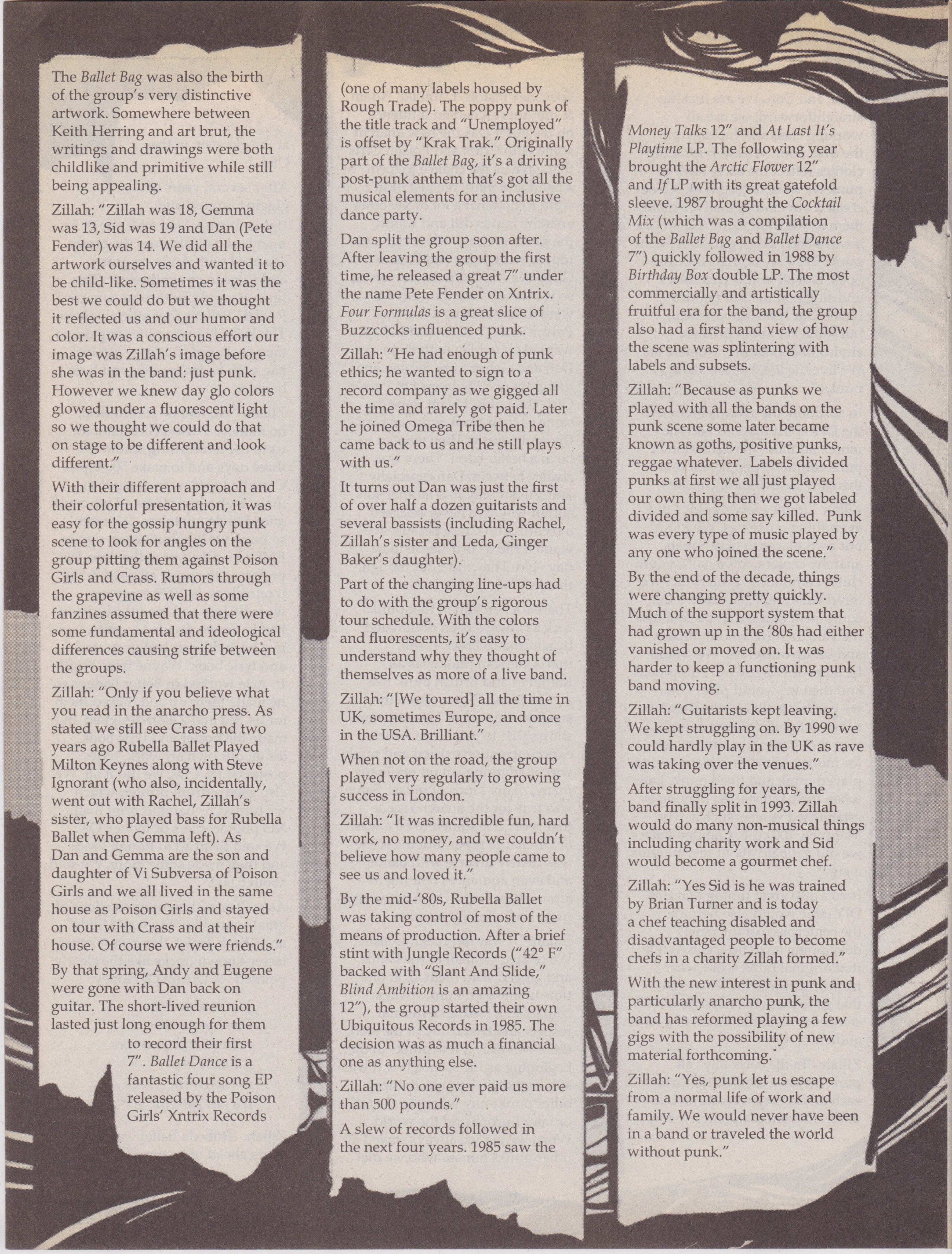
After several years of gigging around and tightening up, Dan took one of his many sabbaticals from the group, replaced with Andy on guitar and Eugene on synthesizer. This line-up would be the one to record Rubella Ballet's first official release. The *Ballet Bag* was nine song demo tape packaged in a large zip-lock bag with badge, poster, and lyric booklet.

Zillah, "We had no record deal, no money. Poison Girls paid for us to use a recording studio for three days and to make 500 tapes. Cassette tapes were cheaper to make than vinyl it was all we could afford to do ourselves. We were so punk we wouldn't even sign to EMI who asked us at the time. We preferred the punk ethos of doing it ourselves. In 1979 everyone wore badges and read the lyrics of bands. So we decided to put a tape in a bag with our badge, poster, and lyric book. Wayne from Youth In Asia worked in Better Badges so he made them up and nicked them for us. Sid and Zillah designed and made the poster and lyric book, it's all our own art work, lyrics posters, LPs, CDs; we did it all. We also used a drum printer, which we turned by hand to print it all. NO photocopiers or money OK. We sold them all to Rough Trade and then made some more. We sold about 5,000."

As well as rudimentary versions of great songs like "Slant and Slide" and "Krak Trak," there were other lesser-known tracks like the clearly pointed "A Dream Of Honey."

You're so pathetic
Don't you realize
I can see it in your eyes
All those lies
It's no genetic
It's just pathetic

Zillah: "Rubella Ballet was ten years ahead of its time."



The *Ballet Bag* was also the birth of the group's very distinctive artwork. Somewhere between Keith Herring and art brut, the writings and drawings were both childlike and primitive while still being appealing.

Zillah: "Zillah was 18, Gemma was 13, Sid was 19 and Dan (Pete Fender) was 14. We did all the artwork ourselves and wanted it to be child-like. Sometimes it was the best we could do but we thought it reflected us and our humor and color. It was a conscious effort our image was Zillah's image before she was in the band: just punk. However we knew day glo colors glowed under a fluorescent light so we thought we could do that on stage to be different and look different."

With their different approach and their colorful presentation, it was easy for the gossip hungry punk scene to look for angles on the group pitting them against Poison Girls and Crass. Rumors through the grapevine as well as some fanzines assumed that there were some fundamental and ideological differences causing strife between the groups.

Zillah: "Only if you believe what you read in the anarcho press. As stated we still see Crass and two years ago Rubella Ballet Played Milton Keynes along with Steve Ignorant (who also, incidentally, went out with Rachel, Zillah's sister, who played bass for Rubella Ballet when Gemma left). As Dan and Gemma are the son and daughter of Vi Subversa of Poison Girls and we all lived in the same house as Poison Girls and stayed on tour with Crass and at their house. Of course we were friends."

By that spring, Andy and Eugene were gone with Dan back on guitar. The short-lived reunion lasted just long enough for them to record their first 7". *Ballet Dance* is a fantastic four song EP released by the Poison Girls' Xntrix Records (one of many labels housed by Rough Trade). The poppy punk of the title track and "Unemployed" is offset by "Krak Trak." Originally part of the *Ballet Bag*, it's a driving post-punk anthem that's got all the musical elements for an inclusive dance party.

Dan split the group soon after. After leaving the group the first time, he released a great 7" under the name Pete Fender on Xntrix. *Four Formulas* is a great slice of Buzzcocks influenced punk.

Zillah: "He had enough of punk ethics; he wanted to sign to a record company as we gigged all the time and rarely got paid. Later he joined Omega Tribe then he came back to us and he still plays with us."

It turns out Dan was just the first of over half a dozen guitarists and several bassists (including Rachel, Zillah's sister and Leda, Ginger Baker's daughter).

Part of the changing line-ups had to do with the group's rigorous tour schedule. With the colors and fluorescents, it's easy to understand why they thought of themselves as more of a live band.

Zillah: "[We toured] all the time in UK, sometimes Europe, and once in the USA. Brilliant."

When not on the road, the group played very regularly to growing success in London.

Zillah: "It was incredible fun, hard work, no money, and we couldn't believe how many people came to see us and loved it."

By the mid-'80s, Rubella Ballet was taking control of most of the means of production. After a brief stint with Jungle Records ("42° F" backed with "Slant And Slide," *Blind Ambition* is an amazing 12"), the group started their own Ubiquitous Records in 1985. The decision was as much a financial one as anything else.

Zillah: "No one ever paid us more than 500 pounds."

A slew of records followed in the next four years. 1985 saw the *Money Talks* 12" and *At Last It's Playtime* LP. The following year brought the *Arctic Flower* 12" and *If* LP with its great gatefold sleeve. 1987 brought the *Cocktail Mix* (which was a compilation of the *Ballet Bag* and *Ballet Dance* 7") quickly followed in 1988 by *Birthday Box* double LP. The most commercially and artistically fruitful era for the band, the group also had a first hand view of how the scene was splintering with labels and subsets.

Zillah: "Because as punks we played with all the bands on the punk scene some later became known as goths, positive punks, reggae whatever. Labels divided punks at first we all just played our own thing then we got labeled divided and some say killed. Punk was every type of music played by any one who joined the scene."

By the end of the decade, things were changing pretty quickly. Much of the support system that had grown up in the '80s had either vanished or moved on. It was harder to keep a functioning punk band moving.

Zillah: "Guitarists kept leaving. We kept struggling on. By 1990 we could hardly play in the UK as rave was taking over the venues."

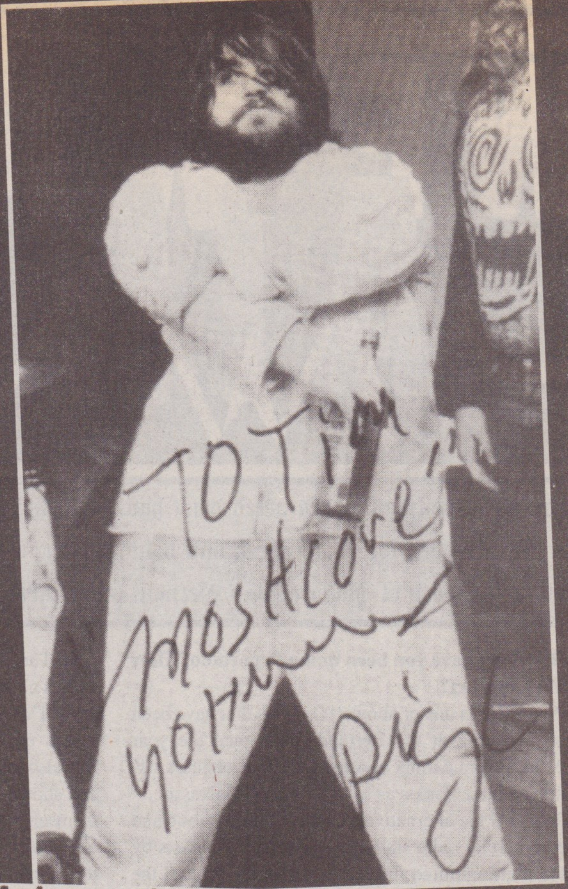
After struggling for years, the band finally split in 1993. Zillah would do many non-musical things including charity work and Sid would become a gourmet chef.

Zillah: "Yes Sid is he was trained by Brian Turner and is today a chef teaching disabled and disadvantaged people to become chefs in a charity Zillah formed."

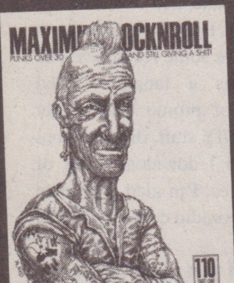
With the new interest in punk and particularly anarcho punk, the band has reformed playing a few gigs with the possibility of new material forthcoming.

Zillah: "Yes, punk let us escape from a normal life of work and family. We would never have been in a band or traveled the world without punk."

Pig Champion
(Tom Roberts)
1958 – 2006



Thomas "Pig Champion" Roberts, died at his home in Portland, Oregon, Monday, Jan. 30. At the time of going to print, the cause of death is still unknown. Reprinted here is an interview with Tom from *MRR #110 Pt. 1: "Punks Over 30 and Still Giving a Shit!"*



TOM PIG, 33, GUITARIST, POISON IDEA

MRR: How old were you the first time you got on a stage?
TP: That was summer of 1980. I was 21 cuz I could drink beer.
MRR: One obvious question to ask you is how much you weighed back then?
TP: When I got out of high school I weighed 168 pounds. I was still generally attractive to the opposite sex. (*laughs*) I began piling on the pounds rather quickly because all my life my parents had told me that I was going to be a failure and a bum and if I didn't play by the rules then I was going to end up a fuckin' misfit in jail. And I decided I was going to be some hustling cocksucker crazy motherfucker that was going to get away with all kinds of bullshit. And I basically did and I drank my brains out. My motivation was to rebel against my parents because they said I was going to be a bum.
MRR: So how much do you weigh now?
TP: To tell you the truth, there are no scales around....I have to go to a truckstop to weigh myself, but I would guess close to 500 pounds.
MRR: Has this been worth it, Tom?
TP: What, sitting on my ass and drinking, and screaming and hollering at myself?
MRR: ...to get even with your parents?
TP: Yeah, probably. I was trying to prove that I didn't have to operate within the general boundaries of society. This is the only thing that I can figure. I never liked being told what to do. Going into the military was never even a question. The few jobs that I had I was fired from because I wouldn't take orders or listen to people that I considered stupider than myself. And so, I had to get by doing all kinds of bullshit that I really don't want to go into. I was just a fucking hustling, drug-dealing freak. I was really pissed off, and then punk rock came along.
MRR: Between then and now, and god knows how many bottles of booze later, you still seem to have maintained your intellect and are very literate. Was that something you always had or developed over the years?
TP: I always had a fairly questioning mind, was always curious. I was trying to find out why I am so fucked out, why do I hate my parents and why do they hate me, why can't I get along with anybody—so I had to start reading books to find out what was wrong. My quest. Also, taking massive amounts of LSD, multiple hundreds of hits—I was out there, trying to figure things out.
MRR: And now you're back...
TP: Yeah, I'm back.
MRR: ...but are you wiser?
TP: Definitely wiser, but also cynical. I definitely feel more cynical the older I get, as well as more introverted. I was thinking the other day, back when I was doing a record label, a radio show, and buying every record that came out, promoting shows...and now there's all these little kids who think we're a bunch of lazy assholes and never did anything for the scene, and I'm thinking "Fuck man, I did stuff for years!" I'm sorry that I can't be involved anymore, but...
MRR: Is that lack of involvement out of cynicism?
TP: It's out of cynicism and out of a lack of bands that I feel a real affinity with. Bands that I really like aren't around anymore. I know there are some good, young bands out there but I haven't heard them yet.
MRR: What do you foresee in the next few years for yourself? Can you keep putting on the weight like this?
TP: It's levelled off a little. I'm about as big as I need to get.
MRR: Mission accomplished?
TP: It wasn't a thought out mission; it just kinda happened because I was trying to prove to myself that I could just lay around and just drink. I want to live like a fucking king.
MRR: Do you ever think about geting down to 250?
TP: I've thought about it. I'd probably get more things done, but I've never dieted before.
MRR: Does it worry you, because if you keep that kind of weight on you're not going to live that long? Is that part of the plan?
TP: Sure, there's a suicide bent to it all. Why not die of sheer overindulgence? I haven't really hurt anybody, not as bad as a lot of other people that are overindulging. I haven't done anything to anybody that didn't deserve to get it, and, he he, I've pretty much gotten the same back.
MRR: Anything to convey to some 18 year old who hates their parents?
TP: I have an anger that....if I don't squelch my brains with alcohol, I get very pissed off. That's been my way of dealing with anger, to smother it in booze. I'm still really pissed off about things; everything makes me really mad and I don't see any answers. Everytime I've looked for an answer it's always turned sour on me. With the exception of just building the self, all you can do is to try and gain knowledge, get smarter. The whole reason I'm still doing it is because it's the only creative outlet, in my opinion, that is best fueled by sheer pissed off anger. As long as I stay pissed, which I think I'm gonna stay pissed off, I'm going to keep doing punk rock, an aggressive music. I don't listen to hardcore all that much, but when I do listen to the really good stuff, it makes me go apeshit.
MRR: Good interview!
TP: And that's just off a cup of coffee. And a praline and pecan cookie.

WE WANT THE AIRWAVES

Corporate consolidation and greed don't have to be the final words on the matter of media. There are people all over the world taking back the airwaves for DIY punk and politics. If you are involved with DIY or punk radio, please send us your story! This is the story of Pogoradio, a German punk radio show that has been airing since 2006. Grab a cider and read up...

How long have you been doing Pogoradio? How did you start?

Pogoradio is one of about 100 shows that have been broadcasting at the Bermudafunk since the year 2000. Bermudafunk is a local radio broadcast station, which works as a non-commercial association. It is the alternative to tons of dumb public and commercial radio stations. Our broadcast exists by the multi-cultured influence of the variety and the donations of our members. You can hear the shows in four different cities (Heidelberg, Mannheim, Ludwigshafen, Weinheim). But also as live stream on the Internet. There is a special show for nearly every musical style. Besides Pogoradio there are two other punk rock shows—but they suck!! We also have pure political broadcasts about topics like anti-nuclear, anti-fascism, anti-globalization, anti-sexism… I'm one of the first members—I started in 2000 and I've been doing Pogoradio every Wednesday night since then.

Are all of your old shows available on the web site? Do you podcast?

The Internet is a great and cheap instrument for communication. At the moment you can download the last 20 episodes on my web site or by podcast. Podcasting is a cool thing, it shows that everybody can make their own show at home for the outside world. Unfortunately I don't know many podcast punk shows. At my podcast you can also download lot of uncut interviews I have done. (www.punkshit.de)

Do you have guests on the show every week? How do you choose your guests?

Everyone who wants to come to the show is invited. But the guests know that I could fuck with them. Depends on my mood. Some guests have left the studio before the show was finished—no shit! In the majority of cases the guests are good friends of mine who want to visit me and have some free beer. Then they tell on the show a pack of lies like stories about cop/fash bashing, starting riots, doing drugs I've never heard of before, about really weird sexual experience, or simply committing crimes. But also punk bands, fanzine editors, film-makers, and show organizers use the opprtunity to promote themselves on Pogoradio.

You do a lot of talking between songs. Since I don't speak German, tell me what the hell you guys talk about. It sounds like you're having a lot of fun. Do you get drunk when you do the show?

Of course I get drunk! Sometimes my guests are talking so much shit that I need to booze a lot. Life's hard! By the way, there is a beer brewery in Munich that's owned by punks. Their beer is called Pogorausch. The first independent beer brewery in the hand of punks—and it taste good! Every month I get ten cases of Pogorausch, and I have to drink the 240 beer bottles with my guests every month…again and again in a vicious circle. Eehm, yeah… So you see producing a radio show is not very complicated. I have made some interviews on concerts, I couldn't remember the next day!

What do we talk about? It depends on the guest I have. Some know a lot about punk rock music history and special secrets about bands. Other guests talk about the punk scene in foreign countries like Spain, Venezuela, Hungary, Poland, Russia…and others tell about personality problems, like straight edge, veganism, or living in trees. The main thing is it's entertaining!

How do you decide which songs to play? Do you buy a lot of the records or do you mostly play records that bands and labels send to you? Do you spend a lot of time seeking out new music and looking for mp3's on the Internet?

A very bad thing I have to change is, most guests bring their own music on the show. But it's up to me which music is punk enough to broadcast. Generally I don't buy CDs and I'm not a record collector. But where the hell I get my music from you wanna know, huh? I have some resources: one is my roomie, who runs a fanzine called *Punkrock!*—he gets a lot of promo stuff. I get promo stuff too, especially DIY stuff, directly from the bands themselves. Also I download a lot of songs from bands' homepages. I'm glad to receive MP3s by email: info@pogoradio.com … You're welcome!

Do people ever get mad at you about what you say or play on the show?

Yep, Pogoradio is a real punk rock show. I've never been beaten up for the show, but I wouldn't be surprised if were.

Do you only play music by bands on independent labels? Where do you draw the line on what you will and will not play?

I prefer to play bad, unknown punk bands rather than popular bands that are getting played on comercial radio or MTV.

Is Pogoradio political? What is your basic political stance? Do you discuss politics on the show?

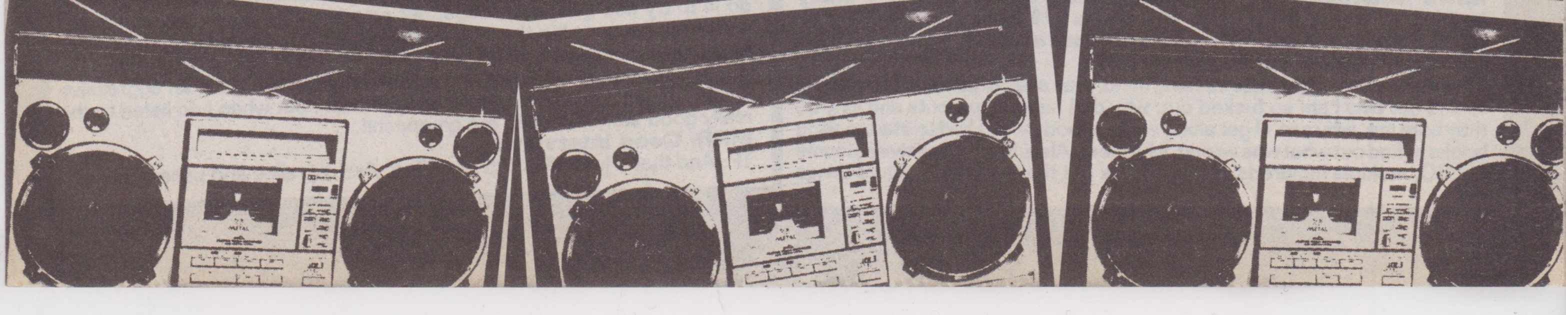
Pogoradio is political because punk rock is political. I'm against all kinds of patriotism, sexism, fascism, racism, cruelty to animals, religious fanatics, soccer, unpunctual guests, (I hate to wait; a friend of mine calls me a time nazi) and shit like that

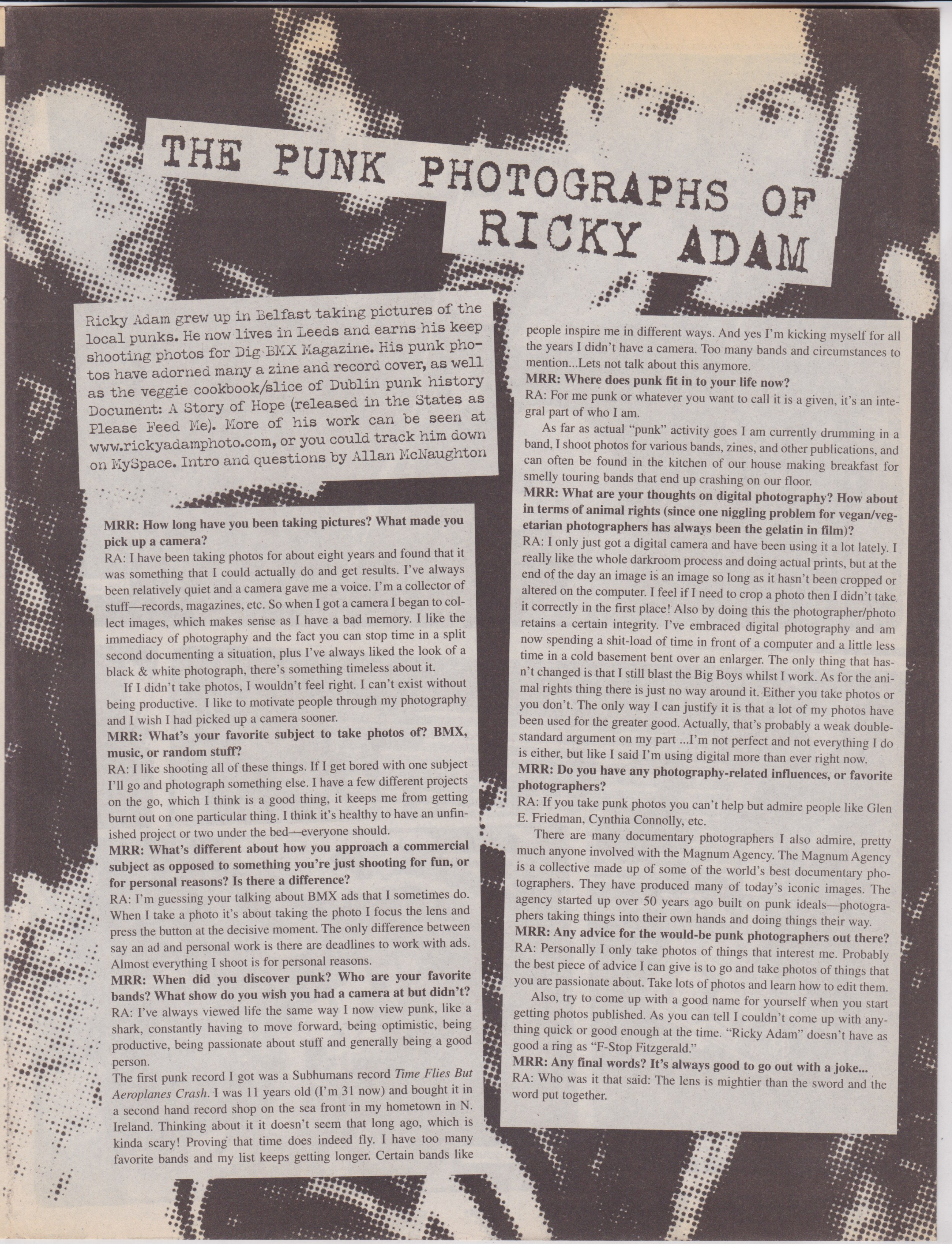
What else does the Pogoradio web site offer besides your weekly radio show?

The website offers a discussion forum. A lot of band members, concert organizers, zine writers or other weird punks write their shit on it.

Last words?

Greetings to the Pogoradio listeners worldwide—have a nice fight and don't forget the fun! Cheers! Rüdi. info@pogoradio.com / www.pogoradio.de





THE PUNK PHOTOGRAPHS OF RICKY ADAM

Ricky Adam grew up in Belfast taking pictures of the local punks. He now lives in Leeds and earns his keep shooting photos for Dig BMX Magazine. His punk photos have adorned many a zine and record cover, as well as the veggie cookbook/slice of Dublin punk history Document: A Story of Hope (released in the States as Please Feed Me). More of his work can be seen at www.rickyadamphoto.com, or you could track him down on MySpace. Intro and questions by Allan McNaughton

MRR: How long have you been taking pictures? What made you pick up a camera?

RA: I have been taking photos for about eight years and found that it was something that I could actually do and get results. I've always been relatively quiet and a camera gave me a voice. I'm a collector of stuff—records, magazines, etc. So when I got a camera I began to collect images, which makes sense as I have a bad memory. I like the immediacy of photography and the fact you can stop time in a split second documenting a situation, plus I've always liked the look of a black & white photograph, there's something timeless about it.

If I didn't take photos, I wouldn't feel right. I can't exist without being productive. I like to motivate people through my photography and I wish I had picked up a camera sooner.

MRR: What's your favorite subject to take photos of? BMX, music, or random stuff?

RA: I like shooting all of these things. If I get bored with one subject I'll go and photograph something else. I have a few different projects on the go, which I think is a good thing, it keeps me from getting burnt out on one particular thing. I think it's healthy to have an unfinished project or two under the bed—everyone should.

MRR: What's different about how you approach a commercial subject as opposed to something you're just shooting for fun, or for personal reasons? Is there a difference?

RA: I'm guessing your talking about BMX ads that I sometimes do. When I take a photo it's about taking the photo I focus the lens and press the button at the decisive moment. The only difference between say an ad and personal work is there are deadlines to work with ads. Almost everything I shoot is for personal reasons.

MRR: When did you discover punk? Who are your favorite bands? What show do you wish you had a camera at but didn't?

RA: I've always viewed life the same way I now view punk, like a shark, constantly having to move forward, being optimistic, being productive, being passionate about stuff and generally being a good person.

The first punk record I got was a Subhumans record *Time Flies But Aeroplanes Crash.* I was 11 years old (I'm 31 now) and bought it in a second hand record shop on the sea front in my hometown in N. Ireland. Thinking about it it doesn't seem that long ago, which is kinda scary! Proving that time does indeed fly. I have too many favorite bands and my list keeps getting longer. Certain bands like people inspire me in different ways. And yes I'm kicking myself for all the years I didn't have a camera. Too many bands and circumstances to mention...Lets not talk about this anymore.

MRR: Where does punk fit in to your life now?

RA: For me punk or whatever you want to call it is a given, it's an integral part of who I am.

As far as actual "punk" activity goes I am currently drumming in a band, I shoot photos for various bands, zines, and other publications, and can often be found in the kitchen of our house making breakfast for smelly touring bands that end up crashing on our floor.

MRR: What are your thoughts on digital photography? How about in terms of animal rights (since one niggling problem for vegan/vegetarian photographers has always been the gelatin in film)?

RA: I only just got a digital camera and have been using it a lot lately. I really like the whole darkroom process and doing actual prints, but at the end of the day an image is an image so long as it hasn't been cropped or altered on the computer. I feel if I need to crop a photo then I didn't take it correctly in the first place! Also by doing this the photographer/photo retains a certain integrity. I've embraced digital photography and am now spending a shit-load of time in front of a computer and a little less time in a cold basement bent over an enlarger. The only thing that hasn't changed is that I still blast the Big Boys whilst I work. As for the animal rights thing there is just no way around it. Either you take photos or you don't. The only way I can justify it is that a lot of my photos have been used for the greater good. Actually, that's probably a weak double-standard argument on my part ...I'm not perfect and not everything I do is either, but like I said I'm using digital more than ever right now.

MRR: Do you have any photography-related influences, or favorite photographers?

RA: If you take punk photos you can't help but admire people like Glen E. Friedman, Cynthia Connolly, etc.

There are many documentary photographers I also admire, pretty much anyone involved with the Magnum Agency. The Magnum Agency is a collective made up of some of the world's best documentary photographers. They have produced many of today's iconic images. The agency started up over 50 years ago built on punk ideals—photographers taking things into their own hands and doing things their way.

MRR: Any advice for the would-be punk photographers out there?

RA: Personally I only take photos of things that interest me. Probably the best piece of advice I can give is to go and take photos of things that you are passionate about. Take lots of photos and learn how to edit them.

Also, try to come up with a good name for yourself when you start getting photos published. As you can tell I couldn't come up with anything quick or good enough at the time. "Ricky Adam" doesn't have as good a ring as "F-Stop Fitzgerald."

MRR: Any final words? It's always good to go out with a joke...

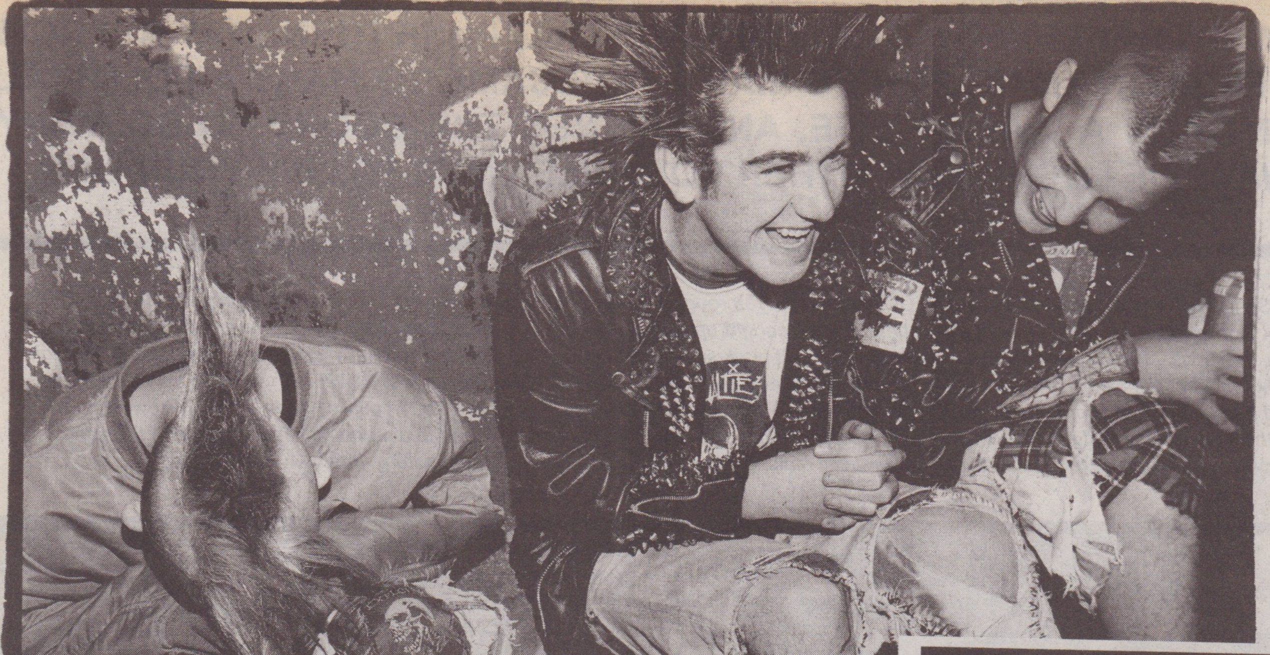
RA: Who was it that said: The lens is mightier than the sword and the word put together.

the dagda

SUBHUMANS
ROOTS
PUNX

hangin' at the warzone center

bastard youth



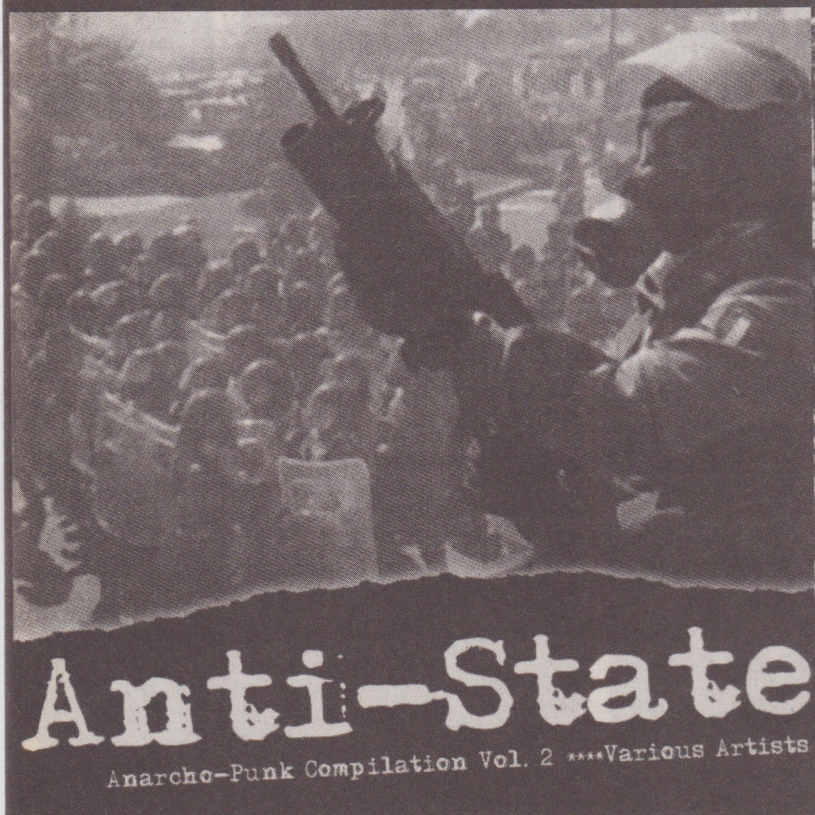
punx at the warzone center

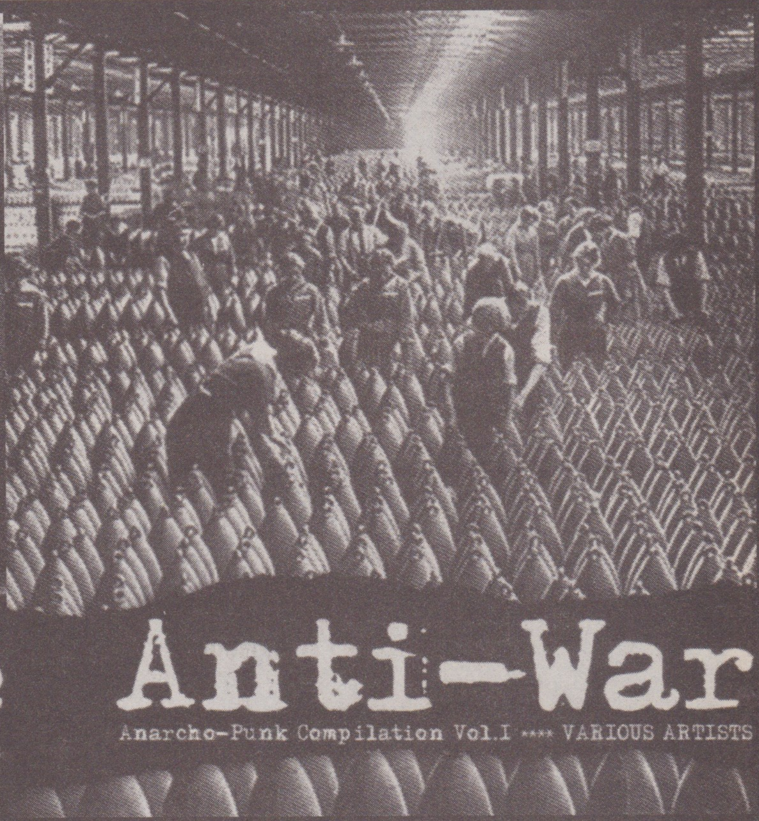
vitimin x

punk love in dublin

"I THINK WHAT HAPPENED IN THAT PERIOD IS THAT PUNK TURNED AWAY FROM BEING A FASHION THING FOR SO MANY. IT BECAME TO MANY A POLITICAL MOVEMENT AND A WAY OF LIFE, AND OPENED THE DOORS TO SO MANY OTHER WAYS OF LOOKING AT OTHER POSSIBLE WAYS TO LIVE YOUR LIFE."

In early 2006, Sean McGhee is about to release the CD "Anti-Society" through Overground Records, his third volume in the ongoing UK ***Anarcho-Punk Compilation*** *series. I thought it was time that we caught up with him to find out something about the person behind this audio documentation, to discuss the CD series and the '80s UK anarchist punk scene more generally. Sean's personal involvement was not only through his band Psycho Faction, but also running a tape label, zine distro and promoting local gigs in his hometown. Whilst many people may disappear after their band breaks up, Sean continued traveling far and wide to gigs, promoting music, being involved in politics and running his own zine for many years. I think Sean's commitment says something about the type of people that became involved in the anarchist punk scene in the early '80s, as many of them (despite approaching their 40s!) are still making vibrant contributions to counter culture. Interview by Nick Royles.*


Anti-State
Anarcho-Punk Compilation Vol. 2 ****Various Artists


Anti-War
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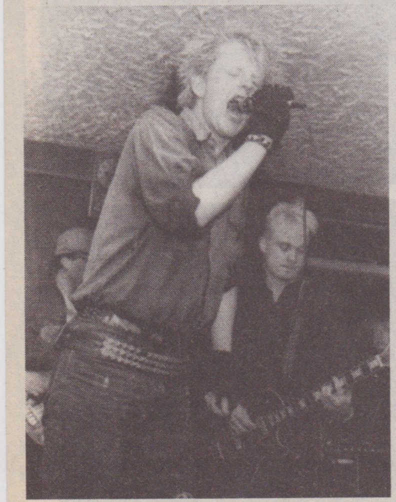
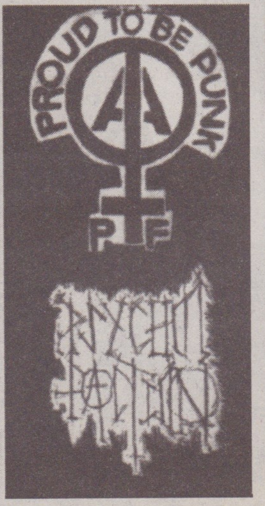


Psycho Faction

80s UK scene report in MRR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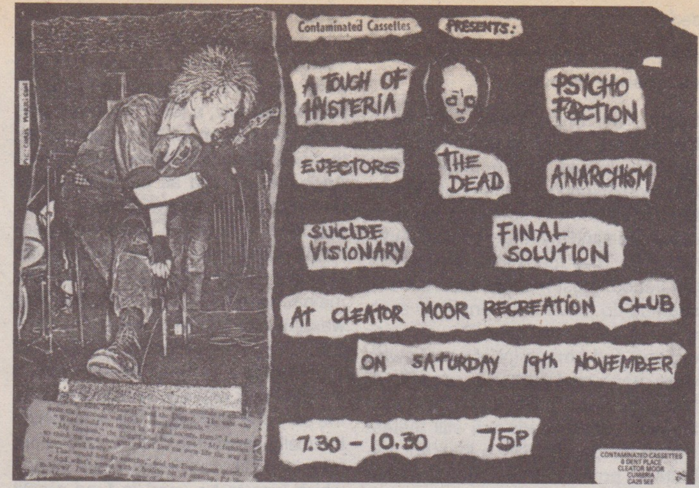

Contaminated Cassettes PRESENTS:

A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA

PSYCHO FACTION

EJECTORS

THE DEAD

ANARCHISM

SUICIDE VISIONARY

FINAL SOLUTION

AT CLEATOR MOOR RECREATION CLUB

ON SATURDAY 19th NOVEMBER

7.30 - 10.30 75P

CONTAMINATED CASSETTES
8 DENT PLACE
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Touch of Hysteria

Toxic Waste

MRR: Before we talk about the comp CD series, can you tell us a little about yourself and your invlovement with punk? I know it's a long time period to cover but what have you been up to since your '80s involvement in anarcho punk?

Sean: I got into punk in mid-'77, after hearing the opening riff of "Pretty Vacant," which sounds like an odd way to get into the whole thing, but something about the urgency of the song spoke to me. After that I discovered all the "name" bands of that musically exciting period: The Clash, 999, Stranglers, Damned, Ramones, X-Ray Spex and hundreds of smaller acts. I got carried away in the excitement of the sound. Naturally I wanted to put a band together, and although myself and my friends had no equipment, no musical training and arguably no talent a band came together in mid '78 called Anti-Climax, who played unbelievably bad versions of Buzzcocks songs and our own sort of…compositions.

Psycho Faction evolved from Anti-Climax mid-'79. Psycho Faction existed until 1984, after the band split I was a regular at hardcore and anarcho gigs in the northeast of the UK (Newcastle, Sunderland and Gateshead) for a good few years seeing the likes of Amebix, Sears, Instigators, Anti-System, Disorder, Chumbawamba and many others. I also frequented punk picnics and was very into the whole scene, as were a large group of mates. I was also involved in west Cumbria Class War, Troops Out Movement and Free the Birmingham Six campaigns, but as people started to move as they got into their twenties, or got their own homes, or got married, the local scene (and my own social circle) got smaller. It happens to everyone I'm sure. This coincided with me getting back into my own Irish roots via the Pogues and discovering the musical folk giant that is Christy Moore. I was also discovering classic UK folk-rock like early Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span. So much of the new hardcore and punk started to sound very one dimensional, so when I discovered bands who had their roots in punk who were incorporating Irish and folk flavourings I got really interested in these bands (this is 1987/88—today this stuff is tagged Paddy punk or punk-folk).

With the zeal of an evangelical minister I launched a fanzine that was aimed at anyone I could persuade to read it. I called it *Rock'n'Reel* and it began summer 1988, as a 24-page, A5, black-and-white publication that featured Christy Moore, Leon Rosselson, Malcolm's Interview, Blyth Power, You Slosh, Whisky Priests, and more. The whole thing finished in 2003 after 35 issues as a 148-page, A4 publication with a glossy cover, lots of colour pages, regular free CDs, and the largest review section of any mag in Europe.

Since then I've done press and publicity for a lot of venues, festivals and bands including Blyth Power and Neck and Whitehaven and Maryport Punk Festival and the superb Solfest festival.

When I started *Rock'n'Reel* I was 23 and single. Today I'm 40, married to Diane and have three children. I'm as active as time allows, although politically I still know what we sang about back then was right, and I'm an avid reader on anarchist and Irish political history.

MRR: What initially inspired you to compile this *Anarcho-Punk* CD series?

Sean: The inspiration came about really via John Esplen of Overground Records, who listened patiently to me for years going on and on about the anarcho scene and Psycho Faction. A couple of times John mentioned that he was intending to do a compilation of the anarcho scene from that period and that Psycho Faction should appear on it. I continued to ask John about the possibility of the project for the next few years and he always seemed busy, but was still interested. In February 2004, I asked if an anarcho-punk compilation might happen that year, to which John replied that perhaps I should compile it. I'd never compiled an album before, but was excited about the prospect and responded postively instantly. I started work on the series within five minutes.

MRR: It's a mammoth project. Don't you feel that you have bitten off more than you can chew?

Sean: It's certainly a mammoth project, especially as I've decided to undertake the equally daunting task of promoting and publicizing the whole series worldwide on message boards, forums, etc. After two years and three CDs (four if you count the System) I've got the hang of putting the CDs together. That said, getting the info together for the accompanying CDs is a difficult task, as I have to liaison with around 21-23 bands per CD and chase up what they've written, and try to source photos, etc. On top of that there's all the editing, correcting, etc. that comes with compiling the booklets. It's certainly time consuming, but not really hard work in the great scheme of things.

MRR: The first two CDs have taken you a year to compose. Can you enlighten us a little on the work that has entailed? What have some of the highs and lows been of this long process?

Sean: The main task in compiling the *Anarcho-Punk* CD series has been finding contacts for all the acts involved. I didn't want the series to appear like some sloppily pulled together compilation with little heart or affection for the subject. Consequently, I wanted to hear from the bands of the period so I could get a bit of their history and find out what they're all up to now.

So many of the bands had split over 20 years ago, which is a lifetime in the world of recording. I had to start with a few contacts I'd not lost touch with, like Ramsey of AK Press (and ex-Political Asylum), Boffo from Chumbawamba, Gerard from Flowers In The Dustbin, Dick from Citizen Fish/Subhumans, and I placed notices on lots of punk messsage boards, most notably www.punkoiuk.co.uk, which all started to pay dividends.

But there were so many bands that were really difficult to find, that have literally had me enlisting anyone I know in the area they were based. I spent days locating and ringing people with the same name as those I was chasing that appeared in online telephone directories, I looked for old addresses and phone numbers in 20-plus-year-old fanzines, I put more appeals out for information on message boards and I even contacted some local history societies and local papers to try to locate the more obscure names!

There were no real low points, although as I discovered another label had been in contact with some of the bands for years asking them to sign exclusive contracts and promising releases that never happened, consequently it was a case of "once bitten twice shy," and a few people weren't particularly enthusiastic initially, but after I'd spoken with them on the phone a few times they realized I actually knew what I was talking about and they all came round and started getting equally as enthusiastic about the whole project.

I suppose the high points must be hearing some of the amazing unreleased material by bands, many of whom never had a release despite being influential at the time, and finding the most obscure contacts that have been particularly hard to get. The Apostles, Naked, Polemic, and D&V have all been really difficult to find but it was great to finally get in touch.

MRR: What has been the response from bands and people? Had any surprises along the way?

Sean: The response has been 99.9% positive from the bands with only one band of all those I've approached not interested in being involved. The response from people getting the CDs has been overwhelming from fanzines and magazines with great reviews in *MRR*, *AMP*, *Rock Sound*, *Trust*, *Ox*, *Record Collector*, *Plan B*, *Organ*, *Terrorizer* and many others, plus lots of websites like Punktastic, Punkoiuk, Nihilism on the Prowl, etc. Generally people have been enthusiastic about the series. I've had responses from people in their teens to people in their late 40s displaying a similar interest and fascination with the series. I think a lot of people are impressed with the fact that the CDs with their well-researched booklets and remastered sound are a step above a lot of punk compilations that seem thrown together in a few minutes. The anarcho scene has long since deserved a reappraisal as it has been overlooked, or only fleetingly mentioned in a lot of the printed word on the "punk scene," I think the series goes a little way to redressing the balance.

MRR: Is this worth recording? Is anarchist punk history important?

Sean: Obviously I think so or I wouldn't have let this project take over my life as it has these last two years. I think what happened in that period is that punk turned away from being a fashion thing for so many. It became to many a political movement and a way of life, and opened the doors to so many other ways of looking at other possible ways to live your life. Also the anarcho-punk scene attempted to take punk back from the big promoters, labels and managers and put it back in the hands of the audience and punks themselves. The whole DIY punk scene owes its origins to the anarcho-punk scene. And so much today that the punk scene takes for granted like small scale distribution, completely independent labels and self-promoted gigs can trace their origins back to the anarcho-punk scene from the early '80s.

I really wanted the sleeve notes to reflect what was happening at the time. These were turbulent times in the UK with the most right-wing government we'd had and record unemployment. Punk was considered a threat by "the state" and punk was certainly a major thorn in its side. No one has taken the time to accurately chronicle what was happening and to understand how the movement developed you have to understand the political climate that existed. The sleeve notes across the series reflect this.

MRR: How was the anarcho-punk experience for you?

Sean: The whole punk experience has defined my life to date. I still feel very much part of the punk scene, and everything I've done post-Psycho Faction has sort of been an extension of the band and my whole punk attitude. Obviously I've loads of memories of the period, most notably that so much seemed to have happened in such a short period of time. It was very exciting and I met a lot of people who were very genuine and committed, and others who just enjoyed the music and the scene, loads are still mates. Punk changed my life, I think for the better. It pointed me in a direction that made me think about a lot of things I wouldn't have previously. The anarcho side sharpened that spirit of rebellion and helped define my political stance which is still as ever anarchist with sympathetic support to other extreme left/anti-statist ideals. I can honestly say there are no bitter aftertastes! There are disappointments with the fact that a lot of what has happened since has seen the political situation in the UK veer so much more to the right, and the fact that the country seems permanently at war, Iraq, Afghanistan, Northern Ireland…

MRR: Tell us a little about Psycho Faction, the scene in your area in the 80's—any important events?

Sean: We came from a small rural town in west Cumbria, England, called Cleator Moor. We were initially influenced by the energy and DIY attitude of punk, and had no idea of how to play when we started apart from making a racket. Over five years we were involved in organizing a lot of the punk scene in the area, setting up a musician's collective, organizing anti-nuclear graffiti campaigns, and bringing the likes of Crass (three times), Poison Girls, Flux (twice) System, Conflict, Dirt, and others to our rural outpost. We were all pretty young (fourteen to eighteen) in the band and were always desperately poor financially; a lot of our early gigs were undertaken with four strings on the lead guitar and three on the bass! And what passed as our gear would be laughed at today. That said we did develop over the years and were finally producing some memorable stuff just before we called it a day. The main reason behind the band finishing was the fact that after appearing on a BBC TV "youth" programme called *Off The Peg* back in early '84, we banked the payment with our bassist who was the only one working at the time, which basically would stop the unemployment benefit office interfering. The money which was to be used to fund a split single we were going to do was spent within a month on drink and other things by our bassist. The result was we asked him to leave and the heart really went out of the band. The guy in question is still a great mate and we laugh about the whole episode now.

MRR: As you lived in a rural area, would you agree that early '80s punk was more rural/provincial than the late '70s punk wave representing the explosion of inner city subcultures?

Sean: The reason that the first wave seemed very urban was because most of the venues and bands were based around London, as was the punk scene's mouthpiece *Sniffin Glue* fanzine, and the music press at the time accentuated the fact, and consequently you had loads of suburban kids moving up to London to feel part of punk. One of the reasons why the later punk scene seemed rural/smalltown in nature was the fact that Crass, who were the standard bearers for anarcho-punk, were willing to play in the places no one else would, and step outside of the world of music industry promoters, and standard

Youth in Asia

Chumbawamba

Psycho Faction

circuits. Crass played throughout the country from the valleys of Wales, the Scottish Highlands, Shetland, Cumbria, rural Yorkshire, etc., and they inspired the people and punk youth that lived there.

MRR: Has anarcho-punk just been one piece of an evolving counter-culture? Where would you envision counter-culture flourishing today?

Sean: The anarcho-punk scene never really went away, although it seemed to evolve and distort as it went into other countries. When I read current anarcho-punk zines like *Profane Existence*, it is like taking a step back 20 years as they're approaching exactly the same topics that the anarcho zines I was reading back then were. Perhaps that's a sad indicator of the way the world and the punk scene has moved or perhaps it's a good indicator of people not letting subjects get brushed under the carpet. I'm tending to lean to the latter. One way it has distorted is that the current anarcho scene is ultra right-on in some places, and has taken the ultra-purist angle on a lot of topics, condemning a lot of stuff to a tiny ghetto. I'm certainly not advocating bands signing to major labels, or playing the rock 'n' roll game, because it is corrupt, and unless you know what you're doing you'd be shafted, but anarcho-punk shouldn't stay in the ghetto, it should be out there using all means necessary to push the point. The silence on the media re: the Iraq war, Afghanistan, and current society is deafening. I'd love to see bands up there challenging and pushing for change. Counter culture is always there bubbling under the surface, and the Internet and modern computer technology has become a great way for messages to spread. You can tell that by the fact that governments all over the planet are trying there best to impose restrictions, limits and censorship on the medium.

MRR: To be fair, a lot of activist and political groups were influenced and started by anarchist punks that are still here and active today. Could we argue that the ideas are more relevant today?

Sean: Don't really think there is much need for an argument. Anyone with half an ounce of sense can see what the bands were saying back then is as relevant, if not more relevant today. I'm always surprised that not many people have pointed out how Thatcher was proven so wrong with her support for the "nuclear deterrent," when she proclaimed that it had "secured peace in Europe for 50 years" and would in the future; then we get a dirty, violent, sectarian civil war in former Yugoslavia. The anti-state ideas/messages of the anarcho-punk bands were nothing new, as a lot of the anarchist movement had been saying similar stuff for over a century, but the likes of anti-G8 and anti-GM protests certainly have roots in the anarcho-punk scene, whereas the black bloc organised anarcho protesters can trace a direct line back to anarcho-punk.

MRR: What would you say were the initial reasons for the waning of the anarcho-punk scene in the mid '80s?

Sean: The fact that people started to get a bit older, and with that came increasing financial responsibilities, and things like jobs(!), rent, etc. started getting in the way. Also specific to my area people needed to move away for practically everything, as it's one of the most inaccessible areas in England. There was a lot of infighting and bitchiness from those within and outside the scene. There was a lot of puritanism and "holier than thou" attitudes around and a lot of petty jealousies. People became strict vegans, strict anarchists, strict pacifists, or at the opposite end squatter types into spartan lifestyles and lots of cider. People weren't communicating as much and then you'd get new tags appearing "crustcore," "speedcore," "thrashmetal," "deathmetal," etc. When a lot of people previously associated with the anarcho-punk scene began growing their hair long and forming bands to play speeded up, but the same old tired riffing that had been the domain of the likes of Black Sabbath, Uriah Heep, Deep Purple, et al, I seriously lost interest and started listening to other stuff. I'm not saying that anyone was particularly wrong in any of the choices they made, after all everybody was young and making a lot of decisions about their future.

MRR: Moving back to the comp CDs. Which have been your favourite songs out of the two comp CDs so far?

Sean: That's a hard question because a lot of the songs have real redeeming factors and a lot of them remind me of certain stages in my life or certain gigs etc. I'm really fond of the Touch Of Hysteria track "Rulers," on *Anti-State*, because my own band played with them, and they were just so bloody good, and deserved to have been better appreciated. Also "Revolution" by Chumbawamba does it for me every time as I really love the band as people and as musicians. I've seen them many times over the years and they always thrill and surprise. They weren't, and still aren't, afraid to take risks. Zounds track "War" on *Anti-War* is a bona fide anarcho-punk classic.

MRR: Can you tell us a little more about the series? The next imminent release of the third volume and the final two volumes?

Sean: The *Anarcho-Punk* CD series is a five volume series with themed albums *Anti-War*, *Anti-State*, *Anti-Society*, *Anti-Capitalism*, and a fifth as yet untitled. What they hopefully bring together is a collection of anarcho-punk bands and performers from the early to mid '80s. That includes a lot of the bands that recorded for the better known labels like Crass, Spiderleg, Bluurg, Mortarhate, Radical Change, etc., but also included are a plethora of bands who never went beyond well received demos or their own self-produced singles or cassette releases. Almost all this stuff today is deleted and hard to come by, and being sold on eBay at silly collector prices, so I'd like to think that these CDs introduce or re-introduce people to the original anarcho-punk scene at a cheap price. The first two CDs *Anti-War* (released Feb. 2005) and *Anti-State* (released June 2005) include tracks from Dirt, Zounds, Metro Youth, Flowers In The Dustbin, Kronstadt Uprising, Political Asylum, the Astronauts, Anthrax, A-Heads, the System, Sanction, Instigators, Blood Robots, Lost Cherrees, Riot/Clone, Youth In Asia, Psycho Faction, Naked, Omega Tribe, Anti-System, Faction, Rubella Ballet, the Snipers, A Touch Of Hysteria, Urban Decay, the Mob, Flux Of Pink Indians, Blyth Power, Amebix, Subhumans, Famous Imposters, Poison Girls, Decadent Few, Toxic Waste, Toxik Ephex, Disruptors, Decadence Within, No Defences, Chumbawamba, Civilised Society, Sinyx, Assassins, Polemic, and the Eratics.

Anti-Society, the third in the series, which is due out in Jan. 2006, includes tracks from Reality Control, Icons Of Filth, the Sears, AOA, Liberty, Look Mummy Clowns, Dave Asgrove Band, Karma Sutra, Icon AD, Exitstance, Alternative, Reality, Thatcher On Acid, Part 1, Andy T, Revulsion, Apostles, Untersmensch, Hagar The Womb, Stalag 17, Oi Polloi, Anti State Control, and the Mental. The fourth, *Anti-Capitalism*, is due approximately four months after that, and the fifth in the autumn. The fifth, final CD in the series will include a new, previously unreleased track from Crass and a foreword by Penny Rimbaud from the band. All CDs come with a chunky 24-page booklet that contain around 10,000 words in the sleeve notes that include opinion on the scene back then, bios by the bands, updates, period photos, and contacts for many of the bands. As the series has been compiled from old tapes, singles, demos, or really old quarter-inch tape everything included has been remastered to produce the best possible sound quality. The CDs are available at a cheap price, although a few stores have been found charging the standard CD price, so do buy it from an independent retailer or mail order.

MRR: Anything else to add?

Sean: Already the series has spawned a few spin off CDs including albums from The System called *...Is Still Murder*, the Disrupters' *Gas the Punx*, and also I'm working on albums from Icon AD and the Alternative, all of which will appear on Overground. It's also been really great to see how well these comps have been received and the reviews and features that have come about due to their appearance. It's heartening to know that all my work has been appreciated, and that people still want to see an active, vibrant and militant punk scene.

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Sinyx

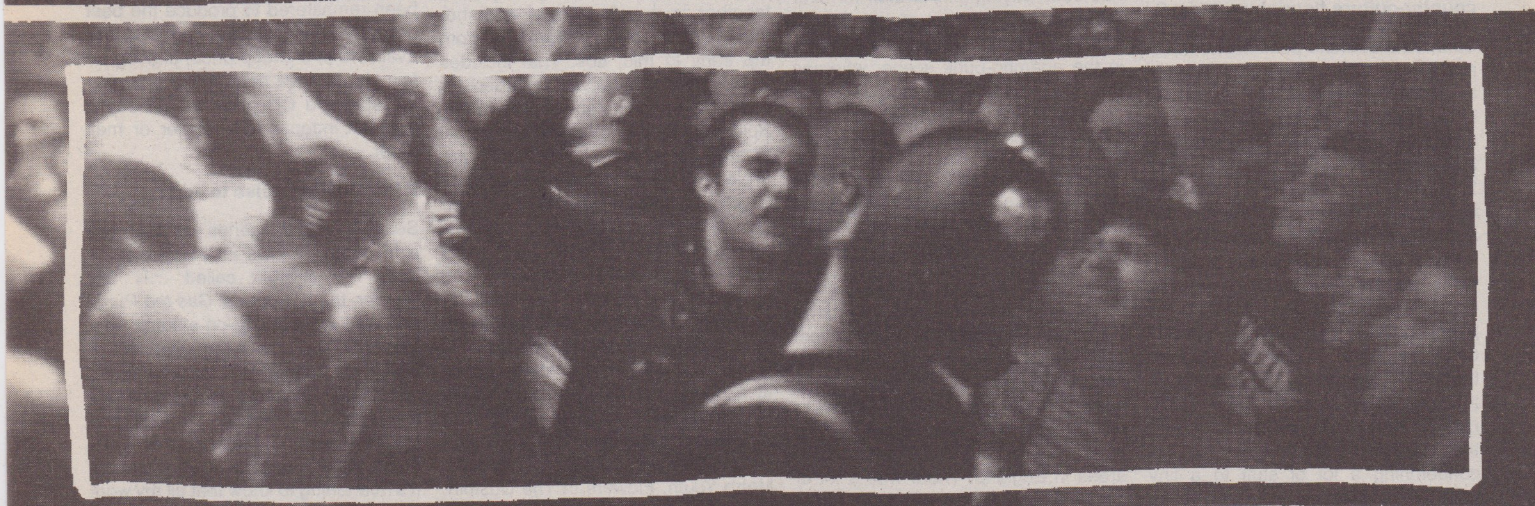
Anti-War
Anti-State
Various Artists
(Anarcho-Punk Compilation Vol. 1)

HARD SKIN

TOUR DIARY

by Fat Bob

photos by Ed Wenn



12/15/2005 – Balham
It's like riding a fackin' bike this music stuff. Last time I saw Nipper and JT was on an aeroplane coming back from Japan where we is fackin' famous, know what I mean? The word "big in Japan" was made for us cause not only were we the dog's bollocks, we also were about ten-foot and 25-stone bigger than the average Japanese geezer. Anyway to cut a long story short, it was the fackin' bestest gigs we've ever done but we had to get back to real life in the hood—darts, birds, and larger. And now it's eight months later and we is in a practice place in the arse end of Balham. It takes three hours to re-learn our old anthems and start work on three new classics for our next hit single. I mean, what the fuck do other bands get up to?? Rehearsing every week and yet they're still shit. It's easy peezy lemon squeezy.

12/16/2005 – The Grosvenor, Stockwell
The day starts at the Gipsy Rose Café—fackin' gorgeous. Then onto a mammoth two-hour session learning the three new songs to record in two days' time. The session takes it out of us mentally and physically and we retire to the cafe again and then the pub where we start the journey on the intercity to shit face shitty. The landlord at the Grosvenor doesn't really want punk gigs at his gaff anymore but I convince him that it's the best Oi! band ever and he'd be a fool to miss out on putting on the main event. The door tax is £5 unless you are a crusty and then it's 6 sheets, and we hire four sharp-dressed doormen to make sure this policy is put in place. The venue only holds 150 people tops but we cram in nearly 400 and the bar is drunk dry. The place was rocking like a fackin' rock—know what I mean? Also rocking the main stage was Penge Punx Scrotum Clamp, Sarf London stoner metal legends Death Race, and trusty crusties the Restarts. The only bad part was the mess of the venue afterwards, a handbag fight between some junior skins who had half a shandy too much and some crusty girl trying to take a shit outside the venue. You might do it in your own house but not here, love. The only thing left in the day was to watch the wild card eating fried chicken in a drunken stooper at three in the morning. That boy loves his chicken.

12/17/2005 – The Free Butt, Brighton
Funny old world—tonight we are in the gay capital of the world and we are playing a venue called the Free Butt. The Restarts were supposed to play at this gig but the drummer had to pack his Discharge T-shirt, some peroxide and fack all else by Monday as he is going on holiday to Ireland. Tonight is Saturday night—punx have come a long way in 30 years. The wild card is behind the wheel today and we head off to Brighton to spend last night's takings on beer and Christmas presents for the birds. It's fackin top banana going out with an international Oi! superstar. The gig was less chaotic than last night but just as much fun. It was already sold out when ten sorts turned up—the guy on the door tried to turn them away but we went inside and kicked out ten ugly looking bruisers and got the lovely ladies in for the night of their life. The skins were having it large tonight and Brighton were loving it. We missed Combat Shock and most of South Coast Oi! legends Oilyrag cause we went down the seafront to sort out some Mods. The beer flowed and we had a right royal sing-song on the way back. This was also the last time we'd see South London's finest 20-pint beer-drinking lord Ginger Chris as he died a few days later of a bloodclot. We'll raise a glass to you at the next gig as long as you email us and tell us what's on tap in the pubs on the other side.

12/18/2005 – RMS Studios, Crystal Palace
How the fuck do bands spend months in a studio? Six hours, three new songs—bosh. RMS is run by an intellectual hippie who puts up with us coming there and going mental every few months. I guess the cheque sways him a little but I wouldn't want three rampaging Oi! bootboys on your step with 20 pissed-up cunts in tow. The two gigs have sharpened us up but our voices are fucked—but we is proper profession-

sionals and just get the job done. You won't hear these three future classics as it's only coming out in Japan and I don't think you can hear the songs from England. Japan to England is a long way and even with big speakers I don't think you'll hear it. The day ends with me and JT driving around Sarf London in Spen's Ford Cotina listening to three new Hard Skin classics at top volume—sweet as!

1/5/2006 – New Harmony vegetarian Chinese restaurant, Philadelphia

Fuck me, we are on a big silver bird flying out to somewhere called Philadelphia. Never heard of the place but it seems to take fackin' ages. Surely it would 'ave been easier to play in Watford or Luton. JT is already in New York so it's just me a Nipper giving it the big one to the saucy air hostesses. When we was young it used to be the ultimate glamour job, but judging by the quality on board US Airwaves flight US16 I think we should turn round and go back to England. On arrival in Philly we are picked up from the airport by a guy holding a card saying "Hard Skin" in a big stretch limo. This is a bit more like it until he drops us off at some house that looks like it could do with a big of a tidy up and lick of paint. Greg, one of the promoters, tells us one of his proudest moments was to get a secret gig from Citizen Fish on a Subhumans tour. It's at this point we realise a few things:

1. These people have no taste in music
2. They are crusties

Tonight we are playing in the basement of some veggie Chinese gaff—I like Chinese food but they had things like fake prawns and chicken. That ain't natural. Eat meat and fish, it tastes better than that rubbery fake gear, and while you're at it have a wash. The basement where the gig was smelt worse that Jon Active's armpits. It was humming. It was like being asked to perform in the sock of one of Deviated Instinct. Rambo played first and the legend that is Johnny Takeaway was still nowhere to be seen. Rambo told us they don't play crusty music beforehand but proceded to play a set of 40 minutes of crusty music and boy can large batty lead singer Tony talk. Get him on a subject and off he goes. He's like a wind-up toy with everlasting batteries. Finally JT arrives with a half full bottle of whiskey in one hand and his new guitar he got given by our sponsors in New York in the other. This has potential to be messy. It was.

Afterwards JT could barely stand so he did the logical thing and went out to some pub whilst me and the boy Nipper went to a disco in our honour which played a mixture of Oi! and Britpop.

1/6/2006 – First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia

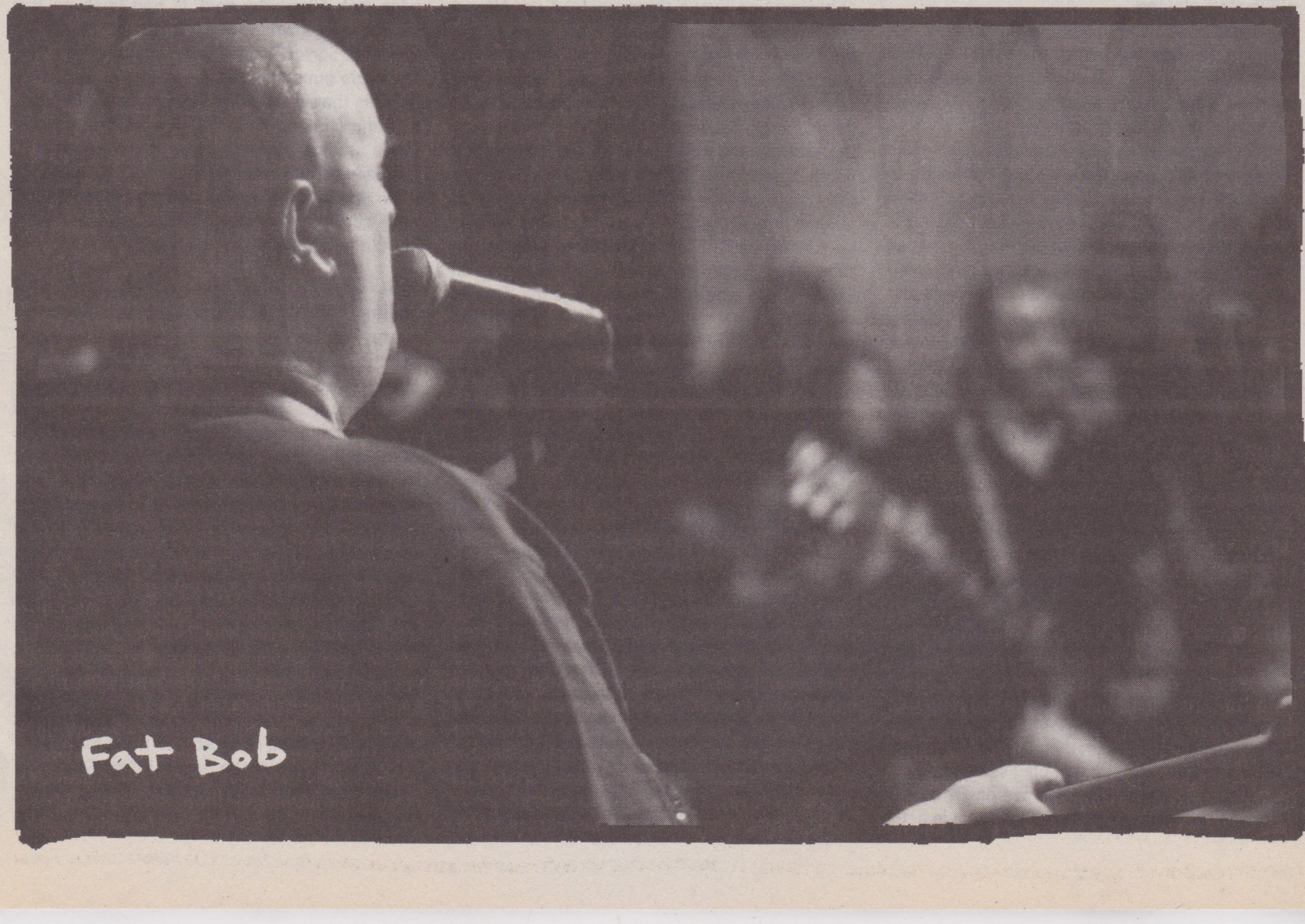
Our luxury accomodation turned out to be a blanket last used by the local tramp and cushions from a sofa that smelt like they had a week-long farting competition on it. It was a long and cold night and gave me time to think about life and all it's complexitiesƐ I think I'll buy a sleeping bag tomorrow was the conclusion.

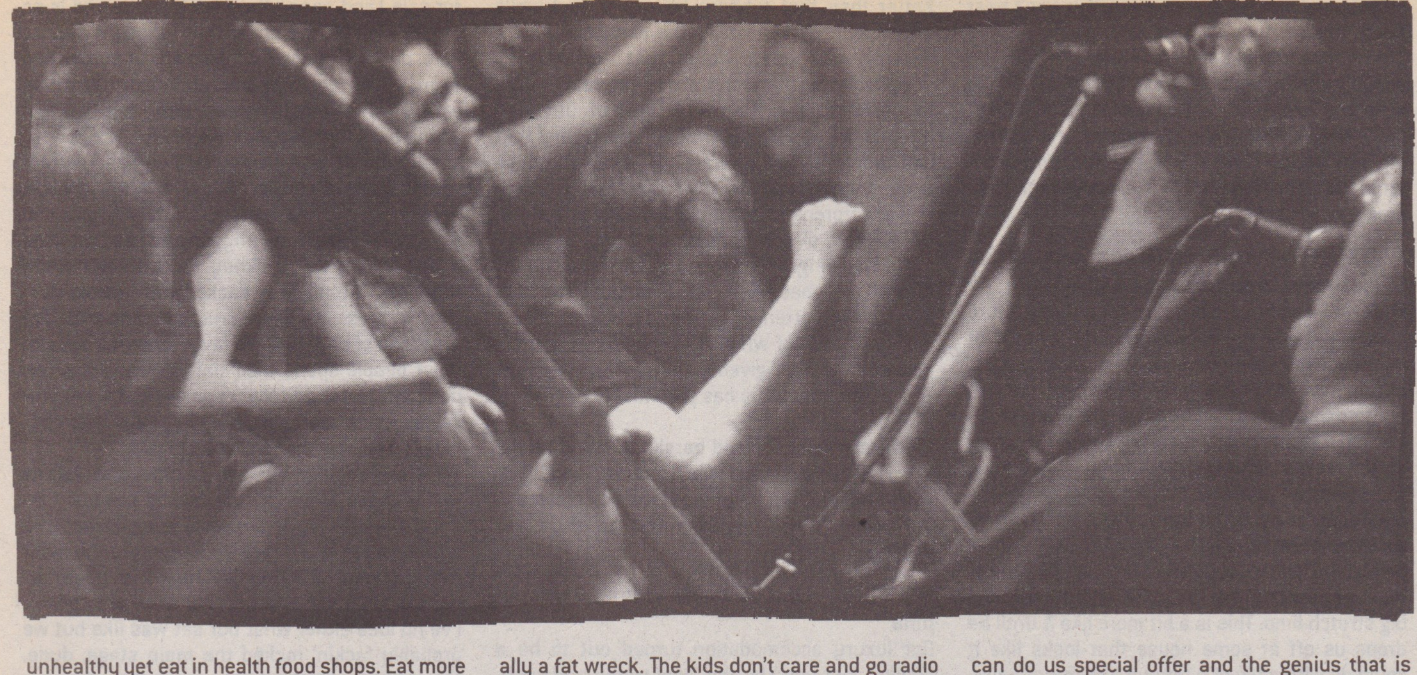
In the morning, it was time for a gander about. The bit of Philly we were in looked like a mix of Hackney and Poland. Fucking hell it was rough. Every other house was burnt out and empty and the local shop only had seven items for sale (and none after I left). The pound is so strong against the dollar that I made a pact to help the poor people of America—I would buy every bit of food I wanted and every record as well. It was like being on a charity mission and giving back to those that needed it.

If you thought playing in a Chinese restaurant was weird, tonight was in a fackin' church. Apparently a Unitarian church means you can worship at the altar of anyone and yes that does even include the Cockney Rejects—we asked the vicar. The place is packed with people flogging records—it's like a crusty jumble sale. The gig is one of Gary Glitter's favourites—all ages so most people spend their time in the pub a few doors away. Me and Nipper go out and score ourselves some matching sleeping bags that cost like 25p each with the exchange rate.

I can't remember any of the other bands really cause I was off me fackin' nut but I do know that the Boils are local legends and the kids love 'em and Imperial Leather are the most wrongly named band I've heard in years as none of them have seen a bar of soap in years. I've no idea either what our set was like but we probably fackin' rocked the main stage, dude. Mostly importantly there was a fine shipping forecast at the merch stall. We were officially rich.

The night was still young. Nipper and JT partied like it was 1984 and I went back to some geezer's house who keep telling me he was the manager of Rockpile but he looked too young to have managed a band in the '70s who Nick Lowe was in. He also had keys for a health food shop and said we can score some food. What is up with these people—they all look fat and





unhealthy yet eat in health food shops. Eat more pies, mate, and more chips cooked in lard and your life will be pukka.

1/7/2006 – First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia (Afternoon) / The Mill Creek Tavern, Philadelphia (Evening)

We are so famous we had to do two days in Philly. However, tonight was totally sold out. I think that's because the ticket price was more expensive and people thought we'd be better tonight. Nothing whatsoever to do with Dillinger 4 playing.

I was awoken by the sound of a student discussion on what bagel place to eat at. I'll have a soya decafe to go with my hummus one-sided toasted super bagel please. Fackin' hell this country is off its fackin' trolley.

The gig today is the afternoon because the R5 Productions boys were testing our ability to rock the lord in the daylight. A band called Mischief Brew play first and they sound like the Levellers or Against Me depending on which country you are from. They are in a good position to get a record deal as Against Me have just signed to Sire Records, so a message to you boys—keep up the good work, get the underground on your side and sell out. Even if majors aren't interested, Fat have got a spare slot now.

Fucked Up are the new kings of the underground and I for one would like to congratulate them on releasing limited edition singles that no one can buy unless you spend 28 hours a day on Internet chat rooms. It leaves the kids with more money to buy Hard Skin stuff. Our first album has sold 100,000 copies and still counting. It beats the 25-copy Taiwan-only tour 7", which was Fucked Up's latest release. Only joking...it was 35 copies. Paint It Black are legends...apparently they were in Lifetime and Kid Dynamite. Who??? I might know jack shit but the kids of Philly are loving it. They love Hard Skin as well, but do I really need to tell you that? Some chaps got naked in the pit, which was a little bizarre but we do kind of play sexy music.

It's funny that Dillinger 4 are on Fat Wreck because the bass player is really ill and is actually a fat wreck. The kids don't care and go radio rental to them. It's just as well the band only play 35 minutes as the kids arms need a rest from punching the air during every chorus. Highlight of the afternoon was meeting Paddy from D4's cousin—none other than the bass player of Crucial Youth. "Be Kind Rewind" is as relevant today and it was then.

After the festival the madness carries on with another five-band extravaganza at some pub. We (including some sorts) decide to chill and eat some normal grub instead of the hippie shit everyone keeps trying to feed us. After a good nosh up we decide to take a taxi to the gig, but the taxi we grab takes us first to the wrong side of town—apparently he can't understand our Australian accents—and then his cab breaks down. Fackin' useless tosser. The others are at the address we were given and it looks like a derelict bombsite. Luckily, due to luck rather than skill, we arrive. D4 were supposed to be playing but can't so we step into the breach and give Philly back its arse for the fourth time in three days. Pissed Jeans sounds like a tramp on Special Brew who has pissed his jeans. Fucked Up gets more good-natured ribbing from the Hard Skin and try to give it back live on stage—these Canadian kings of punk should stick to rocking and not comedy. It was nearly 4 in the morning and a warm glow of beer, ready break and good times was flowing all over of us. Our flight was at 7 in the morning so it wasn't worth sleeping

1/8/2006 – Flying

America is fackin' big and if I'd have looked at a map then perhaps the next gig should have been in DC and not Portland. This was the least of our problems as US Airwaves had decided in their wisdom that because JT hadn't flown from London to Philly then his ticket was void. No amount of chat, shouting or swear words would change it. The clown behind the desk suggested we could buy another ticket at 4,960 dollars—fackin' cunt chops. Yeah, no problem mate, I got that kind of wonga in me back pocket. After half an hour the geezer comes back and tells us he can do us special offer and the genius that is Johnny Takeaway can get on the plane for 1,990 dollars. Fuck off. Me and Nipper had already checked in and decided we had to take the flight and hopefully JT could find a cheaper flight later that day. US Airways are fackin' wankers not only because they ripped us off but because they charge you for food and five dollars for headphones. We are waging a war against them. So me and the boy Nipper arrive in San Fran with no idea what's happening.

We are collected by recovering straight-edge jock Allan who said JT had been on the blower and he'd booked a ticket direct to Portland. Sorted. It meant we could relax in the California sunshine, eat pizza and end up at a hellhole that is the Burnt Ramen. Now, I've been to some stinking shitholes in my time and this ranks amongst them. I made a promise that if we made some money from the tour then I'd buy them some paint, air freshener and some nice thick carpet. It's not big to smell so bad. Get a haircut and get a job.

1/9/2006 – Grant's House, Vancouver and Failing, Portland (Early) / Acme Bar, Portland (Late)

For the West Coast bit of our holiday we have borrowed equipment and the van (renamed the Beast) from Giant Haystacks. The Beast is a saucy little number with velvet seats and plenty of room if we pick up any sorts. We are joined for the best week of their lives by Allan and Kirsty, who runs a mucky video shop in Frisco—check it out www.lostwankend.com. To drive to Portland takes about 12 hours and I can confirm that it looks the same as anywhere in the world. And yes that does include Germany. As soon as we get close to reaching Portland (you can tell by shops selling studded leather jackets and it pisses down with rain) the beast starts pissing out oil. In plain and simple English, we've been sold a dud by the Jock. It crawls into Portland but it'll have to be checked out in the morning.

The first gig of the day is in the Garage of Grant from Back Alley Justice. He's a happy drunk that would be at home in any pub. His band plays drunken Oi! Then he said they were inspired by Hard Skin—fackin' hell I didn't realise we were so shit. Next came 1977 heaven in the form of Nix. Both this gig and the one this evening were being put on by Yannick from Tragedy, who looked after us good and proper but his band sounds like a nuclear fackin' war. Fair play, the kids went fackin' mental, they was lovin' it but my lugholes needed a good clean out afterwards. JT and Nipper were already on the intercity, even before some geezer traded a guest list for tonight's gig for a six-pack (is that where the Black Flag song comes from? I thought it was about Rollin's body—traveling makes you learn new stuff everyday). As for Hard Skin, we ripped the place apart and despite being crushed into one corner because of the pure and utter mayhem, it was top banana. Know what I mean?

No sooner had we finished the job, we were off again to some pub on the other side of town for a late gig. This is where things kind of fell apart. Some daft cunt told JT he was a pussy and could drink/smoke him under the table. This was the first ever Portland Drink and Drugs Olympics and to save the band's honour JT went out and drunk seven pints and smoked this guy's bag of weed in two hours. Safe to say he won gold medal but the gig wasn't much fackin' good, but luckily we got away with it because I think the crowd were in a similar state. Top marks for Hellshock who played heavy metal. You can call it what you like but it was heavy metal.

We stayed up late inking our new deal with Feral Ward records. I'm not sure a piece of navel fluff and as much His Hero Is Gone back-catalogue is usual practice, but we thought what the fuck and put our names to the contact. Stardom can only be just around the corner I thought as I lay my head down on a pillow made out of No Hope for the Kids overstocks.

1/10/2006 – G Street Pub, Davis

The Beast was fucked, it had to get towed away and we were 650 smackers lighter. Shit happens but sadly it meant we had to blow out the gig in Davis. Really, it was just an excuse so we could sit in the fackin' pub and get rat-arsed. Luckily the payoff was we remembered our drunken new song from the night before called "War Fuck" about people doing a fuck whilst there is a war on. The hit chorus is "Bumming whilst bombing." It's a number one single. When the van was finally ready we spent the whole evening and night driving from Portland Rock City back to Oakland. It's a fackin' long way.

1/11/2006 – Alex's Bar, Long Beach.

This gig was put on by Sweet Fuck All and funny enough that's how much they paid us. Basically it's a weekly disco put on by our label TKO Records, but either way:

1. They forgot to tell anyone about it, cause it weren't even mentioned on the chalk board at the venue or,
2. We are shit and no one wants to see us, which is not true.

The bogs at the venue didn't have a door on it, which is pretty off-putting when you're having a shit—some 25-stone skinhead poking his nose in. A very funny band called Reagan SS stepped in at the last minute to play and they made the noise that a barking dog makes for 15 minutes and left the stage to complete silence—very impressive work.

Despite there only being 50 people at the gig it was full of record labels trying to sign the Skin. BYO and Revelation. It seemed inappropriate to sign to Revelation as they are so straight edge and BYO hadn't a chance by walking in with two typical LA dollies with fake tits. I've got bigger and better tits than them. We were done and dusted in 30 minutes and those that were there witnessed Jockney reject Allan taking bass for the last song. He tried to get us the play the Scottish national anthem "Eat it, Fight it, Fuck It" but we weren't playing any encore, not for these cunts.

Me and Nipper played air hockey into the night whilst JT got the lash on with his bessie new mates, the Briefs.

Hours later Kirsty tells us we've sold out of shirts so JT takes it in his hands to get the situation sorted. In his drunken stupor, he walks into another room in the house where we are staying and finds that a guy living there prints shirts for a living and bosh a deal is struck.

1/12/2006 – Chasers, San Diego

It's 10 o'cock in the morning and Fat Bob and JT are living the dream in LA. The sunglasses are out, and we have become part of the beautiful people. We leave Nipper cracking a sly one off in honour of his birthday. San Diego is just down the road so it's a day out in LA.for me whilst the others try to meet the legend that is Steve Jones from the Sex Pistols. The fackin' twats miss him by minutes as they get caught in traffic. It's a bummer. It's time to get out of this shithole and get ourselves some good times in San Diego.

The gig is put on by San Diego boy about town Davey Tiltwheel, but claims he can't do the door cause he knows everyone in town so the rockweiler McNaughton does the door and charges everyone and their gran 20 of their finest dollars to get in. It's well worth it to see Black Cougar Shock Unit...only joking. The gig is actually a bit of fackin' turd and we don't even get to eat Mexican food. I can confirm we will never be going back to San Diego. We retire to the house that Tiltwheel royalties built and I have to say it's pretty impressive.

1/13/2006 – 924 Gilman, Berkeley

Morning has broken and today is a new day. A day where we have new T-shirts and a day, we get the fuck out of San Diego. It's also the first day of Nipper's new life—he's moving to Germany. Don't ask. We get ourselves some Maccie D's and extra lard shakes and we are off on the motorway heading towards hippie central. The only thing of note on the journey is that Fat Bob had a fantastic shit that was the size of a large python. I think it might have qualified for the Guinness Book of Records. We picked up some stunning T-shirts in a service station which basically united England and America in grief over our respective bomb attacks. It's great to know you guys are right behind us and we proudly wore the T-shirts on stage that night. It was fackin' emotional, know what I mean?

Gilman hasn't changed since I last went there in 1942. In fact, all evening there was an odd smell disturbing me and I thought that it could be the smell of a rotting corpse but when I saw Pete the Roadie scurring about on stage tidying up our guitar leads I realised what it was. You can take the boy out the West Country but the smell comes with him.

Deadfall were supposed to be playing at the gig but couldn't as two of the band members were injured in a bizarre camping accident. Instead a band called PAWNS filled in but I don't remember anything about them cause I was outside glue sniffing or something like that. The Vals are Holland's best comedy band and tell a joke about some little monkeys, which had me in stitches for days. As for Nuts and Bolts—are they gay? The singer definitely looked pretty buff.

Hard Skin silenced the crowd with our wit and brilliance. I don't think Gilman had seen anything like it in it's fackin' sad little life. Nuts and Bolts wanted us to go a make with the party with them but we had some serious talking to do. It always goes something like this:

Fat Bob: "We were fackin' amazing tonight!"

JT: "Too fackin' right Bob, we were fackin' awesome, know what I mean??"

Nipper: "Hgdechjdehjjgpoijfihfgcyhucojpyfuegiuehiodeopj" (that's Scottish for "correct, bigman")

1/14/2006 – Balazo Gallery, San Francisco (Early) / Hemlock Tavern, San Francisco (Late)

Apparently we have been requested for an interview at something called Maximum Rock 'n' Dole Radio. It's run by people who is unemployed and have nothing better to do. We is promised beer and sexy dollies but sadly they only deliver some weak American piss, though after 16 cans JT is ready to ruck. They ask us to choose some records from a big record collection which all has green tape on it for some fackin' unknown reason. I remember years ago buying some records from a member of Youth of Today with green tape on it—funny there's two people doing it in the world. I choose Hard Skin, the classic first album, JT chooses the equally as brilliant follow up Same Meat, Different Gravy whilst Nipper chooses something from his dark and distant past, Oi Polloi.

The Balzo Gallery is some trustafarian's art space and it has without some of the worst (f)art I've ever seen. Basically wankers on drugs playing with paper mashey. Fackin' student wankers, get your haircut and get a life. Still, I feel they need educating so I don't cancel the gig. Apparently some smart arse thinks we are a comedy band so stick us with three other comedy acts Oil!, Jewdriver, and Born/Dead. Born/Dead is the funniest of the lot. More like Born/Deaf—they sound like a tramp trying to take a shit but quickly.

When we hit the blank bit of canvas they call a stage, everyone is chanting USA at us for five minutes and we chant "IS GAY" after every USA. It amuses us for at least five minutes. Actually, I'm still laughing about it now and that's two months later. The gig is mainly full of good-looking birds but that's most skin events. The Skin always gets the cream. Know what I mean?

JT is in fine form as the first hangover of the day wears off. The man is a legend and a genius. We fackin' tear the joint apart with the power and passion of our immense body of work. We can't hear fuck all on stage but it's not a problem because we already know how brilliant we are.

After the set JT is as pissed as a cunt but there's time for him to sober up and get a second hangover before we do the second performance of the day. 59 years of age and the boy can still fackin' 'ave it a million times harder, better, and longer than the young pretenders. The evening gig is with a band that does only songs on Stiff Records. That's pretty funny because they're Stiff and we're Hard. Giant Haystacks plays first (rightfully so) and each member tells us separately what an honour it is to play with England's number one Oi! band. Too fackin' right!!!

By the time we play it's about one in the morning or something stupid and JT cannot stand up. That is no word of a lie. The only words that come out his mouth are "Fuck off" and "Bollocks." Luckily most of our songs are made up of those words so we get away with it. He spends half the time on the floor and the other half drinking. It's a very impressive performance by the genius. Of course, the rhythm section is as tight as a nat's chuff. During our set I notice some sexy minx who has been stalking me all day—from the radio station to the first gig and onto the second gig—but sadly for this unlucky lady Fat Bob's mind was on the job of going home rather than on the job in hand.

In conclusion, if someone asks did Hard Skin have a good time in America? Fat Bob would reply, "Yes."

Johnny Takeaway

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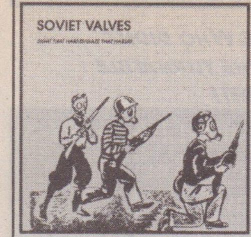

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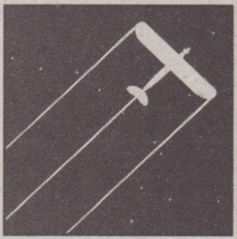

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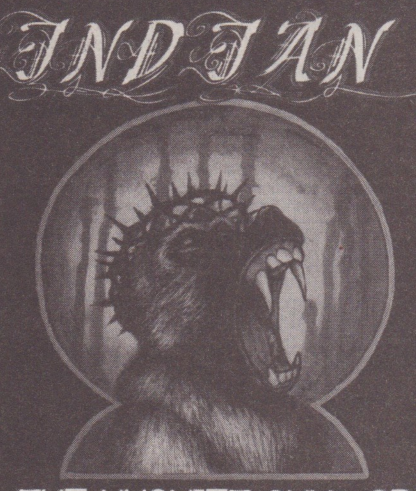

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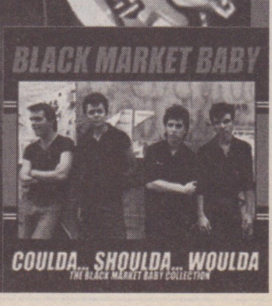

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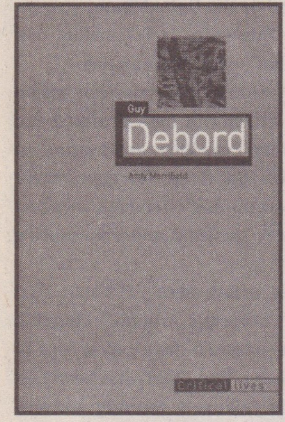

Guy Debord
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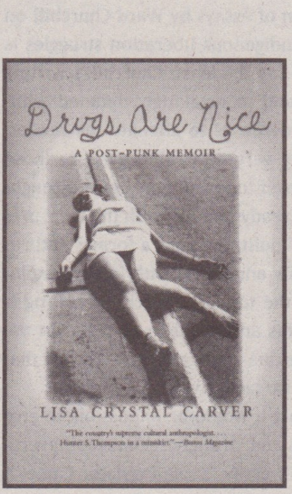
Writing a good biography, like Andy Merrifield's *Guy Debord*, requires a balance of humility and hubris. The latter is necessary to undertake the project of capturing and synthesizing a subject's entire life, but the former must offset the potential for hubris itself to cloud a writer's judgment about the subject. Guy Debord himself balanced hubris and humility with aplomb. As a writer, Debord never sought the material rewards capitalist society bestows upon its darlings exactly because, as a revolutionary, he sought the destruction of that society. In 1979, twelve years after the publication of Debord's most important work, *The Society of the Spectacle*, he explained the purpose of the book in the preface to an Italian edition: "Those who really want to shake an established society must formulate a theory that fundamentally explains it." Debord wrote in 1992 that readers of that theory, "Should bear in mind that it was written with the deliberate intention of doing harm to spectacular society." The hubris. "There was never anything outrageous, however, about what it had to say." The humility.

Merrifield's is the third biography of Debord in English and it is the first to convey a feeling of Debord's milieu, from his youth and the Letterist International years in Paris, through the Situationist International (SI) years and the revolutionary period of 1968, and the years after, which he spent in Paris and the French countryside as well as in Italy and Spain. Over the last decade, in reading nearly every text by Debord and the SI translated into English as well as a great deal of interpretive work, it has struck me that the key to understanding Debord is that he was deeply hurt by the destruction of both tangible and intangible elements of Paris that came with France's entry into post-industrial capitalism. The whole country was uneasy with the developments of the postwar period, including the colonial disasters in Algeria and Indochina. Debord trenchantly described the changes in the urban environment, everyday life of the worker, the world of art, and the relationship between France and global capitalism, and he described what was to be done about these changes. The rapid modernization of France and its attendant dislocations and unevenness is arguably the best overarching explanation for why the country was, in May 1968, the site of both the largest wildcat general strike in an industrialized country and, as Debord wrote, "the increasingly complete withering of state power for nearly two weeks." His thought navigates a terrain between nostalgia for the loss of what in nonpolitical terms might be called "home" and hopefulness for the future's resolutions to the problems this loss engendered. We know now, as Debord's 1988 *Comments on the Society of the Spectacle* argues, that the future revolutions that would transform society have grown only more distant with the worldwide consolidation of spectacular power and its destruction of alternatives.

Merrifield, with his many glosses of the references and quotations in Debord's writing, captures Debord's fascination with plumbing history in an effort to supersede the present. For a complex exegesis on the Hegelian origins of Debord's ideas, read Anselm Jappe's *Guy Debord*. For a peek into what made this brilliant revolutionary tick, read Merrifield's book. I have two minor complaints, however. First, Merrifield seems to have translated some passages of Debord's writing rather differently from any of the available English translations. In some cases, I can understand why he would do this (there are some bad translations out there), but, for example, Merrifield's "The spectacle is capital to such a degree that accumulation has become an image," is quite different from Ken Knabb's "The spectacle is *capital* accumulated to the point that it becomes images." If I understand what Merrifield's rendition means, it's a far less radical thesis than Knabb's version. Second, I wish this book were a bit more academic. As Merrifield notes, Debord hated the academy and was never a member of it, but that doesn't mean his biographer should eschew footnotes for previously unpublished biographical details! Even if Debord's widow had related the anecdote, I wish I knew she was the source. Anyway, this is a complaint that will not bother most readers. Everyone, in the end, benefits from Merrifield's excursions into Spanish poetry, the history of the perpetually dispossessed Roma, and the French weather, because these are among the things that inspired Debord even though he may have written about them only in passing.

I recommend that anyone who reads *The Society of the Spectacle* also check out this biography. It is not perfect; it should have been longer, with more in-depth political history of the eras of Debord's life (and of the world): pre- and post-'68 and perhaps a bit on Debord's legacy. But the book will nevertheless be much appreciated between first and second reads of *The Society of the Spectacle*. The power of Debord's writing when I first encountered it was that it seemed so stark and original. Knowing that it has historical antecedents and was the product of a specific time and place does not diminish that power. Instead, it makes it all the more impressive that such cool, clear prose could come from someone so passionate about the world he loved even as he watched it disappear. Merrifield captures much of what is left unsaid by Debord, the happiness and melancholy that are abstractly present beneath the surface of his political theories.

— Stuart Schrader



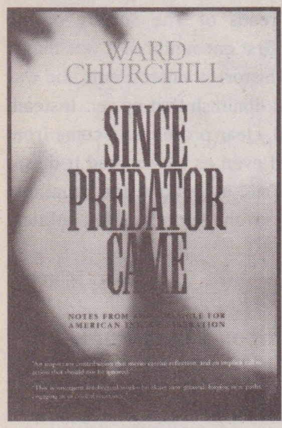
Drugs Are Nice: A Post-Punk Memoir
Lisa Crystal Carver
Soft Skull Press
250 pages • $14.00
55 Washington St,
Suite 804
Brooklyn, NY 11201

By the age of nineteen Lisa Crystal Carver had left Dover, Massachusetts, for France to be with her artist husband Jean Louis Costes, whom she met and fell in love with through exchanging creative letters in the mail, she was also doing shows all over the world with band/bizarre performance art group Suckdog. By he early twenties she had started one of the most influential 'zines ever, *Rollerderby*. She worked for a while as a prostitute. Later in her twenties she got into, then left, an abusive relationship with industrial music founder Boyd Rice, with whom she had a child. In this strange and interesting book Carver documents her life through all of these events in a very intimate first person style.

Despite never having heard of Lisa Carver (OK, I admit it!) before reading this book, I absolutely loved it and could not put it down. Now I want to check out other things she's done, like *Rollerderby*, because she is just so interesting and unique and I love that. What's great about this book is, yeah, it's about very weird and unusual people, but really deep down it's just like an Oprah book or a book that my mom would read—yes, this is a compliment! I mean it is like that in all the good ways but not in the bad ways. I don't usually like what I call "Oprah books" (heartwarming, popular trade paperbacks) because they are about mainstream people and kind of boring and all the same. But they are usually well-written and impact the reader very much emotionally. Carver's memoir had the good parts of such books—it had amazing emotional impact and I really connected with her as a character. The book had the same accessible themes: friendship enduring through thick and thin, relationship problems, messed up families, and the same sort of emotional revelations at the end of every chapter. Her book was also just as well written as any of those best sellers. Most people would probably love this book if Carver didn't say "fuck" so much and talk about things like crazies, weird sex, and smearing fake shit on people. But what's awesome is that the way she tells the stories, you see that even though these people are weird on the surface, deep down they really want the same things we all want. But they are way more interesting! They go deeper. I think Lisa and her friends are more intelligent than most people and so they have more of a need to seek out the truth and learn more about the world. They couldn't just accept the mainstream world; they had to go beyond.

Carver led a life that to most people would be considered totally wild, but to her it was just life! That's just the way she was; that's what came naturally. And that's why I like the book, because she isn't arrogant, rather she is very down-to-earth about it all and you feel like, sure, why shouldn't she do that? And this book was awesome because it all really happened, and truth for Lisa Carver is definitely stranger than fiction.

—Jane Ghotlos



Since Predator Came

Ward Churchill
424 pages • $21.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612-1163
www.akpress.org

This collection of essays by Ward Churchill on the topic of indigenous liberation struggles is impressive to say the least. Churchill's writing is articulate and painstakingly detailed without being so dense as to alienate the reader. His essays are very accessible even to those unfamiliar with the topics he covers. I found myself time and time again throughout the book wondering why the hell I wasn't already familiar with the facts presented, as someone keenly interested in radical politics and as a former anthropology student. Most of the essays are copiously annotated with further explanations and sources cited. I love the fact that the tone of Churchill's writing is uncompromising and not without humor, and his analysis doesn't suffer in the least for it. My appreciation of Ward Churchill is due in large part to the fact that he isn't just a scholar and a teacher, but he's also an activist.

There's so much information in this book that it would be impossible to give the scope of it here, but I'll list some highlights and strongly recommend everyone (that means you...) read the book. The brief essay "Since Predator Came: A Survey of Native North America Since 1492" outlines the effects of European contact over the past five centuries on the native population, and "Genocide in the Americas: Landmarks from Latin America Since 1492" expands on the topic, focusing on Latin America.

A definite highlight of the book is "Toward a Functional Definition." Churchill's keen and thoughtful analysis emphasizes the need for a working definition of genocide and the failure thus far of scholars and judicial or governing bodies to arrive at one. He details the attempts of the United Nations to do so following World War II, and the prominent role the United States played in thwarting that effort. Churchill addresses at length the problem of defining genocide specifically in relation to the Holocaust and the need for a more flexible definition that not only takes into account intent, consequences, and historic reality, among other things, but the variety of ways in which the phenomenon is manifested.

The essay "The Earth is Our Mother: Struggles for American Indian Land and Liberation in the Contemporary United States" is an exhaustive examination of the illegal and untenable acquisition of native land by the United States government and contemporary reclamation struggles. This essay is fascinating and inspiring and skewers once and for all the idea that justice is "unrealistic."

"The Bloody Wake of Alcatraz: Political Repression of the American Indian Movement During the 1970s" is a comprehensive account of the calculated and brutal nature of the events at Wounded Knee on the Pine Ridge reservation on the part of government agents and like-minded, corrupt thugs. The government repression resulted in a firefight and ensuing cover-up that effectively incapacitated the American Indian Movement, a formerly dynamic and empowering group.

One of the most illuminating and interesting essays here is "About That Bering Straight Land Bridge... Let's Turn Those Footprints Around." Churchill makes a strong case for the reexamination of the accepted theory of origins of the indigenous population of the Western Hemisphere. That theory has been that Asiatic peoples migrated over the Bering Straight relatively recently and dispersed throughout the hemisphere. Churchill exposes the shoddy scholarship and implicit racism of maintaining the Bering Land Bridge theory in the face of ample evidence which calls into question not only the length of time that various peoples have occupied this hemisphere, but the very idea that this migration is necessarily the source of the population of this hemisphere. I can tell you that none of this information was presented in a single anthropology class I had ever taken. It's amazing and exciting to read Churchill's challenge of Eurocentric dogma and his call for responsible scholarship based in fact.

"False Promises: An Indigenist Examination of Marxist Theory and Practice" is a sharp look at the relationship between Marxism and indigenous peoples. His criticism is highly interesting, well thought out, and adds a valuable perspective to an already considerable inventory of ways in which Marxism is problematic.

I'm going to wrap this up with my Ward Churchill anecdote. Last year we went to SF for the Anarchist Book Fair. After a late night catching up with old friends over many beers, we awoke with painful hangovers to find our friend Zeke enjoying a beer for breakfast. We set out for the fair, stopping occasionally so Zeke could buy tall-boys. He had told us that he was excited about the fact that Churchill was speaking that day, since Churchill had been in the news recently, which had sparked lively debate with his Republican Grandma. All day Zeke cruised the grounds on a beer-fueled skateboard, barking, "Have you seen Ward? If you see Ward, tell him I'm looking for him"; let me make clear that Zeke is a *loud* guy. When we ran into various friends throughout the afternoon, they would tell us about the crazy guy running around looking for Ward Churchill. Apparently, shortly before Ward spoke, Zeke did catch up with him. Part of the reason Zeke was looking for Ward was due to the fact that if you send a picture of someone "famous" reading *Mad Magazine*, you receive a lifetime subscription (who knew?). During the talk, Zeke was a bit rowdy (and more than a few folks advised that he "shut up!") and we had to leave early to pick up a friend. I imagined that cheering and clapping followed our departure. During the ride, Zeke enthusiastically told us about his meeting with Ward, shouting out the window at passers-by intermittently. I guess it's not always easy being part of someone's affinity group. When we arrived at a friend's house, Zeke immediately fell asleep on the floor (all tuckered out from the beer and excitement, no doubt) and there was quietude for the first time in hours. It was the last chance we had to visit with our loud, crazy friend and he's currently incarcerated in San Quentin. I don't know if the free lifetime *Mad Magazine* subscription panned out, but I do know we miss his loud, crazy ways.

So, if you see Ward, tell him Zeke's looking for him...

—Tress

MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI

IT'S ALL ABOUT MONEY

Cache is a thriller and not a thriller. That's to say, this intricate film has a design that crosses Gillo Pontecorvo with Jean-Luc Goddard—and I apologize if the comparison seems a bit obscure to some readers. Pontecorvo, director of **Battle of Algiers**, amazed audiences with his naturalistic studies of politics in action, showing how the have-nots always seem to have the natural disadvantage against imperial powers. On the other hand, Goddard is a film technician and stylist who always makes a point of showing his sometimes radical political stripes. A cross between these two talents is something to contemplate, and that's why Michael Haneke's drama is so worth watching.

Haneke has made a lot of noise in interviews about wanting to make films that bring the audience into the creative process. He believes that most films nowadays are either over-simplified morality tales, or movies with no moral bearing at all.

The film opens with a long but strangely arresting shot—the front door of a journalist's house as traffic drives by. It lasts for several minutes without commentary, until the picture fast-forwards like a video over the fairly static scene.

George Laurent (Daniel Autiel) and his wife (Juliette Binoche) are in their elegantly furnished entertainment room, and they can't make sense of it. Someone—who no one saw come or leave—managed to take a long video of the front of their home. They're at wit's end. First, how did this person take the video? Second, *why* did they take it? There's no clue, aside from a sinister bit of art on the video's front cover: a splatter of blood. The couple wasn't on the best of terms before this ingenious bit of terrorism, but now they have the unpleasant uncertainties of urban living to contend with.

George hosts a modestly successful television show covering modern authors, but he can't imagine which of the authors might want to have it in with him. When he goes to the police, the response is predictable: the law can't do a thing until a crime has been committed.

The videos continue to be delivered like clockwork, the covers gradually more pointedly violent. And just like before, these strange videos arrive in George's mailbox without any explanation. For an intellectual like George, the mystery becomes more exasperating with each day.

Then, a video arrives filmed from within their house. The primitive artwork on the cover has a man's head being sliced off.

Cache builds the tension with almost mechanical precision, each new development building on what appears to be a plot that cannot be reconciled. It's at about the halfway point that **Cache** switches gears, changing from a standard thriller to a cultural metaphor. It begins when George, on a hunch, leaves town and pays a visit to a specter from his repressed past: a sheepish man named Majid whose childhood form had begun haunting his dreams. George is as certain in his beliefs as he is adamant in his demands; he wants Majid to stop taking the videos (even though he has no proof he was involved in them) or he will be forced to take drastic actions.

Majid, as it happens, was an orphaned Algerian boy whom George's parents had—at least for a short time—adopted. A younger George had devised a cruel set of stratagems to make the boy look incorrigible, and get his parents to sever the adoption.

Of course, the videos keep coming in, and they're increasingly intimate. George, infuriated beyond reason, finds himself doing the same things as an adult that he'd done as a child, but he can't know the terrible ramifications.

As the plot develops, **Cache** never loses hold of the tight, cerebral pacing. Because it's not a typical mystery, the film is able to take liberties with the form—which some might find to be a cheat. **Cache** initially seems to play by the rules of your standard mystery, but it's increasingly obvious that it only plays by its own rules, however strange or inconsistent.

I respect films that actively encourage interpretation, and sometimes find them more satisfying than the simple morality tales that choke the film market. But Haneke takes a big risk in the process.

As I was leaving the theater, one articulate woman seemed to have it all figured out. "It's about secrets," she told her friend. "Secrets and trust. Everyone in the movie had issues with telling the truth, or saying anything, that that kept the whole plot going."

I think Haneke would have been dissatisfied with that explanation. The movie's title, **Cache**, says a lot. The rich, white protagonists have a privileged life, hobnobbing with literati and intelligentsia, enjoying witty dinner parties and a certain extra freedom. When the tapes start arriving, it's the first time they actually start examining themselves, and in particular, their relationship to a world that's poor and desperate. France has always been shadowed by memories of its imperialism in Algeria (which was so well related in **Battle of Algiers**), and **Cache** is the story of people coming to grips with the unfairness of this same past. George's story seems to suggest that these racially and socially motivated misfortunes never end, even when confronted. It's a haunting film that does what it's designed to do: keep the synapses firing, even while risking misinterpretation.

A number of the recent documentaries have operated on the easy distinctions used in American politics: Democrat vs. Republican, liberal vs. conservative. The dichotomy is useful in many ways, but I've always felt it goes deeper, and that most documentarians are more comfortable playing to familiar dichotomies than moving beyond the labels.

Why We Fight, an intriguing (and disheartening) film by Eugene Jarecki, takes a stab at exactly that, and seems to have concluded that what many of us had suspected all along: it's all about money.

The film opens with Dwight D. Eisenhower's farewell speech, an oft-quoted document that deserves to be quoted in part:

"In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist."

The film lets its talking heads move the narrative, taking opinions from several different perspectives. But the one that stays with you is the story of retired New York cop Wilton Sekser, a no-nonsense type who, like many Americans, had a stake in the 9/11 tragedy when it claimed his brother. His consuming—and understandable—response was reflected in the thoughts of many. Get back at the perpetrator—which he (and others) were led to believe was Saddam Hussein.

Sekser, a stocky law-and-order type who never flashes a smile, felt impotent as just one citizen, but after a flurry of emails he finally exorcised a few of his demons by getting his son's name written on one of the bombs to be dropped on Iraq.

When Bush, some time later, almost casually admitted that Saddam Hussein had no WMDs, Sekser world was sent topsy-turvy. Always the kind of man to believe that America's top executive was always right, he now felt manipulated and betrayed.

Why We Fight makes a case that American policy is guided by a need to impose our political will on other countries, democracies or not, if they're uncooperative to commercial interests. (This is similar to Noam Chomsky's idea of "spheres of influence.") To impose this will the US needs an overwhelmingly strong military, and some way to manage public opinion.

Jarecki is quick to remind us that this doctrine is founded in Cold War, not party, doctrine; Democrats and Republicans would have their pet wars. And working hand-in-glove with policy makers were weapon designers like Lockheed-Martin and Boeing, as well as military service providers like Halliburton, each seamlessly integrated into the political process.

The most ingenious strategy to perpetuate the military-industrial complex involves peppering defense jobs in the public sector across voting districts, so that elected representatives might feel obligated to keep the defense industry in place.

Jarecki culls experts from various viewpoints, from outspoken former Pentagon analyst Karen Kwiatowski and centrist John McCain (who fields a phone call from the Vice President while being interviewed) to the extremely articulate Chalmers Johnson, whose writings on the dangers of empire probably inspired much of this film.

The sad thing is that by the time Eisenhower offered the final words of his presidency it was already too late. This was an insight only a seasoned military man like Ike could fully appreciate.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

The Tomorrow Show with Tom Synder: Punk and New Wave DVD is a collection of episodes from the late-night talk show. Included are performances by the Ramones, the Jam, the Plasmatics, Elvis Costello and the Attractions, Iggy Pop, plus interviews with Joan Jett, Patti Smith, Johnny Lydon and Keith Levene.

The first episode on **The Tomorrow Show with Tom Synder: Punk and New Wave** is from October 11, 1977. This show is the ultimate time capsule. If you want to remember why you are still a punk after all these years, watch this. On the episode there is a round table discussion with San Francisco rock promoter Bill Graham, music critic for the *LA Times* Robert Hilburn, and songwriter Kim Fowley, who managed the Runaways. They are talking about punk rock and new wave. If you remember what it was like before punk was accepted by the mainstream, then you should get a kick out of this conversation. Graham and Hilburn are two examples of everything punk was rebelling against.

Synder asks them if punk is a fad or trend. Graham says it is a fad. He is the most clueless of the crew, talking about how in the '60s musicians had reasons to rebel. He implies that there was no reason for punks to be against the bloated '70s bands and the music industry. Although, it is obvious he doesn't know that's what they were seeking to destroy. Naturally, he would say something like that. Graham cashed in on the '60s for years. He admits he has no ideals when he says that he books whoever will make money. Then he says punk bands have no talent.

Kim Fowley defends punk and seems to be the only one who really knows anything about the music. Synder tells him he looks ridiculous, which he does. Fowley is wearing glam makeup and a tight suit. He keeps interrupting the other two interviewees. He refutes Graham's claim that punks have no talent. He mentions that the best punk song out that year is "Gary Gilmore's Eyes." Then talks about how he is working with Helen Ready and that she has recorded a punk song. The rock critic Hilburn mentions that there was a punk showcase in LA at a 5,000-seat venue, but only 1,500 people attended it. The news media covered it, but he felt that since not that many people went to the show, no one is really interested in punk in the United States. He sees it as more of an English thing.

Then Paul Weller of the Jam and Joan Jett of the Runaways join the group to give their perspective. Both are still teenagers, but they manage to hold their ground with the other panelists. The whole episode is just an amusing way to recall how the media and people in general reacted to punk in the '70s.

The other interviews are equally fascinating. Tom Synder may not like punk rock, but he does seem interested in what the punks have to say. Unlike modern talk show hosts, he listens and asks questions relating to the discussion, keeping the conversation flowing. There are no products being overly plugged.

When Johnny Lydon and Keith Levene come on to talk about Public Image Ltd., Synder asks about the group. Lydon tells him they aren't a group, they are a company, yet he can't elaborate much further than that. Synder keeps asking, but Lydon keeps performing the way he does in most of his interviews. You realize that Lydon has not thought things out enough. He probably always expects someone to start talking about the Sex Pistols so when someone is actually interested in what he is doing, he has no response.

When they come back from a commercial, Synder asks where they were. Lydon tells him that he just finished a tantrum. I thought Synder was relatively calm during all of this. Then I read in an interview with Keith Levene that during the commercial break Synder told them they better get their act together. Watching this interview by itself makes it seem that Lydon was being a bit childish. Watching the full episode, you see that the interview preceding theirs was with Alan Carr talking about the film he wrote called **Can't Stop the Music**. I would have been pissed off if I had to follow that too.

The best feature of the DVD is that you can choose to watch the entire episode, "just the punks," or just the songs. I am sure most people aren't as crazy as I am and don't want to watch all of these old episodes. This feature makes it easier for you to just watch what you bought the DVD for in the first place, the bands. (www.shoutfactory.com)

I was bored so I went to see **Danielson: A Family Movie** (or, **Make a Joyful Noise Here**). This documentary mostly looks at Daniel Smith, the main member of the musical group Danielson Famile. The band started as an art school project for the eldest Smith. He enlisted his siblings to perform with him, since they grew up playing music together. Once Daniel got a taste of the performance bug he seems to not have been able to shake it. He organized his brothers and sisters into the Danielson Famile and took the act on the road. They were signed by a small label and released their first record. It wasn't until Kramer produced their second record that the hipsters started paying attention.

The Danielson Famile performs in nurse's uniforms which they say represents "healing." This makes for some nice photographs followed by a lot of publicity. I'd like to believe that all the people interviewed truly like the music and honestly consider Daniel a genius. But something rings fake about the whole thing. It could just be the way the filmmaker shows it.

Director JL Aronson follows the Danielson Famile across the US and Europe. He interviews fans and audience members. He interviews relatives. He shows us Daniel in his home studio, peculiarly built in his parents' house—all the basic band documentary stuff. Then at the end goes off on a weird tangent. One of the non-related members of the Danielson Famile, Sufjan Stevens, goes on to make an album that receives a lot of critical acclaim. He is called a genius. His album is named Album of the Year. However, there is no tension between Daniel and Sufjan because of this. There is no animosity or jealousy. The film doesn't attempt to claim that he ripped off the Danielson Famile, though it kind of looks that way to me. The whole bit just seems needlessly tacked on. I can only think it is just an attempt to cash in on Stevens's newfound fame.

It is fairly well known that the Danielson Famile is a Christian band. Other than the song where they chant "I love my lord" over and over, I really can't tell from the lyrics. Beside that one, the only other song I could think of when I left the theater was about "the idiot box." TV is not just a religious topic; in the film Smith's Christianity was highlighted because he kept talking about it. He says God produces the music for him, tells him what to sing and how it should sound. I think if God is really responsible for the music, wouldn't it be the greatest anyone has ever heard?

(www.danielsonmovie.com)

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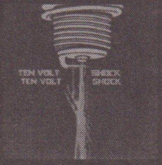

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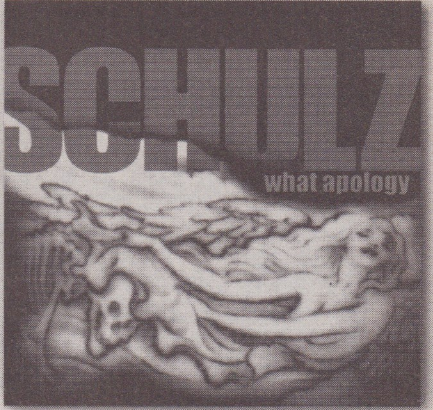

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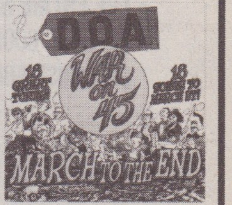

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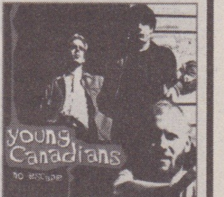

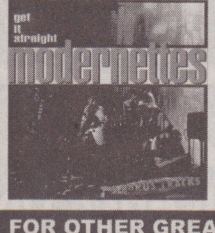

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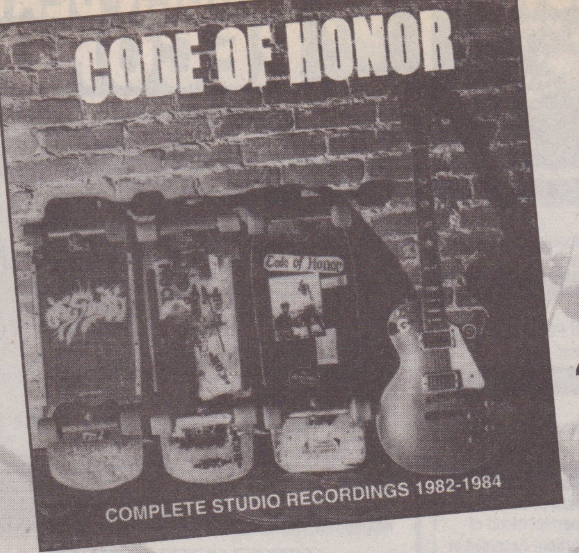

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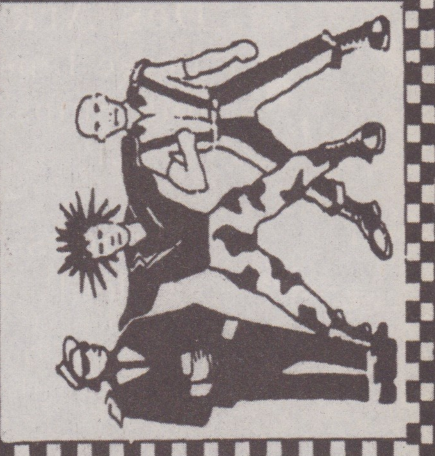

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RECORDS

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Reviewers: Tim Brooks (TB), Mitch Cardwell (MC), Rob Coons (RC), Carl Cordova (CC), Paul Curran (PC), Andy Darling (AD), Dr. Dante (DD), Sean Dougan (SD), Nic Eagle (NE), Jonathan Floyd (JF), Jeff Heermann (JH), Vince Horner (VH), Layla Gibbon (LG), Chris Hubbard (CS), Kenny Kaos (KK), Carolyn Keddy (CK), Ramsey Kanaan (RK), Will Kinser (WK), Elliott Lange (EL), Ray Lujan (RL), Hal MacLean (HM), Allan McNaughton (AM), Golnar Nikpour (GN), Bruce Roehrs (BR), Ken Sanderson (KS), Martin Sorrondeguy (MS), Steve Spinali (SS), Brian Stern (BS), Ryan Wells (RW), Shane White (SW).

86 MENTALITY – "Goin Nowhere Fast" CD

Here is a discography of this DC band that all the hardcore kids have been going apeshit over during the last two or so years. Haven't heard them yet? Well, the tunes are straight-up and aggressive, and they have that mid- to late-'80s Boston/East Coast hardcore style down pat. Most of the songs are pretty upbeat, but at times they slow the pace down bringing in more of a street punk flair. And don't forget those vocals—man they are some of the gruffest ones I have heard in a while. To be honest, from the first time I ever heard 86 MENTALITY, I have always thought they were a solid band. The thing is I feel like they have always fallen short of the hype machine. Oh yeah, it should be noted that this CD has a few unreleased songs including a SOA cover. (RC)

(Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

ABDUCTEE SD – "Won't Stand Down" LP

All girl Swedish feminist street punk…fuck yes! I like this, it's totally fierce and snotty and rad. Most of the songs are in Swedish with English explanations, bar the last three songs, which are all in English. Most of the subject matter relates to empowerment and rejecting oppression and using the energy spent faking smiles and making nice on revolutionary activities instead. One of the English language songs is about how taking the pill separates you as a woman from the sisterhood, which I have a problem with. I feel like in Sweden where the welfare and health care systems are so progressive women can afford to not take the pill, but what about here in America where the government only cares about the welfare of fetuses? I also feel weird about hormone-based birth control but I would never impose that on other women, you know? Anyway, the vocals are a *leeetle* hard to take over an entire LP for me; they are in the Poly Styrene screech school generally, but I liked this record a lot and as a result of listening to this I wished I'd seen them at Gilman last month. (LG)

(Punx Before Profits, 537 Caroline St, Rochester NY 14620)

ACTS OF SEDITION / BAFABEGIYA – split 12"

Reno's BAFABEGIYA has slathered vocals and a rampant attack like ECONOCHRIST, taking the same bare-knuckled hardcore chassis and adding complex, quiet, and mid-tempo twists and turns, which gives it a feel of some of the stronger EBULLITION releases of the 1990s, backed with words of resistance, meaning and living punk. Oakland's ACTS OF SEDITION blasts nine ripping tracks of stop-start, caustic, and inventive thrash, driven with wailing guitars, a throaty, single-line vocal attack, and speedy stop-on-a-dime drumming. A solid and great split with socio-political lyrics in a thoughtfully-illustrated lyric booklet. The effort and thought put into this record shows, making it beyond recommended. (KS)

(Spacement, 269 Wonder St, Reno, NV 89502, www.spacementreno.com)

AMBULANCE – "The End of Our Time" CD

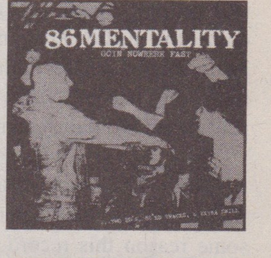
Dark and melodic millennium crust abounds on the new CD from AMBULANCE. I've got to say they do play this style better than most bands, so if you like bands like MUGA or MADAME GERMANE, this is most likely right up your alley. The riffs are heavy and the leads are pretty interesting; not the most original I have ever heard but good nonetheless; the vocals are pretty intense and are screamed with a trademark gravely Swedish style. Nice work overall. (WK)

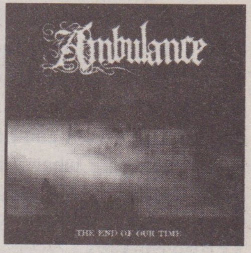
(Wasted Sounds, www.wastedsounds.com)

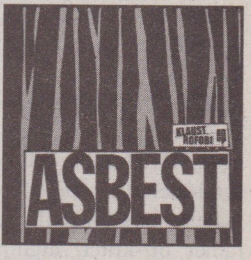
ANTIKONTRÅLL / VI GRUER OSS – split 10"

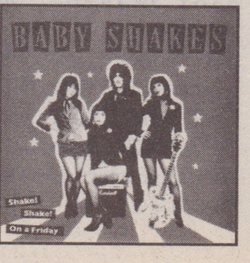
Norwegian hardcore pretty much rules, from early masters SVART FRAMTID and BETONG HYSTERIA to current thrashers ORDRENEKT, but for whatever reason it remains vastly underrated in comparison to the punk rock of its Scandi brethren the Finns and Swedes. VI GRUER OSS plays wild and furious hardcore in the archetypal Norwegian tradition, with riffs so instantly memorable that they had me convinced they were doing covers. No metal, no bullshit, just early-'80s killing-style hardcore. ANTIKONTRÅLL plays some classic sounding, raw hardcore of their own with an ever so slightly more modern flair (maybe that's 'cause they change things up a little more often than VGO?), though they are basically mining the same early-'80s territory, and have written some catchy anthems to boot. Fuck, this split is really good! My nod goes to VI GRUER OSS, though I'm definitely gonna be giving both sides of this record spins in the coming months. (GN)

(Svart Hav, svart_hav@hotmail.com)









APARTMENT 213 – "Discography" CD

Of all the "classic" mid-'90s power violence bands, Cleveland's APARTMENT 213 was definitely one of the nastier, uglier, scarier groups. They weren't fooling around and their music was blatantly confrontational, particularly in the INFEST-style vocal department—one of the most genuinely mean and brutal approaches in hardcore. Never having had a proper full-length release, this disc more than adequately makes up for lost time by compiling all their releases from '93 to '97: the *Vacancy* and *Children Shouldn't Play with Dead Things* 7"s, splits with GEHENNA, THUG, BENUMB, and DAHMER, FORCED EXPRESSION, plus comp tracks and their demo. After having been broken up for a while, the band is now reformed and writing again. As a taste of things to come, the music here sums up to one seriously deranged, hate-fueled diatribe against humanity. (EL)

(625, www.625thrash.com)

ASBEST – "Klaust Rofobi" EP

Sophomore release here from this band. For some reason this record by this Danish band has a very traditional Norwegian sound—I think it has to do with the vocal style. This 7" is getting better with every listen—my first spin did not move me so much as their first EP did, but as I give it another two or three spins I find I am liking what it is doing to me. Don't know what they sing about but I do like the fact that it is not in English. Will we ever get more ASBEST? (MS)

(Kick N' Punch, PO Box 604, 2200 Copenhagen N, DENMARK)

ATEH / DISUNDEAD – split EP

A raging split of punk-as-fuck Spanish crust here. ATEH kicks out speedy, hard-charging, semi-melodic, old-school crust with dual male/female tradeoff screaming. The girl's rather off-kilter, high-pitched warble takes some getting used to at first but is actually kinda nice and distinguishing by the record's end. DISUNDEAD is a bit less distinct but still rages full-throttle with plenty of venom in the vocals and a couple of nice, brief, rockin' solos. Good stuff. (EL)

(Kremon, Apdo. 34048, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.geocities.com/kremon_records)

BABY SHAKES – "Shake Shake! / On a Friday"

Cool rock 'n' roll punk from this mostly gal group. NEW YORK DOLLS-style riffing here. Good enough for a two-songer. Maybe a little early GO-GO'S too. (RL)

(Douchemaster, 156 Pearl St. Atlanta, GA 30316)

THE BAMBOO KIDS – "Cockehound Loves Me / Guns of Brooklyn"

If you're a fan of basic, straightforward, catchy punk rock then you have come to the right place. While there's an obvious RAMONES influence, they remind me more of HEAD, with vocals that don't sound unlike Stiv Bators. I'm a little worried that they want to become the next big thing, having included a fancy press sheet. Still, if they are the next big thing, they'd certainly be worthy. This is good shit. (KK)

(Manic Panda, www.thebambookids.com)

BASEBALL FURIES – "Lost Ones" EP

As soon as the needle hit the groove I knew that I had a rocker on my hand. Of course, the BASEBALL FURIES haven't given us a bad release since they dropped their first scorcher of a 7" back in '96, so this is just par for the course. The last time I reviewed a BASEBALL FURIES release they were from Buffalo, but I am happy to say that the Chicago thing hasn't diminished the punk 'n' roll fury of this band one bit. If a couple new BASEBALL FURIES originals weren't enough, this also includes a version of the REATARDS "Quite All Right." Recommended for anyone with a pulse. (JF)

(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)

BATHTUB SHITTER – "Dancehall Grind" CD

The SHITTER unloads 12 new jams and a DRI cover onto your toilet of a head on this new CD, bringing back all the usual skits, crazy yelping highs trading off with guttural throaty lows, mid-to-fast paced to tech metal riffs, and manic drumming raging all over the place. Some of these songs are pointing a little to the metal side but don't fret, BATHTUB SHITTER still sounds the same, it sounds like a natural movement. If you don't own any BATHTUB SHITTER, I suggest you get a friend to make you a copy or go out and get some, put it on and take a shit. "*We are brown government!*" (NE)

([S]hit Jam, www.bathtubshitter.com)

THE BEGINNING OF THE END – "Sci-Fi Monster Violence" EP

I'm always leery of bands that only have a MySpace page for their info, and BEGINNING OF THE END is one of those bands. It also weirds me out that this looks like their first 7" and they have a thick, print out promo sheet saying that the band's sound is a combination of old staple grind and power violence bands, then says that they draw influence from JUDGE, AGNOSTIC FRONT, and DISCHARGE. Aside from the bullshit write up, these guys aren't half bad at playing some brutal tunes, with lots of back and forth fast beats, some semi-fast blast beats, and some riffs that remind me of early CATTLE DECAPITATION. It's also a plus that this doesn't sound like digital "MySpace Music" garbage, and that the band actually may have paid for a good recording. (NE)

(Sick Of Talk, PO Box 9723 Reno, NV 89507)

BETERCORE / MY OWN LIES – "No More Imperialist War" split EP

Both of these bands play fast and furious thrash. MY OWN LIES do a nice job of keeping their songs memorable and interesting. Recommended if you musical tastes are in the range of LARM, 9 SHOCKS TERROR, or SCHOLASTIC DETH. BETERCORE has a more spastic approach, with more crust elements, but they manage to keep it interesting as well. Both bands lyrics are straight to the point, as the record title would suggest. (WK)

(Peculio Discos www.peculiodiscos.com.br)

BIG NURSE – "Who Wants to Kill the President?" EP

Possibly another of the greatest rock releases of 2005, recorded in 2004, to be overlooked by most in 2006. Don't get me wrong, this ain't no fucking GREEN DAY, or STIFF LITTLE FINGERS…I don't even know what I'm getting at there (you will have to pay dearly now...) BIG NURSE on *Who Wants to Kill the President?* doesn't have the hooks, the musicianship, or most likely any skills to pay the bills, but they're taking chances; what the fuck have you done? "Electrocute Your Cock" is so densely layered with shrill feedback that it would send members of JESUS AND MARY CHAIN sucking their thumbs in a corner. Still, this record is a pile of shit, but an originally shrill and unlistenable pile of shit. Excellent. (BS)

(High-Density Headache, www.highdensityheadache.com)

BOMBSTRIKE / REIGN OF BOMBS – split LP

Sweden's REIGN OF BOMBS plays really earnest sounding, raw D-beat hardcore—fast, stripped down, and straightforward with an occasional melodic bit ("Fruktan Och Hat" most successfully). Ten tracks alternate between English and Swedish, shouting political lyrics over a throttling snare and buzzing guitar attack. Comes complete with well thought-out explanations of each song. Boss! With four originals and an over-the-top MOB 47 cover, BOMBSTRIKE blasts considerably noisier and more complex with harsh, death metal-ish vocals over a layered DISFEAR-style metallic attack. No lyrics, just vicious hardcore pummel! (KS)

(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

BLACK MARKET BABY "Coulda… Shoulda… Woulda" CD

A 26-song collection of out-of-print material from an '80s Maryland punk band I've never ever heard of… The CD reissue phenomenon can be overkill if you're not an anthropologist and it'd be ridiculous to stack BLACK MARKET BABY up against BLACK FLAG or REAGAN YOUTH. This is not, by any means, an essential purchase. That said, this band holds their own. I'd rather listen to "America's Youth" and "Downward Christian Soldiers" than most of the shit coming out today. There is definitely some attitude and energy here. (VH)

(Dr. Strange, 7136 Amethyst Ave., Alta Loma, CA 91737)

BLACK SS – "Exterminator II" EP

Decent though not outstanding EP from New York's BLACK SS. Seven songs of straightforward hardcore with a youth crew influence, though still firmly rooted in punk (just cuz they're straight edge and from Syracuse doesn't mean they sound like EARTH CRISIS, thankfully). The clear winner of the bunch is "Bullshit Rites of Passage," a catchy mid-tempo straight edge anthem. Altogether the wrestling-themed art and packaging is nicely done in the DIY tradition. This copy here is on yellow vinyl with nothing but a stamp on the label—I don't know if it's a limited thing or not, but it's cool. (CS)

(Third Party, 21 Nancy Lane, Amherst, NY 14228)

BPA – "Maybe Use My Knife – 1980-1986" CD

I didn't know anything about this Cincinnati band before putting on this CD. My loss, but now I can catch up. Scratchy, discordant pre-punk/post-punk, like PERE UBU mixed with PIL. There are 20 tracks on here for your delectation and delight, and liner notes that hint at more stuff to dig up. The band are also still practicing and playing shows. (AM)

(Shake It, 4156 Hamilton Ave, Cincinnati, OH 45223, www.shakeitrecords.com)

GEORGE BRIGMAN – "Jungle Rot" LP

Straight reissue of a long lost mid-'70s proto-punk slab that Anopheles felt deserved a wider audience than just beardo collector obsessives with thick wallets. According to the insert, this teenage Baltimore native was a devoted admirer of the UK psych-blues institution the GROUNDHOGS circa this album's original release in 1975, and you can surely divine their influence on some of the calmer, more pastoral songs on this. On the first few tracks of each side, however, especially "Jungle Rot" and "I Feel Alright," the vibe is pure first album STOOGES, and I think these are the tunes that will achieve constant punker rotations with those of y'all that can handle the likes of SIMPLY SAUCER, or just psych moves in general. Hey *Killed by Death* bands, if you want to write just like your heroes Dr. Rock says you need to listen to a steady diet of this record, '50s and '60s rock 'n' roll, HAWKWIND, and whatever current Top 40 rock yanks yer chain. Formula Z for success. (RW)

(Anopheles, PO Box 170045, San Francisco, CA 94117)

BRIMSTONE HOWL – "M-60" EP

An unexpected diamond in the rough from the heartland courtesy of the band formerly known as the ZYKLON BEES. Scuzzy blues-ish punk gone *Killed by Death*, at times a bit like if early GUN CLUB was lo-fi and art damaged. Sorry to heap on the cliché descriptions, just trust me and buy this thing. (DD)

(Boom Chick, 6405 Morrill Ave., Havelock, NE 68507)

BRIMSTONE HOWL – "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" CD

Fucked up '60s blues-based rock 'n' roll played Billy Childish style. Super loose, raw, and fucked up. This how this shit should be played. Sounds like it was recorded on a kiddie tape recorder with the singer down the street yelling through a megaphone, then recorded onto a piece of sand paper. Good shit. (TB)

(www.speednebraska.com)

BROKEN BONES – "F.O.A.D." CD

Beer City continues their streak of reissues by re-releasing this CD that includes the *Never Say Die* 12" as well. It had been years since I heard *F.O.A.D.*, which was BROKEN BONES second full-length, and I didn't really remember it very well. Well, it only took a few seconds of the first song to remind me that this is a pure fusion of metal and punk. Back in the day we would call this crossover, though you don't hear that term being thrown around very much anymore. Generally this is solid punk throughout with a generous helping of metallic guitar work and a lot of wanky solos. It will probably be too metal for some of the listeners, but just tune into the song "Teenage Kamikaze" and let those worries fade away. Also, keep in mind that more than half of *F.O.A.D.* is decently recorded live tracks and the three tracks from the *Never Say Die* 12" don't sound as metal as the other stuff on this CD. (RC)

(Beer City, www.beercityrecords.com)

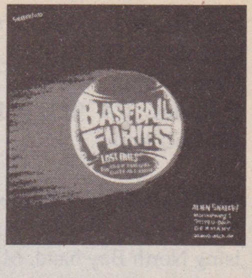
BUTTERCUPS / CRETEENS – split EP

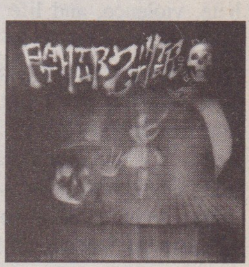
After a long, shitty, boring day at work I ride my bike up to Maximum and am greeted by a cold beer and this record. Pretty fucking rad. Both bands sound like they are about to fall apart, which is always a good sign in my book. The CRETEENS are just one French dude with a guitar and a drum machine. I know you've already stopped reading, but stay with me. He's clearly a big GUITAR WOLF fan—the guitar is totally trebled outta control, "dad's gassed himself in the garage"-style, and the drum machine isn't euro beat house or anything. The cover of "Hound Dog" is pretty intense in that it actually made me laugh out loud, but the other song is pretty rad. The BUTTERCUPS are a two-piece from Florida. This kind of reminds me of the Chicago garage/trash thing that's going on, the doom death-toll drums and the guitar fuzzed out as fuck. Desperate times call for desperate sounds and if you wanna experience all emotions from frenzied confusion to impending doom, free beer and this record might be the answer. (LG)

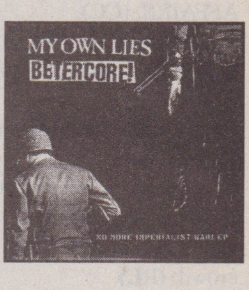
(Florida's Dying)

CARRY THE CASKET / MOTHER SPEED – split EP

MOTHER SPEED rips through a handful of mid-'80s inspired skate core, like a less metallic HOLIER THAN THOU. CARRY THE CASKET takes its cues from the late '90s smart-arse core like the OATH and CHARLES BRONSON, fast as fuck with ear shredding vocals. Both







BRIMSTONE HOWL
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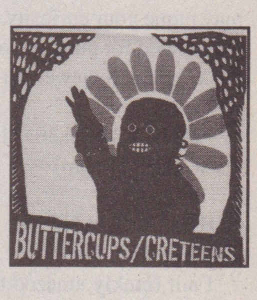


recordings are a little on the rough side, but I'm digging it. (TB)
(Here's Your Warning, 327 Gabrielle Way, Redlands, CA 92374, heres_your_warning@hotmail.com)

CEREMONY – "Ruined" EP

Ruined is the debut 7-incher from this promising North Bay band. Much like the title of the record suggests, the singer's lyrics focus on hate, violence, and life sucking in general. It makes sense that a lot of these lyrics were written while the singer was in jail for graffiti. If this band has one thing going for them, it is pure, unfiltered anger. When Ross spits the words "I've got problems, I'm a fucked up kid," you believe him. Most songs seem to clock in under a minute, even the ones with the extended mosh breakdowns. If I *had* to compare them to another band, I would say they are like a more personal, tormented INTERNAL AFFAIRS. (CC)
(Malfunction, PO Box 275, Simi Valley, CA 93062, www.malfunctionrecords.com)

CHECKERS – "Running With Scissors" CD

This punky power pop band returns with their second full-length. Gal singer in the JOAN JETT meets BLONDIE vein. A very solid effort and a decent live band too. One for the retro crowd. (RL)
(Teenacide, www.thecheckers.net)

CHURCH OF THE SATURDAY SAINTS – "Longboarder" EP

These San Jose folk-rockers have picked a very catchy name for their acoustic pursuits. This is not rock 'n' roll, but it has some interesting lyrics. "The rockets in the air / Suddenly I don't care." Then you get: "Curse of the middle class / It's lovely living in the cul-de-sac / So very far from the tenements…/ You got no spine in your back." These intriguing words may pique your curiosity. This record is not recommended for punk rockers! This record has no place being reviewed in *Maximum Rocknroll*. (BR)
(Vinehell, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA 95158, www.vinehell.com)

TODD TAMANEND CLARK – "Nova Psychedelia" CD

I am frankly amazed that I'm reviewing this one, as the dominant vibe throughout this double CD set covering the years 1975-85 is totally unapologetic psych-rock, and by psych I mean *Atom Heart Mother*-era PINK FLOYD or GOBLIN's Italian horror soundtracks, or perhaps the Czech underground stuff by the likes of PLASTIC PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE; not that this sounds exactly like any of that stuff, but that's the arena we're sitting in. Not that many readers of this mag would know, nor should they care I suppose, but this set epitomizes hyper-obscure '70s private press psych rock as a sort of sub-genre unto itself, being populated by thousand-yard-stare suburban drug fiends locked away in their private home recording studios, their lids hidden in speaker cabinets, their influences solidly rooted in late '60s psychedelic experiments, their commercial aspirations limited to 200 or 300 (or fewer) press LPs with hand drawn, paste-on freakout sleeves. It's an almost purely American phenomenon, all these guys isolated from each other in a huge, very pre-Internet nation with no network for communicating. Unlike many of those obscuros however, Clark managed to attract all kinds of fellow "heads," like Allan Ravenstine from PERE UBU and Cheetah Chrome, who appear on multiple tracks along with many, many other co-conspirators as this set gets into the early '80s. This stuff is all over the map, as you can guess, so if you dug this label's previous TWINKEYZ and DEBRIS releases, this is the potential overdose you've been craving. There's a black crow sitting on that telephone pole across the street that's been staring at me for hours, dude…I'm serious, come over… (RW)
(Anopheles, PO Box 170045, San Francisco, CA 94117)

COP ON FIRE / VISIONS OF WAR – split LP

Spain's COP ON FIRE blasts through four tracks reminiscent of the Japanese regurgitation of the EXTREME NOISE TERROR/DISORDER Euro-crust influence, where throaty, guttural vocals and a pounding d-beat attack are complemented with rock overdrive and metallic leads. "We burn our clothes / We burn our houses"…Don't translate the lyrics next time. More measured but no less devastating on the flip, Belgium's VISIONS OF WAR alternates the gruff and caustic EXTREME NOISE TERROR vocal style over four tracks of a meaty attack of snappy fast crustcore, spilling their beers at the end with a "Farmhouse" style, create-yer-own-lyrics-you-drunken-punx cover of JOAN JETT's "I Love Rock and Roll" ("I Love Drink 'n' Roll"). Two fingers in the air, live-the-chaos, political drunk punk in a sweet crusted-out skull 'n' gasmasks gatefold sleeve! (KS)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Mineapolis, MN 55408 www.profaneexistence.com)

CONGA FURY – "Dear Friends" LP

Here are 25 tracks of super fast blown-out thrash from this Japanese band. As always those crazed female vocals are what makes this band for me with her screams sounding totally distorted and manic. CONGA FURY has had a slew of releases lately, so you can add this gem to the pile. (RC)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

THE COOTERS – "Bustin' Loose / The Gooch"

The COOTERS deliver a mid-tempo SoCal style punk tune with riffs and melodies that remind me of the ADOLESCENTS or SOCIAL DISTORTION. The flip, "The Gooch," is a MOTÖRHEAD-style rocker, which offers plenty of drive and noodling guitar work. The vocals are more punk than lame metal, deep and gruff or uncontrolled screeching like many bands of this ilk. This single sounds like two different bands that both do pretty well for themselves. (HM)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

CRIMES – "Nobody Cries Forever" CD

The CRIMES are pretty good at what they do (writing and playing mid-tempo rock tunes, playing them with vim and vigor, and casting caution to the wind). 12 tracks on *Nobody Cries Forever,* most of 'em dealing with heartbreak, loss and the usual stew of complaints. Call 'em modern post-HIVES rock 'n' roll, if you will—the CRIMES are pretty generic, but are better than whatever's on the radio. (JH)
(Revel Yell, www.revelyellmusic.com)

CRUCIAL ATTACK – "How We Roll" EP

After a four-year hiatus, this Reno, Nevada straight edge band brings us their sophomore release with ten fast and thrashy hardcore tracks, accompanied by some pretty burly vocals. The production is a little more muddled than the first record, but not enough to hurt it. Unfortunately, the lyrics were a little too silly for my tastes. But if you are into songs about bad dudes, hating Christian punks, and short shorts, then this might be your band. It's nice to see they are still keeping it fucking straight edge. (CC)
(www.thirdxparty.com)

CURIOSO – "Momentos Felizes" CD

Whoa, this is not the type of release I would expect to hear from Devour Records. This three-piece from Japan jams through four songs of mid-tempo poppy punk with lots of "whoa-ohs" for the backing vocals. Sadly, this sounds like it should be a third-tier band on Epitaph and is pretty much forgettable. (RC)
(Devour c/o Yasuhiro Koketsu, 5-19 Shioji-cho Mizuho-ku, Nagoya 467-0003, JAPAN, ykdvr@zc4.so-net.ne.jp)

JEFF DAHL – "The Julie Sessions" CDEP

I've never understood the appeal of Jeff Dahl's solo stuff and *The Julie Sessions* isn't helping matters. I'm sure by know you know the drill: uninspired rawk musings with a slight nods to glam. This was apparently recorded in 2001, so it's really no surprise he turns shit up enough to compete with whatever it was ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN was doing at that time. Although not without the occasional hook, this is mediocre at very best. (MC)

(Julie, 4 Rue De L'Imprimerie, 34070 Montpellier, FRANCE)

DARK SKIES – "Never Wanted You" CD

This three-piece Portland, OR band is all over the map on their debut. While mostly relying on a cranked-up blues lean to compliment their heavy rock, there are moments of psych experimentation that keep it from falling completely into the dime-a-dozen pile of "Blues Hammer" bands. Still, I wish the psych moments were more frequent. A rare miss for Empty. (MC)

(Empty, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97212)

DC SNIPERS – "Missile Sunset" LP

Only the second month of the year and already a band has secured its place in my year-end top ten. This LP is *killer*. Take the catchy retardedness of the RAMONES/SPITS then get the band drunk and throw in some PIRHANAS/LOST SOUNDS/REATARDS mania and you're coming close. While being an out of control noisy punk rock gem, this is also catchy as all hell. I've just sat and listened to the whole thing twice, and as soon as I write the last word of this review I'm off to buy the fucker for myself. *Fantastic.* (TB)

(Deadbeat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

DEAD STOCK CRUSHER – "40 Hours" LP

Power delivered in a fast and aggressive manner, DSC plays a style of hardcore reminiscent of earlier AGNOSTIC FRONT but even more than that; I hate reducing a band in that comparative way. This is good shit, so let the rapid hardcore drums and killer vocals work you over 'cause they will. This is fucking hardcore—it's nasty and I like it a lot! (MS)

(Hit The Deck, Kensington PO Box 61222, Calgary AB, T2N 4S6, CANADA)

DIGITAL LEATHER – "Simulator" EP

A surprisingly fine take on an early TUBEWAY ARMY hard-edged synth-punk sound. I say surprising because DIGITAL LEATHER's debut 12" was pretty "eh," I thought, but the songwriting seems to have taken that next step. I was waiting for a reason to care about the upcoming LP on Shattered, thanks, this EP did the job. This manages to duck some of the potentially suffocatingly coy retro impulses that sink a lot of this stuff for me. On "Dance 'til Dead" "they" even manage to evoke what NEW ORDER might have turned into if someone had peeled Ian Curtis off that ceiling. Please, no remix 12"s, pleeeeeease. (RW)

(Plastic Idol, www.plasticidolrecords.com)

DISCARGA / I SHOT CYRUS – split LP

I SHOT CYRUS delivers some rapid ass tunes here; there's really fast stuff coming from both bands actually. I SHOT CYRUS pulls from good old hardcore bands—this is speed with insane vocals sung in both Portuguese and English. They have a very developed style of playing enough changes without boring you or becoming too trite or contrived. I like what they have done here. DISCARGA presents us with an equally fast group of songs with speed and melody. It is so nice to hear fast music that does not have shitty, boring grind vocals, so thanks to both bands for doing it right by me. This is fast hardcore with breaks and enough changes to keep you on your toes. If you like speed in your punk, and I don't mean the drug, check this shit out. (MS)

(Peculio Caixa Postal #393 Santos Sao Paolo 11001-970, BRAZIL)

DISCLOSE / WORLD BURNS TO DEATH - split EP

Hey punks! Get a grip on yourself! DISCLOSE and WORLD BURNS TO DEATH have a negative, dark, black split for you! DISCLOSE initiate the fucking bleak proceedings with two chilling songs about innocent victims of war, women, and children screaming in agony, hunger, and despair. The guitars cook up a frantic metal stew. The *Dis*-nightmare permeates the entire brutish punk noise. On the flip side of this EP WORLD BURNS TO DEATH offers equally happy thoughts: "We are not gods…Casting lots of who lives or dies / We are but flies upon the hide of leviathan / Valleys, full of dead—butchered." The vocals are ferocious. The guitars churn up a bloody cauldron. All that's left is "a desolate earth and desperate people." Fuck yes you punks!!! This record is very good! (BR)

(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, I0372, Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

DREAD 101 / VIR – splitEP

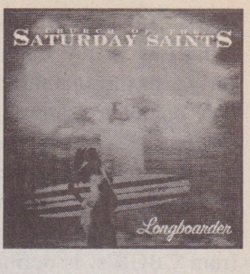
The Czech Republic's DREAD 101 split up in 2003, but leave behind two boisterous crustcore attacks with savage shouting and barking vocals in Czech, and a seemingly haphazard delivery over extended compositions of urgent riff-laden thrash. On the flip, one of the members' new bands, VIR, takes the same extended role of quick hardcore with two tracks of a slightly darker and noisier tone. They deliver heavier riffs and a more pointed, throatier vocal attack. Lyrics about humanity's care, or lack thereof, for the environment, police structures maintaining power, and "Death to your system!" Punishing! Another great disc from… (KS)

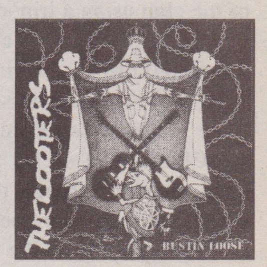
(Insane Society, PO Box 18, 504 01 Novy Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.insanesociety,net)

DRI – "Live at CBGB's 1984" CD

A totally ballistic live show by DRI, captured on the CBGB's soundboard (for the most part—about eight minutes of sound were lost, to be replaced by terrible video camera sound) in 1984, showcasing this classic US thrash band in top form. They sound fucking amazing, blasting through their best songs from the *Dirty Rotten EP*, the *Violent Pacification* EP, and the *Dealing with It* LP. This live recording—released by Beer City Records along with a DVD of the same show—showcases this band at its most exciting. The songs are total classics, Kurt's vocals sound downright awesome, and they are even *faster* on this CD than on the records! They barely pause at all between songs and blast through their 40-song set in just about 40 minutes. Except for where the sound drops out towards the end of the disc, this is a total must for DRI fans either wanting to relive that band's glory years, or experience them live for the first time. (GN)

(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226, www.beercityrecords.com)





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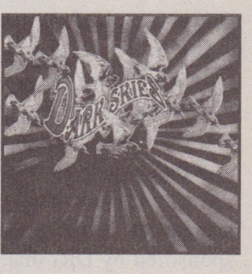

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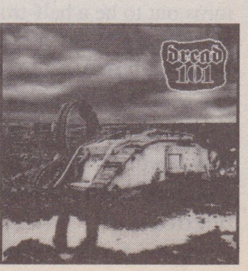


DRI – "Live at CBGB's 1984" DVD

DRI is in my opinion the quintessential early '80s thrash punk band. This DVD crams two complete shows from their '84 tour (*Violent Pacification*-era) onto one disc-that's 85 songs, and over and hour and a half of music. It took me three sittings to finally make it through everything. The first show, from CBGB's, is definitely the better of the two. It was professionally shot from the back of the club using a tripod, so the video quality is good. The band is at their peak and jaw-droppingly tight, playing song after song with barely a second's pause in between. Their stage presence isn't the greatest, and the CB's crowd seems a bit baffled by the band plowing through their set at lightning speed, but I am impressed just watching their drummer play. How the guy made it through 40+ songs a night, day after day, without slowing down or missing a beat, I'll never know. Drugs perhaps? Abnormally large lungs? Anyway, the sound quality is exceptional and must have come from a soundboard recording. However, there was some sort of problem syncing the audio with the video, because most of the time it doesn't match up. This is pretty annoying to put up with but it doesn't completely ruin the experience - all things considered it's still worth watching. The second set, a "bonus feature" on the DVD, was filmed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Unfortunately, the sound is much worse and the video is blurry. What's more, only about a dozen or so people turned up for the show, so the energy level is a bit lower. It's bit redundant after having watched the previous set but still somewhat interesting. Additionally included on this release is 2004 footage of some professional skateboarder sponsored by DRI that I didn't bother watching. (CS)

(Beer City, www.beercityrecords.com)

THE DRIP / HEDGECREEP – split EP

This is one of those cases where looks can be deceiving. If this wreckord hadn't been assigned to me for review, I never would have bothered putting the needle to the vinyl. The packaging is lame and would lead one to believe that they're in for a real treat of mediocre and generic hardcore. Even the band names are kind of lame. As it turns out, it only turns out to be a half-truth. The DRIP put down two classic, late '70s style punk rock gems, including "(I Wanna Fuck) Annette," a catchy cover of the VICTIMS (US) classic. HEDGECREEP only bothers to put one track down and they take their time getting into that one, a slow, plodding number that never really seems to take off. (KK)

(Wrecked Em, www.wrecked-em.com)

THE DRIVEN DYNAMO – "Expression" CD

What do I say, sometimes a good review is way harder to write than a shitty one, you just don't wanna disappoint I guess. Well this has floored me, nailed me to the rotting floor boards of stinky *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, has the little remaining hair on my head standing to attention. Punk rock with doses of rock 'n' roll, even a slight '60s kick hidden underneath all that political racket. Like WASTED mixed with early BAD RELIGION with the hooks and melody of FOUR LETTER WORD and the in your face energy of TURBONEGRO—its that damn good. Heartfelt political lyrics, a voice to floor elephants, and riffs that will have ya wind milling till yer arm falls off. I love Finland. (SD)

(Roku, PO Box 148, Fin-96101 Rovaniemi, FINLAND, www.rokurecords.com)

EARLY EMPIRE – "Resolutions and a Gun" CDEP

The first track impressed me, they sound like a rougher, up-tempo HOT WATER MUSIC, but they kinda lost me after that. (AD)

(no address)

EMBROOKS – "45 and High Times" 2xCD

I'm pleased to hear/own this two-CD set and describe/review it now (you get some actual *wheat* along with the *chaff* in this game, you know). The EMBROOKS were an ace beat/psych/garage-y folkish group that I had the pleasure of seeing once or twice in 2000. Not only did they sport matching Moe Howard bowlcuts and color-coordinated uniforms: they managed to crank out powerful yet catchy tunes that managed to rise above the murky "live" setting. *45 and High Times* is a kiss-off collection of odds and ends that date from 1996 to 2004, totaling 32 tracks in all. The EMBROOKS' sound is at once innocent and sophisticated, mellow and rocking, traditionally-minded and yet modern. I'm hearing a lot more of a first-LP LOVE influence than I remember, but that is an will definitely remain "all right." Another fine retrospective from the discerning staff of Munster Records, aye. (JH)

(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

THE FALLOUT – "What Is Past Is Prologue" CD

I think if a band sounds like SOCIAL DISTORTION, I get to review it. Well the FALLOUT doesn't really sound like SOCIAL DISTORTION, but they do have a guitar sound that would be right at home on the first SOCIAL D record. Who FALLOUT does sound like is SIXER, who had a solid release on TKO a few years back. This is alright, but nothing to write home about. (JF)

(Fallout, www.thefallout.ca)

FASHION FASHION & THE IMAGE BOYS – "Over Before It Began" EP

A Calm Storm of hoarse shouting and disintegrating basic punk rock riffs. The vocalist is in the wrong band, in my humble opinion; he should be in a neo-'82 hardcore outfit because his raw chanting is pure TEEN IDLES or SEVEN SECONDS update. The tracks on this EP are largely a post-REATARDS garage-level stumble that never really takes flight to the Heavens. Time for a local supergroup! (RW)

(Florida's Dying, 1917 Hammerlin Ave., Winter Park, FL 32789)

FEROCIOUS X – "Befria Från Vanda" EP

Holy shit, this is fucking awesome! Eight songs of some of the most blown-out punk I have heard in a while. The guitar sounds like a massive power drill being run through a distortion pedal. The music is fast and hectic with lots of drum rolls and vicious sounding vocals. Fans of bands other Japanese bands like DEFECTOR and DISCLOSE should take note. I can assure you that this EP is already sold out and impossible to find, so you better start checking eBay soon. (RC)

(Overthrow, Maruta-Palace #402, 21-5 Shimoshinshuku, Ichikawa, Chiba 272-0102 JAPAN)

THE FUMESTONES – " Now at the Minibar" EP

Slightly spazzed-out (in some of the more weird '60s acts on the *Pebbles* comps kind of way) squeaky organ driven R 'n' B. Shamelessly rooted in the past and embracing the reckless fun of those bygone hairfarmers, this is some of the best '60s inspired garage I've heard in a long long time. The energy is practically bouncing of the vinyl, which makes it damn hard to stay anchored to my *Maximum* leather recliner. If you dig the CYNICS and ? & THE MYSTERIANS then you'll be digging this. (SD)

(Kuriosa, kuriosarecords@yahoo.com)

GAURITHOTH – "Perverse" CD

This CD has great imagery, every thing about it looks like GAURITHOTH would play some sick blackened war metal: the layout, the lyrics, even the names of the band members. Unfortunately, they don't. What I hear is someone's corny, contrived version of black metal, with songs and riffs that go on *wwwwwayyyyyy* too long. The vocalist isn't singing the words that are printed in the CD. It feels like this CD never ends. (NE)

(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com)

GENOCIDE – "We Rape the Sky, We Rape the Hell" CD

Straight up brutal death metal from this Mexican death squad. A great heavy production does proper justice to the blazing barrage of riffs and carnage on this really quite impressive disc. I think most of the lyrics are of a political nature but being all in Spanish I can't say for sure. Not sure it'd matter much anyway since the absolutely maniacal vocals, both high and low, render the syllables dismembered anyway. The instrumentation's dead-on too; the bass player in particular is, rare for the genre, perfectly audible and quite adept. Most of the riffs aren't overly tech though, they land more on the old-school "brutal" side of death *a la* SUFFOCATION, but avoid most of that mostly lame genre's pitfalls with great arrangements, riffs, and intensity. Definitely one for the metal/grind fans. (EL)

(Reek of Putrefaction, PO Box 245, 48960 Galdacano (Vizcaya) SPAIN, www.reekofputrefaction.galeon.com)

GHOULS NIGHT OUT – "The Mourning After" CD

A surfy, female-fronted rock and roll band, sounding at times like a cross between early BANGLES and BIKINI KILL. The singing and music sounds great, if a bit clichéd, but I just can't find anything to get too excited about on this record. (CK)

(Necro-tone, info@ghoulsnightout.com)

GORGONIZED DORKS / SPECULUM – split EP

Whew boy, this one's an endurance test at three minutes a side. SPECULUM churns out three tracks of not-so-special drum-machine-led death/grind, making MORTICIAN sound like virtuosos in comparison. GORGONIZED DORKS meanwhile presents an unidentified quantity of "songs" taken from an improv jam session of their patented noizecore anti-music. For fans of SORE THROAT, NOYFB, ANAL CUNT, and lovers of true noise only. (EL)

(Apocalyptic Visions, www.angelfire.com/zine2/avrecords0)

GROANING GROOVE – "Shadow" EP

Hedonistic penetrators chop their cocks off in dismay as GROANING GROOVE burns through this quick and righteous rock infused punk/hardcore gem. Great stuff. (BS)

(groaninggroove@hotmail.co.jp)

GÜAJIRO – CD

With a slick sound and way-up-front vocals, not to mention the super fancy press pack with four-color folder, poster, and bonus DVD, you can tell that this Latino pop-street-punk band is looking to make a living in the punk rock business, rather than playing for, you know, the kids. So as you can guess they pretty much suck in a mediocre way that's not even worth going on and on too much about. (PC)

(Achäla, 8205 W. 20th Ave., Hialeah, FL 33014, www.guajiromusic.com)

HOBIS / THE SQUINTS – split EP

Damn, my initial reaction to dropping the needle on the SQUINTS side of this sucker is that this is about as ugly and fuzzed out as it gets—cat hair all over the needle and I love it. But that feeling wears off quick… the SQUINTS are not PALATKA, the HOSPITALS, or ARAB ON RADAR, which is what I was hoping for. It's got an emo-violence feel, but lacks the intensity. It's spastic and energetic, but a little too formulaic or uninspired… As two songs on a split, it's pretty good. But I'd need a whole lot more from these guys to sit through an entire album of this. HOBIS plays a style of Ebullition influenced passive-aggressive emo-hardcore that is dated, to say the least. Derivity.com aside, they do as good a job of it as anybody else. I can't argue with their songwriting. But this is not punk. Enough is enough. It's like making out with your sister—it just doesn't make sense! (VH)

(Metaphysics, 6011 Middlewater Ct., Columbia, MD 21045)

HILLBILLY WEREWOLF – "Monkey Beat City" EP

HILLBILLY WEREWOLF is a fucked-up duo that plays some low-fi blues. They sound better than the average guitar-drums combo. With fine tunes like "Monkey Beat City," "Crackhead Boogie," and "King Kong" how can you go wrong? Seems like one fine freak show. (HM)

(Black Lung, 3139 Elwood Ave. Apt B, Richmond, VA 23221, www.geocities.com/hillbillywerewolf)

HJERTESTOP – "Åårh fuck! Det er Hjertestop!" EP

If you missed the hardrockpisstrunk.com posting, I think it's important to let you know that listening to and keeping up on modern European hardcore is, short of being able to translate STALIN lyrics, the number one sure fire by-pass to the wildcard race of punk-point nerddom… And it, incontestably, *will get you laid twelve times before the end of the six song EP*! And believe it or not, in the case of HJERTESTOP and most Kick n' Punch releases, you're actually getting a few good songs out of it too! HJERTESTOP definitely doesn't grab me the way YOUNG WASTENERS did, but this offering of fast, energetic, melodic, early '80s American style HC is definitely a cut above. (VH)

(Kick n' Punch)

THE HYDEOUTS – "Take Vacation" EP

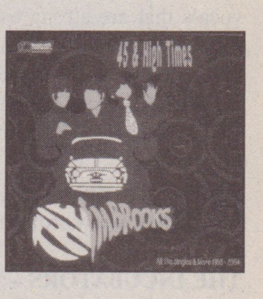
……garage rock done in that '90s style with the lo-fi vocal thing going...!!!! This is the kinda record that Bag Of Hammers would have put out 15 years ago….!!!! These days this shit just gets lost in the shuffle...still, not a bad little three-songer…!!! This kinda stuff may not offend anybody any more, but it's still worth a blow job from your father's hairy lips….!!!!! Just ask him nice….he might give in!!!! (SW)

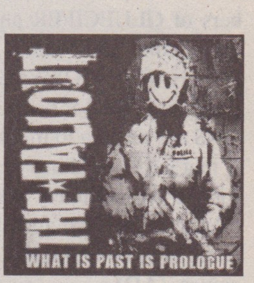
(Black Lung, 3139 Elwood Ave, Apt B, Richmond, VA 23321)

IMPERIAL LEATHER – "Something Out of Nothing" LP

Heavy, mid-tempo punk with some street punk and rock influence from these (six!) Swedish scenesters. This album works great as background music, but under closer scrutiny leaves something to be desired. They come close, but not close enough, to having some memorable riffs and choruses. I'm not into some of the rock-influenced bits and I find the performance and production to be a bit too flawless, although I wouldn't say it sounds *over*-produced, just too methodical maybe. The lyrics, which are more personal than political, are interesting and pretty good as far as punk rock goes these days. As a

the Driven Dynamo





Hjerte stop

collector of *Maximum Rocknroll* references, I was stoked to hear the line that goes, "Her yellowed *MRR*s pale next to her glossy *Vogue*s," but it's hard to tell whether the song criticizes people who grow up/sell out/move on (or however you want to put it) or makes excuses for them. The chorus is: "Don't forget what you've seen, where you've been." Um, okay. Anyway, I'd hate to pan this altogether as it is well-executed, driving punk rock with dual female/male vocals that are strong as fuck. I'm sure many folks will find this satisfying, if not totally killer. If you care: members (or ex-members) of BURNING KITCHEN, DS-13, MEANWHILE, and BRUCE BANNER, among many others. (PC)

(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.profaneexistence.com)

THE INCUBATORS – "Vision Express" EP

Rock and roll from Norway featuring members of GLUECIFER and TIP TOPPERS. It's pretty solid stuff, like a less glam, mid-tempo LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND, which is a good thing (and for some reason the SCORPIONS are coming to mind…though I'm not sure if that's a good thing or not.) A little too rock for me but definitely not bad nonetheless, the title track in particular is a great song, more punk and pop and less R 'n' R. Limited to 500 copies. (AD)

(Bootleg Booze, PO Box 89, 671 22 Arvika, SWEDEN)

INFIERNO DE COBARDES – "Despues del Encierro" EP

The song structures from this raw Spanish band owe a great deal to DISCHARGE (though one's amazingly similar to the GBH song "No Survivors"), even if the band's sense of outrage recalls RATOS DE PORAO. The four mid-tempo tunes here have a punkish feel to moderate a style that wants to be hardcore; the result—including the very basic production—makes for a disk that's really endearing in a garage band kind of way. I hope these guys stay just like this. *[Editor's note: IdC is a one-man band!]* Pretty good. (SS)

(Teodoro Hernandez, Apdo 23.197, 08080, SPAIN)

INSTANT ASSHOLE – "Straight Edge Failure" CD

Fronted by the man behind Burnt Ramen, Bay Area's premier beer-soaked illegal show venue, John the Baker (of JTB & THE MALNOURISHED), INSTANT ASSHOLE has been playing tons of shows around the Bay Area for the past year or so, and is fresh off a recent tour with MDC, who they fit quite nicely on a bill with. Also featuring Bill of STRUNG UP fame, INSTANT ASSHOLE plays no-frills, one-two-fuck-you hardcore with John's great, classic sounding, pissed off vocals over fast (but not too fast) HC. A steamroller of a CD—17 songs clock in at 16 minute—with an LP version to follow shortly from the fine folks at… (GN)

(Tank Crimes, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, www.tankcrimes.com)

THE INTELLIGENCE – "Flight of the Donkeys" 12"

Four songs from Seattle's kings of FALL-damaged skronk punk. Drenched by hiss, as is common with anything "mastered" by Weasel Walter, but through the mire and muck seeps clanging tuneage that makes me want to buzz some Bostik behind the leisure center. Appallingly limited, but luckily they're playing in San Francisco tonight so I can almost certainly pick up my very own copy. (AM)

(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com)

SKIP JENSEN – "Abscond" CD

Looks like a prickly solo-singer-songwriter record on the outside, feels like a mass of bubbling protoplasm on the inside. "Eerie Lake" kicks off the proceedings: remember to wait 30 minutes before you dive in. The title track's speedy, fuzz-laden, and draped with Spanish moss. *Abscond* features a lucky 14 tracks, "Ghost Love," "Loving Daddy," "High Horses" and "Death Dealers" among them. Bent strings, tinny vocals, Cajun hoodoo. It's the kind of down-and-dirty blues rigamarole that ventures close to modern-day cliché (think OBLIVIANS, think LO LITE, *hell* think JOHN SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION while you're at it), but it meets my needs and wins by sheer strength of personality. The Swamp Thing would listen to SKIP JENSEN if he had a CD player and an electrical outlet. (JH)

(Delta Pop, 663 S. Bernardo Ave., Ste. 113, Sunnyvale, CA 94087, www.deltopop.com)

J CHURCH / MINORITY BLUES BAND – split EP

Well J CHURCH might not be quite as prolific as they used to be, but they still seem to get their stuff out there. On this release J CHURCH gives us one original that keeps with Lance's signature style and a cover of WIRE's "Ex-Lion Tamer." The original is alright and the cover is mighty fine. MINORITY BLUES BAND comes in on the other side and proceeds to raise the bar a few notches higher. A strong melodic punk original that you would expect from a band with a couple of releases on Snuffy Smile. If that wasn't enough, they do a NEWTOWN NEUROTICS cover, which while not in the league of SMALLTOWN's version of "When the Oil Runs Out" is still a fine time. This is not a re-release of these bands' previous split on Snuffy Smile, but a new one from… (JF)

(Underground Communique, 1220 W. Hood Ave.#1, Chicago, IL 60660)

KAKISTOCRACY – "Red Emma" LP

This record looked familiar to me, and after doing a bit of research I found out why: it was initially released about two years ago in a super limited tour-only pressing, and is only now seeing its official release. On this LP, Asheville, NC's KAKISTOCRACY serves up some angsty anarcho-hardcore that suffers from many of the pitfalls of poorly recorded FROM ASHES-core. I've seen this band be super heavy and convincing live, but unfortunately the thin recording really does them a disservice on this record. Still, this is well-executed melodic/metallic hardcore that reminds me a bit of fellow Southerners TEM EYOS KI in its intent and sound. Do see this band live if you have a taste for the heavy style of Southern hardcore, and hope that they put out a better sounding record next time around. (GN)

(Catchphraze, PO Box 41356, Phoenix, AZ 85080)

KELLERASSELN – "Punk Not Rock" EP

Eleven tracks of one-dimensional German thrash featuring fast beats, power chord riffs, and barked vocals. The packaging is genius though, incorporating an actual photographic print, luxury toilet paper, and an individual postcard lyric sheet for each song, with English translations and brief explanations. (AM)

(Kellerasseln, c/o Michel Stephan, Rossplatz 10, 99628 Buttstadt, GERMANY, www.kellerasseln-punk.de)

KILLDOZER – "The Last Waltz" CD

I remember a review of these guys from the early '90s which stated that the band were "playing at being stupid," that they were obviously smarter than the songs they were playing, and that their records were thus somehow an insulting or demeaning affair for all involved. God, how I hate the *Spin*/Christgau socio-psychological review style; does anyone try to write shit up that way anymore? If I ever read *Pitchfork* online, perhaps I would sample some of that "frustrated English Lit grad student" lyrical-analysis horseshite. Okay, enough. These guys were a staple of the mid-late '80s post-hardcore über-alles scene, a burly powerhouse of a band that released a passel of heavy records that sat quite easily next to your BUTTHOLE SURFERS, NOMEANSNO, and LUBRICATED GOAT platters. A growling vocal pushing a pummeling bass-led boulder was their preferred method of attack and their lyrics were smart-ass and funny, *sorrr-eee*! This is a live recording of their final show from

1996, and you can't help but think that a mini-revival could result from a decent airing of this thing. I know they have pockets of resistance in the Midwest to this day… (RW)

(Crustacean, PO Box 829, Madisón, WI 53701-0829)

KRUM BUMS – "The Sound" CD

Long-running Austin street punk-inspired hardcore band the KRUM BUMS put forth their newest effort of good-for-a-party but ultimately fairly lackluster HC on this full-length CD. Lyrically, they touch on a lot of classic punk topics ranging from our fucked up fucking society, fighting for survival, lying politicians, and the war dead; nothing life-changing, but well-suited to the music they're playing. In fact, I kind of wish they'd play up their street punk aspects, with their catchy whoa-oh choruses, and play down the production values and guitar solos that are just a bit too prominent on this CD. Not bad, not great. (GN)

(TSOR, www.tsor-records.ch)

LIVEFASTDIE – "Bandana Thrash Record" LP

Do they simply not give a flying fuck? Might they be trying to get the immediate nature of their numbskull buzzsaw punk released with the same ferocity with which it was written and recorded? Maybe they are just really good? It's all three methinks. Folks far and wide are calling JABBERS on LIVEFASTDIE, and although that comparison is apt, they're no one trick dick joke. The tunes and production meet each other half way, resulting in maximum bite and virtually no gazing in the rear view (all possibly some rear gazing). Members-of hodgepodge aside, these guys are card carrying members of the well-schooled but lame brained clan of punks, who, in spite of their stupidity, empty my wallet with unequalled ferocity. I'm certain this will become one of my most played LPs of the year. Pardon me sirs, might you point me in the direction of Troglodyte City? Oh…here it is. (MC)

(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

THE LOST PATROL BAND – LP

…Six-piece wimpy pop band...good production…catchy little sissy hooks...soft nancy-boy vocals…..keyboards…not terrible but not great!!!!! Something about it seems fake….!!!!! There's no info at all on the record as to where these posers are from and what their names are and who produced it and such….but it's distributed by a Swedish label…! These cats ain't Swedish is they????? 'Cuz everyone knows that Swedish bands suck nothing but really big dicks!!!!! (SW)

(Ny Vag, www.wastedsounds.com)

LOVED ONES – "Keep Your Heart" CD

First full length from this Philadelphia trio, and it's a winner. They have that gruff-yet-emo, tough-yet-melodic, punk-yet-pop sound really down. Lots of guts, yet lots of grace. Y'know what I'm talking about. This sound was immortalized by the likes of JAWBREAKER and reaffirmed by LAWRENCE ARMS, LIFETIME, et al. This is a contender with those heavyweights, for doubly sure. (RK)

(Fat Wreck, www.fatwreck.com)

THE LOVE DRUNKS – CD

Rock 'n' roll, my friend, pure, no messing around rock 'n' bloody roll. These scruff bags don't mess around, they just don't have the time. Like a garage version of ROSE TATTOO, or a thrash take on AC/DC, or a rock version of PUSSY GALORE or a punk take on the CRAMPS, whatever suits is what I say. The LOVE DRUNKS love to make noise, they like to beat their guitars, turn there amps way too high, and scream at their drummer to hit those skins harder. I'm digging it, but I'd hate to be the sorry fucks that have the practice room next to theirs. Delightful. (SD)

(Alive, www.alive-totalenergy.com)

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT – "FoursongEP" EP

Pretty rockin', melodic, female-led punk that sounds very Northwestern (which it is!). You can hear the influence of BIKINI KILL, BANGS, and PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES, maybe even SLEATER-KINNEY. The lyrics deal with rejection, heartbreak, and control—all pretty emo topics, but LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT adds true emotion where most emo bands would fall into tormented cliché. Good! (PC)

(Clarence Thomas Records, PO Box 56027, 1st Ave. RPO, Vancouver BC, V5L 5E2, CANADA, bistrodistro@hotmail.com)

LUNATIC SOCIETY – "Punks Go All the Way" CD

This relatively old(ish) Belgian punk band gets it together enough to kick out their third long player. Since '92, they've been churning out old (meaning '80s, not '90s) school punk; pretty much speedy full-steam-ahead early GBH stuff, with the odd horn thrown in on occasion. The only trouble with including covers, of course (in their case, the UK SUBS' "Stranglehold") is that said cover proves to be the stand out track. Er, which it is, on this one. Not bad by any means, though. (RK)

(Deviant, www.deviantrecords.tk)

FREDDY LYNX & THE CORNER GANG – "Bloodied Up" CD

This thing came out in 1999 and we're just reviewing it now. Fucking surface mail, will people never learn? Sort of a swaggerin', boozy-woozy "rock-a-rolla" type of action here. The vocalist is a dead ringer for MARK ARM at times, while the music is mix of MOTÖRHEAD's stiff late-'80s guitar tone mixed with the solo JOHNNY THUNDERS stuff from the same time period. Kinda flash frozen, if you get my drift. JEFF DAHL fans, please form a line in Down-n-Out alley, bay-buh. (RW)

(Julie, Montpellier, FRANCE)

MAGRUDERGRIND / SANITYS DAWN – split EP

MAGRUDERGRIND starts the split off with a blistering attack of wildly guttural grindcore. Insanely fast drumming powers their four songs while those throat-shredding vocals sabotaged my ears. SANITYS DAWN kicks down some of its own punishing grind on the flip side. There is a lot of speed and power there, but their three songs don't really match the craziness of MAGRUDERGRIND's. (RC)

(RSR, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY, www.members.tripod.de/skrupel)

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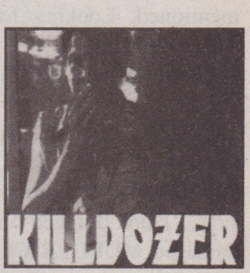
DISCO AUTOPRODUCIDO
NO PAGUES MAS DE 3€.

SKIP JENSEN
ABSCOND



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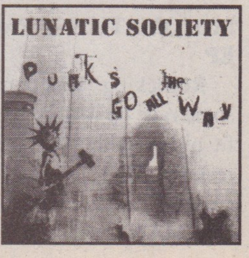
THE LOVED ONES
KEEP YOUR HEART



THE MEMPHIS MORTUARY – "Greetings from the Memphis Mortuary" EP

Completely reminiscent of the early METEORS days before they went all shit. Dark and dirty psychobilly with heavy hints of the ol' twang of JOHNNY CASH. Tight, well-played, and with enough dirge and mud in the production to make this a true mix of punk and rockabilly. (SD)
(Space Hearse, www.memphis morticians.net)

MERKIT – "Nation of Complainers" EP

Good times from these Floridian good Samaritans. Lyrically and vocally a bit stiff, but coming from a righteous mindset, and a high quality (content) lyric sheet the likes of which this reviewer hasn't seen in years. Musically solid and reminiscent of the better parts of '90s grimey punk like APPLE, ECONOCHRIST, DEAD SILENCE, though not sounding entirely like any of the aforementioned. Looking forward to more from these folks. (BS)
(IFB, www.flwebizzard.com/merkit)

THE MIGHTY GO-GO PLAYERS – "Play, Lose & Die" 10"

Promo sheet from venerable Alien Snatch says, "Think drugged-out SEXAREENOS, art-damaged MURDER CITY DEVILS based on FATALS-fuzz going In The Red on a deathcult sex-war." Thanks, that's half my work done for me! Not only that, but it's a pretty apt description although I'd throw in the MINDS and MANGANZOIDES as additional points of reference. Good to the last drop! (DD)
(Alien Snatch, Mörikeweg 1, 74199 U-Bach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)

MODERN MACHINES – "Taco Blessing" 12"

Maybe it is just my expectations, but I really wanted to like this a lot, I really did. See, MODERN MACHINES have a great HÜSKER DÜ thing going on, but have yet to really write a song that is equal to the riffs. Like everything they have recorded *Taco Blessing* is a record that will sound fine on initial listen, but also one that you will immediately forget. Not sure if will ever happen, but I also still feel that the MODERN MACHINES have the potential to record something great. It just didn't happen here. (JF)
(Recess, 1666 San Pedro, CA 90733-1666)

MOJOMATICS – "Nothin' About Nothin'" EP

Rollicking Venetian two-man band does some rave up rockin' blues. Fun songs that will fit nicely with your BBQ and KING LOUIE records. (CK)
(Alien Snatch, Mörikeweg 1, 74199 U-Bach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)

THE MOMENT – "Showdown at the Discotheque" CD

On first listen, I took this to be the typical indie-rock/screamo fare. And don't get me wrong, it is! But, they manage to squeeze just enough bombastic (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY-esque keyboard tinged melodic rock to make it a touch above the pack. That isn't saying all that much, I know. But, er, I guess it is something... (RK)
(www.themomentrock.com)

MOUSEROCKET – "Missing Teeth" EP

Has Alicja Trout gone shoegaze? It seems like it. Slow songs with pretty, low-key singing. I'd say it was a new direction, but this was recorded in 2002. "Flash and Burn" on the B-side has a LOST SOUNDS guitar riff, but then it is back to the melodic with a very slowed down cover of LOVE's "Alone Again Or." (CK)
(Wrecked Em, www.wrecked-em.com)

THE MOVEMENT – "Move" CD

Finally, the full length from Denmark's hardest mods. If you ain't familiar with these suited cats from Copenhagen expect some of the best '79 revival political mod punk next to the SANDIST. Soaked in the glory days of the CHORDS, the JAM and the CIRCLES, with the punk rock attitude of the CLASH and NEWTOWN NUEROTICS. Firmly entrenched in the politics of the working classes without coming off cheesy and dumb. Makes missing the STRIKE way more tolerable. (SD)
(Revel Yell, www.revelyellmusic.com)

MURDER DISCO X – "Ground Zero Stuttgart" LP

Hard-as-nails full-lengther by this bunch of old timers. I liked the 7"s but am into this LP way more. Sounding a lot like some DISCHARGE influenced bands of the early '90s—DEPRIVED, RESIST, SUBSTANDARD, etc.—but with some added pace and Japcore leads, a modern comparison may be a more sedate SEVERED HEAD OF STATE (who shares a member with this band). I lived for shit like this 15 years ago and it still sounds great now. Get this. (TB)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

NEANDERTHALS – "In Space" CD

The Paleolithic and Atomic Age meet, mix, and mingle…SIR DANCEALOT once proclaimed "Death to False Twist," and I'm not sure if *In Space* would = "live" or "die." Aesthetically I'm all for what they're doing (domino masks like that *other* instro surf band, busy and buzzing twangy guitars, tunes about outer space and the men who venture there, etc). Music-wise, they're clean, controlled and clearly-defined in a way that historical Neanderthals never were—more MAN OR ASTROMAN? than *Quest for Fire.* Cute surf covers of "Space Oddity" and "Across the Universe," though, along with an expert reading of "Purple People Eater," which was one of my favorite tunes when I was a small child. (JH)
(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

NECROS – "Conquest for Death" LP

I was gonna write a whole thing here about the NECROS, Midwest hardcore, and how much I like this record… that was until I listened to this shitty bootleg that was recorded off someone's scratched old copy. The surface noise on two of the songs is so loud that it pretty much ruins the music. Fuck that! Why even bother? I hope someday this album will see a proper reissue. (CS)
(no address)

THE NEDERBIETELS – "On My Mind / Where to Run"

Smartly dressed chaps from the Land of Orange blasting out fuzz-driven garage mod. Sticking to the retro formula, the song writing drowning in well-intentioned nostalgia. It's shaking me in all the right places, which earns this two big thumbs up. Featuring ex-members of the PERVERTS, the APEMEM and the RAGTIME WRANGLERS, with heavy comparisons to there English cousins the EMBROOKS and their fellow countrymen from days gone by the OUTSIDERS. (SD)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr.14, 50939 Koln, GERMANY, screamingapp@aol.com)

THE NEINS – "The Restaurant" EP

Holy shit. It took me a while to figure out exactly who this band sounds like, but it finally hit me. They sound like FLIPPER. That's right, FLIPPER. Well, they don't sound exactly like FLIPPER, but it's a good starting point. All four tracks are catchy and just a little bit odd. It's great to hear good music that is fresh. This is definitely fresh. (KK)
(Felony Fidelity, www.myspace.com/theneins)

NEOTEXT – "Elevation" CD

A Japanese band in sickly-sweet love with the old Lust/Unlust band roster circa 1980, or even their own homegrown band LIZARD from the same time. The guitar lines are like spider webs covered in frost, and a heavy emphasis is placed on repetition repetition repetition, which can be a great thing if you are building up tension through slight variations of the central musical theme (see "Third Uncle" on BRIAN ENO's *Taking*

Tiger Mountain by Strategy). These cats do a damn decent job of referencing the very over-accessed no wave genre by keeping true to the posed-out post-nuclear mindset at the heart of the matter without injecting any lingering emo tendencies (usually the genre American band members are escaping prior to indie-no-wave), and the vocalist's freak-outs are perfectly timed *a la* NINA HAGEN. A very pleasant surprise. (RW)
(Mangrove, Base ACP Bldg., 4-23-5, Koenji Minami, Suginami-Ku, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN)

NEURON – "Gleichschritt" CD
It sounds like these guys take notes from SEPULTURA, even the vocals sound similar. They use the tribal break down *a lot*, and normally that would kill it for me but there is a lot of other shit flying around here as well. For starters, this band has a really crushing tone; it says in the insert that all the guitar amps were built or tuned by Matamp, which probably has a lot to do with it. NEUTRON doesn't always steal riffage from the Brazilian gods of metal—they throw some blast beats in once and awhile along with some decent riffs to boot. Over all this CD is all right even though I got restless sitting through 16 songs, and the cover looks like some shitty graphic designer ripped of the cover to the first MORSER LP. (NE)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com)

THE NIGHTMARES – "Loose And Dangerous" CDEP
Fairly standard tough guy/tough gal bar rock. Although I'm sure they're shooting for the hot lixx and hot chixx vibe, they just aren't together or original enough to make it believable...or listenable. (MC)
(Waxvaccine, PO Box 40527, Portland, OR 97240)

NIXON NOW – "Altamont Nation Express" CD
These guys deliver a wall of sound that grooves. They remind me of GAS HUFFER, with them guitars and that good ol' boy guitar onslaught. A cover of "Car Wash" is pretty original, but they don't seem to keep me engaged the entire fifteen songs. (HM)
(Electrohasch, www.electrohasch.de)

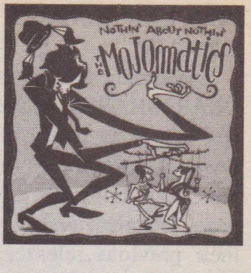
NO VALUE – "Primitive Recreation" EP
Super distorted, blown-out blistering fastcore from this Tokyo crew. This thing is just non-stop speed and energy from note one, generating a palpable live feel to the whole affair. The female vocals are great high-pitched lo-fi shouts, but it's the huge noisy feedback-ridden guitar sound that really carries the record and puts it over the edge. Totally relentless and catchy too, fans of CONGA FURY and the like will eat this right up. (EL)
(Blurred, 482-1 Naka, Kambara, Ihara, Shizuoka 421-3213, JAPAN, http://blurred.tv)

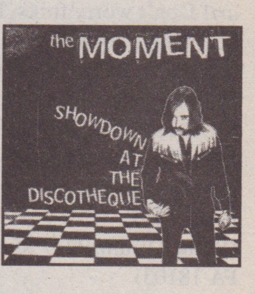
ÖROKU – "Terror" EP
According to this insert this is ÖROKU'S second release, but I had never heard them until I listened to this for review. Basically, this is super slow, dark, and gloomy. At a few points they picked up the pace and let it rip, but overall they crawl along at a doomy crawl. They actually reminded me a lot of the early HIS HERO IS GONE material. Good stuff, if you ask me. (RC)
(New Audio Terror, 208 E. 25th Ave., Seattle, WA 98211, audioterrorist13@yahoo.com)

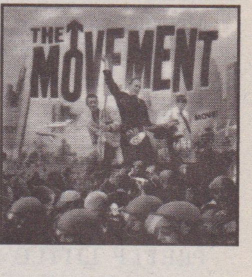
OUT WITH A BANG – "I'm Against It" 12"
Fuck, this just completely rules—from the crude drawing of a stick-figure smiley face shooting himself in the head on the cover, to the snotty and unforgettably punk music on this one-sided 12" EP, to the unbelievable lyrics ("Um. I have this knife / And it's *big* and it's *sharp*," on the song "Knife Hopes," or "Daddy learned me nothing / Nothing I remember / And now he's dead / Six feet down the ground / He's a dead dad dead," from "Dad [Learned Me Nothing]"). Fronted by the same idiot savant anti-hero that fronted the GRABBIES, OUT WITH A BANG plays untamed, retardo punk rock that pretty much defines primitive and raw for the year 2006. The first truly essential record of the year, brought to you from the masters at Proud To Be Idiot Records as well as… (GN)
(Vida Loca, Casella Postale 17033, 00189 Roma Grottarossa, ITALY, www.vidalocarecords.com)

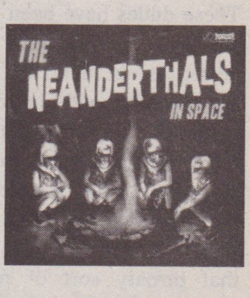
PACK – "Booze for Future" EP
PACK is an exact prototype for a good crust band. They're loud, fast, snotty, and are certainly not "professional" musicians. Just drunk punx having a laugh and making some damn fine noise. These guys would sit well next to many records on Profane Existence released in the '90s. This release is a little sparse on lyrical content, but the music is all there, and what the fuck, sometimes you gotta sing about what you know. Yes, PACK knows booze for sure. Nice job on this gatefold sleeve with some really nice insert art, looks to be that of Steve VISIONS OF WAR, but I could be mistaken since there are no credits. Cheers guys. (WK)
(Rindeherz Postfach, 7028 2500 Biel 7, Switzerland, rinderherz@gmx.net)

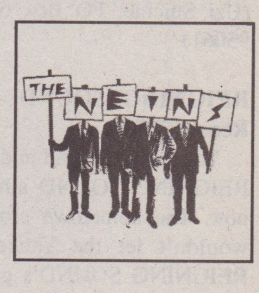
PLEASANT VALLEY CHILDREN – "Welcome to Bedlam Valley" CD
Complete discography (LP, 7", demo, and comp tracks) by one of the most individual and underrated bands from the UK's late '80s/early '90s hardcore scene. Sonically, lyrically, and graphically interesting, this band still stands apart from nearly all of what was around at the time. Predominantly fast hardcore thrash filtered through sludgy creepy crawl and twisted noisy experimentalism of bands like BIG BLACK/MELVINS and even some of the more unpleasant Amphetamine Reptile bands. This is an intense listen. PVC was and is a breath of fresh air during times of bland conformism in the hardcore scene. 40 tracks, fat booklet with all lyrics, stellar artwork, and an aural bloodbath makes this more than just a trip down memory lane for the lucky ones who got to see this train wreck live; this is mandatory listening for any hardcore fan. Only 500 made so act fast. The band's LP title sums it up nicely: Fuck. Kill. Destroy. (TB)
(Flat Earth, www.flatearth.free-online.co.uk)

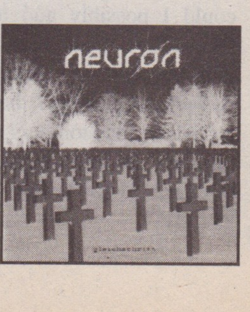












POPULAR SHAPES – "B-Ball Music Songs 2 & 4" EP

Discordant Northwest post-punkers POPULAR SHAPES bequeath two new songs. Not nearly as snotty or aggressive as *Bikini Style*, *B-Ball Music* (horrible fucking title, huh? Lets hope it's an inside joke!) is way more technical and way more melodic than their previous releases. It's less LE SHOK and more the FALL. Less art-rock and more *art*! Don't worry folks, I loved LE SHOK too, but this two-song single is a damn fine release. It doesn't sound like a cocaine record or a math-rock record and it'll have fans of A-FRAMES and INTELIGENCE drooling all over the mesmerizing marble vinyl as they awkwardly submit their grad school applications. (VH)

(White Denim, 2247 Riverbend Rd., Allentown, PA 18103)

PRESLEY BASTARDS – "End of Time" CD

Melodic, emotional hardcore with a rough edge from Finland that sounds a lot like ENDSTAND...in fact it has a member of ENDSTAND in it. (AD)

(no address)

PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER / UZI SUICIDE – split EP

PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER shreds yer head with four rippers and an SOB cover. These dudes have been playing sick grinding shit for some time now, giving you solid blast beats, fast as fuck riffs, killer and brutal low vocals, gritty and pissed off high vocals, and breakneck stops and punches. If you like raging grind check these guys out. UZI SUICIDE plays nine songs; I haven't ever been a fan of these guys' goofy songs and lyrics. They have a fast "thrashy" sound and the vocals have that throaty sort of power violence thing going on. (NE)

(Uzi Suicide, PO Box 675, Santa Cruz, CA 95061)

REIGNING SOUND – "Live At Goner Records" LP

You can go ahead and take that Telstar live REIGNING SOUND album off yer turntable now. The hometown crowd at Goner simply wouldn't let the Yankees win this battle. REIGNING SOUND's genius is already well established and 100% deserved, so what more could I possibly add to mix that you don't (hopefully) already know? Well, I will say that they are band that I never miss live and this is a perfect document of that experience, from the ballads to the stompers. Like any of their other releases, this is essential. (MC)

(Goner, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104)

RESERVE 34 – "Rain City Games" 10"

Very nicely packaged 10" from North of the Border, British Columbia to be exact. Fast and furious is the order of the day, it sounds a lot like fellow countrymen I SPY and PROPAGANDHI to me. Recorded in 2000 and finally seeing the light of day now thanks to… (AD)

(Bistrodistro.com c/o Troy, Box 1168, Elkford, BC, V0B 1H0, CANADA)

RIPPED TO SHREDS – "Humanflytrapmaggotfactory" CD

Somewhat terrible metallic thrash here from this band I can't find any information on. Combining old school thrash metal with old school thrash hardcore, RIPPED TO SHREDS sound a lot like the kind of bands that have been popping up on Six Weeks Records lately (especially BLACK MARKET FETUS), but these guys lack any of the creativity, uniqueness, or song-writing of those bands. A terrible production with a shit-poor guitar sound in particular doesn't help matters. Not one of my favorite releases this month. (EL)

(headonfire@msn.com)

ROCKET – "Girls With Candy Hearts" CD

A sugary power pop release. I think this gal group comes from the same scene as MTV's Laguna Beach, or at least they look the part. A few covers here including "Join The Professionals" and "I Wanna Be Your Girlfriend (Boyfriend)." Very JOSIE COTTON and NIKKI & THE CORVETTES. Enjoyable if you can accept the poser factor. (RL)

(Teenacide, www.rocketrocks.com)

THE SAINTS – "This Perfect Day" LP

"C'mon everybody and listen to Chris, there's a brand new dance and it goes like this…" A RAK-mobile-recorded boot of a SAINTS show exactly one month after I was born, 11/26/77. Chris Bailey looks so good on the cover—shit, if bands dressed like this now…if bands sounded as good as this now! Anyway, the vocals are really clear but the music is a little muddy in places, though generally this is a good boot. This is one of the greatest punk bands ever, recorded at a classic "pub rock" venue in London—the Hope and Anchor—at some punk fest. All the frustration, fury, and power inherent in the SAINTS' sound totally come through. They sound smart and dumb at the same time—the music is timeless but incongruous, out of place but part of some great music history too. I can't explain what this band means to me! Some of the songs are mislabeled, which is kind of annoying, but a band at the top of their game with a pretty flawless live recording? Makes me wish I were older than a month when this show was happening. (LG)

(bootleg, no address)

SECOND OPINION – "Youth Revolt" EP

Uncompromising and lethal Bay Area sickos enforce their own brand of fast, thrash-your-fucking-mind hardcore with angry, disillusioned vocals challenging the already long converted… or, are we/you? Good stuff. (BS)

(625, www.625thrash.com)

SEVENONEFIVE – "We Don't Feel Like This For Free" CD

Speedy punk with a snotty feel to it, from Wisconsin. The highlight is a punked up version of DILLINGER's "New York". (AD)

(Crustacean, PO Box 829, Madison, WI 53701)

SIRENS – "Calling" CDEP

This six-song CDEP started out strong, and then went quickly tumbling downhill on their melodic ditty entitled "All Beauty Must Die." Aside from that huge misstep, this German four-piece reminded me a lot of early LIFETIME mixed with some FADED GREY noodling. SIRENS is the definition of modern melodic hardcore. If that's your thing, then you'll dig this. (CC)

(Let It Burn, c/o Christoph Zehetleitner, Erzgiebereistrasse 51, 80335 Munich, GERMANY)

SKEPTIC ELEPTIC – "Sick Sick Sick" CD

This band is all over the place with their melodic punk style. SKEPTIC ELECTRIC sounds like maybe a cross between the STITCHES, faster LAWRENCE ARMS and the MINDS or some other Dirtnap band, even though there are no keyboards to be found on this. Overall *Sick Sick Sick* is a fine listen, even if it gets old after a while. If this band was from Los Angeles I bet they would be on Pelado, but SKEPTIC ELEPTIC is from Austria so they are on…

(Revel Yell Music, www.revelyellmusic.com)

SMALL ARMS DEALER – "A Single Unifying Theory" CD

From New York state this group sounds a lot like STRIKE ANYWHERE, KID DYNAMITE, or a fast HOT WATER MUSIC. As melodic, emotional hardcore goes this is very good. (AD)

(Deep Elm, PO Box 5260, Clover, SC 29710)

SPINOFFS – "Street Rock Stars" CD

Third release, apparently, from these Canadian pop punkers. What you do get is 15 tracks of lo-fi(ish) DICKIES meets SCREECHING WEASEL crawling out the garage. They have that catchy, almost rock 'n' roll sound, without the memorable tunes of the aforementioned pop maestros. Decent, for sure. (RK)

(Black Market, www.blackmarketrecords.org)

STEVE HIT MIKE – "Twelve Feet Under" CDEP

Decent pop punk on this CDEP from South Carolina. Very ATARIS and LAGWAGON with catchy tunes and tight playing. Although not up there with the vets, this is still a good listen. (RL)
(www.myspace.com/stevehitmike)

STRAIGHT TO HELL – "Commence the Apocalypse" LP

This band has been around for quite sometime now. Musically this is fucking on, "On" meaning tight, well-played, heavy in guitars and drumming hardcore. It's got the right speed and energy to make a really good record here. Lyrically, Aaron lets us know how much he hates just about everything, STRAIGHT TO HELL is done now so I guess this is the final towel being thrown in for this band. "Thanks For Nothing." (MS)
(Gloom, PO Box 4253 Albany, NY 12212)

STRONG AS TEN – "Back to Reality, Back to My Life" EP

This band from France sounds a lot like most of the newer hardcore or youth crew bands from the States but plays a lot faster, which is a nice change of pace. Unfortunately, hearing the same recycled JUDGE riff played at top speed or palm muting certain parts to make them sound like some mock thrash or speed metal riffs don't make me like these guys a whole lot more then I like the bands that are playing this stuff mid-paced. (NE)
(Shogun, Rue de la Colinette, 51110 Bourgogne, FRANCE)

TEENAGE CONFIDENTIAL – "After School Rendezvous" CD

A Japanese mod band here, which will make you think of CHORDS, JAM, and PURPLE HEARTS. Decent enough once you get used to the think accented vocals singing in English. Good punchy production too. (RL)
(Mangrove, mangrove@recordshopbase.com)

TERRIBLE TWOS – "Plunderball / Spitting Image"

Noisy rock and roll from Michigan. Sounds like a lot of stuff coming out of the trashy rock hot bed of the Midwest. The songs emit a very familiar racket, like they could be some lost CLONE DEFECTS recordings. Messy, fast, angry, and annoyed. (CK)
(X!, babylonstreet@msn.com)

TERVEET KÄDET – "The Horse" LP

I can only assume that most fans of international hardcore have heard Finnish legends TERVEET KÄDET by now, though I have to admit that I've never really listened to this 1985 LP, which has been long out of print until now. TK's first three EPs are the blueprint for raw, wild, and out of control hardcore; with their life-changing vocal chaos and unbelievable energy, they are nothing short of mind-blowing. With that in mind, I have to say that this LP is not as good as those 7"s, or their first 12" on Propaganda. Regardless, it is still awesome Finnish hardcore (with a claustrophobic, almost goth feel at times) that features many of the signature elements of the TK style: crazy drumming, dark and furious guitar riffing, and great songs. The vocals are tamer and more reverb-drenched, but still convincing, and the (kind of weird) lyrics are in English this time around. Anyway, this is fucking TERVEET KÄDET—one of the great hardcore bands of all time—and you really can't argue with that. (GN)
(Power It Up, Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de)

THIEVES AND ASSASSINS – "The Death of the City Pavement" EP

Hmmm, I just ain't digging it. This sounds like one of those bands that probably really worship KID DYNAMITE and bands of that ilk. Listening to it, the vocals just don't put forth any power and the music is just generic. I am sure live they have the kids singing along, but I can't see anyone of them saying that this record rules. It's on pretty black and orange swirled vinyl though. (JF)
(Iron Pier, www.mindsetoverhaul.com)

THOUGHT CRIME – "It's All in Yer Head" LP

100% pure two-fingers-in-the-air punk rock here, an almost nonexistent sound in today's subgenre crazed (today's favorite band, tomorrow's trash) record market. These guys have been playing in straight-ahead punk bands for years, and this record is no exception. The lyrics are fucking deadly, filled with anger and powerful political statements that cut right to the point. The music is pure, containing elements of classics like GBH or RIOT SQUAD, and then sometimes stepping into a more CONFLICT or AUS ROTTEN mid-tempo peace punk realm. Yep, Profane did a good thing by finally putting out this record, which should have been released years ago by the now defunct Tribal War Records. I personally think that it is better to listen to side B of this record first for the proper effect, but that is all taste. This record is recommended, if you didn't catch that. Fans of members' other bands SUICIDAL SUPERMARKET TROLLEYS and DISTRAUGHT take note. (WK)
(Profane Existence, www.profaneexistence.com)

TISCHLEREI LISCHITZKI – "Eutzuf" CD

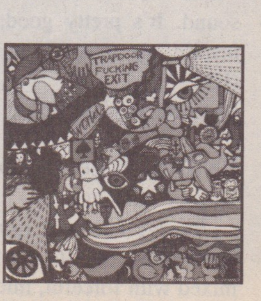
I literally could not read the album title so hopefully I didn't screw it up. This is some very melodic crunchy German punk, kind of reminds me of old California melodic hardcore stuff. I don't know if it was the too clean production, but I really wasn't feelin' this CD; it was really slick and rock for a self-released punk CD. It seems like they have good influences and intentions but somehow it doesn't come across. (LG)
(handwerk@fartcore-tonstudio.de)

TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT – "Crooked Life/ Straight World" CD

This is TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT's third full-length, and they're definitely onto something good. The music drives along propulsively, with chunky chord progressions and gruff vocals, while intricate guitar lines describe something like a melody. It's pretty dense throughout, but not relentlessly so: I attribute this to a combination of studio trickery and dynamic song structures. If you think this review sounds pretentious, just be thankful you didn't have to read the press sheet that came with my copy. (AM)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636, www.noidearecords.com)

★ SKEPTIC ELEPTIC ★
SICK
SICK
SICK

THIEVES AND ASSASSINS



TUFF LUVS – "Heartburn" EP

If you remember that ATOMIC BRAINS single from several months back and its relative limpness, let your fears be dashed by Tuff Luvs, another post-EUNUCHS combo. Ya see, it's all hooky punk this time around and we're all the better for it. Tough, errr, excuse me, Tuff sounding punk rock (verging on rawk) that is as catchy as it is rough. Although not the greatest thing outta the Goner scene in recent months, I'm never so stuffed that I can't take at least one more bite. (MC)

TUSK – "Get Ready" CD

Wow, where to begin with this group. I admit I wasn't too into this band's (comprised of members of Chicago instrumental metal group PELICAN) last record *Tree of Not Return*—it had plenty of promise in its metal experimentation but ultimately lost itself in overly-long aimless atonal meanderings. *Get Ready* is actually the group's first record from '02, remixed and re-mastered with a few superfluous live tracks tacked on, and is actually far preferable to these ears. Here they keep the songs at a brisk two-minute average, which is just enough time for the sheer aural weirdness of it all to hit you, steal your wallet and run down the street, before you can get up and say, "What the fuck was that?" Take the huge symphonic heaviness of PELICAN, remove all traces of polish and cleanliness, soak in a scabies-ridden vat of PCP-jag vomit and you'll get a hint of TUSK's approach. The riffs and rhythms are off-kilter and irregular—mostly mid-pace, but occasionally breaking into jagged grind bursts. The singer's deranged howl and paranoid hallucinogenic lyrics are truly singular as well. There's a total bad drug experience vibe to the whole affair of some devilish conductor leading you through a bleeding red landscape with a rusty shiv held behind his waning grin. Definitely a must-hear. (EL)

(Hewhocorrupts Inc., 196 Fairfield, Elmhurst IL 60126, www.hewhocorrupts.com)

THE UNIDENTIFIED – "Original Soundtrack Secret Audio Suspense" CD

This is a six song CD that may or may not be a soundtrack. All hints in the packaging point to yes, but these guys might just be really clever. There's a few instrumental surf tunes and the whole "soundtrack" has a secret agent surfer sound. It's pretty good, but it doesn't really inspire me to see "Secret Audio Suspense." (HM)

(www.theunidentified.com)

UNIDOS PELO ODIO – " Renascendo Das Cinzas" CD

Blazing hardcore from Brazil. 21 tracks of unrelenting, boot-to-the-face hardcore savagery mixed with forceful, mid-tempo, melodic sing-alongs. Rapid-fire, metallic speed core drums release a salvo while aggro, throaty vocals spew over charging guitars. Akin to Brazilian greats RATOS DE PORAO in high energy, well-recorded, precision, drum-driven hardcore attack but more modern, with far moodier and darker guitar parts, intros and wailing solos. The melodic tracks are creative and rock-solid, and could even be tagged "poppy" if not for the harsh delivery—they would probably be overwhelming performed live. Sung in Portuguese, which always sounds tough as nails, with every third line being something like "Motherfucking corrupt system." Killer. (KS)

(Terrotten, Caixa Postal 8080 Porto Alegre, RS 90201-970, BRAZIL, www.terrotten.com)

VENERAL DISEASE / LUNATIC ASYLUM – split CD

Both bands are coming at you from Spain and both bands don't do it for me. Both have a boom box or shoddy four-track recording that sometimes fades in and out. VENERAL DISEASE has no low end at all and most of the time the drummer is playing too fast, the guitar playing is all right if you can get over the lame, poppy riffs that get thrown in there from time to time. The vocals are high screaming and really fucking low puking sounds. LUNATIC ASYLUM also has the occasional poppy crap riff going on and the vocals are either barked out or screamed. The music goes fast, then slow and the drums follow suite. Nothing too moving. (NE)

(Reek Of Putrefaction, PO Box 245 48960, Galdacano (Vizcaya) SPAIN)

THE VERTICAL STRUTS – CD

The VERTICAL STRUTS are a raw, rockin', two-piece band from the Great White North. The cover art is kinda lame, but the scrawled, fanzine-like lyric sheet is way more punk looking and representative of their style. The music really grabs you with minimalist, driving drum beats and raw, wild, clanging guitars in the vein of the GOSSIP or the surfy/bluesy-ness of Billy Childish. The singer has a classic sounding voice that immediately reminded me of Australia's X, or maybe even the SAINTS, with his exasperated, pleading yells, and at times lackadaisical approach (and a bit of a fake accent a well). This is good shit! (PC)

(Pop Echo, 12424 113 Ave, Edmonton, AB, T5M 2W5, CANADA, www.popecho.com)

THE VICIOUS – "I'm Bored" 12"

Good, solid '77 style punk rock from Sweden. The VICIOUS combine the rock 'n' roll swagger of the DAMNED with the desperate angst of the ADVERTS, except in this case the girl is on guitar, not bass. There are only six songs here; I want more. (AM)

(Wasted Sounds, Skolgatan 110, 903 32 Umeå, SWEDEN, www.wastedsounds.com)

THE VULTURES – CD

At first this seems like a very average rockabilly band. They are competent musically, the male singer sounds very nice and they do every "right." It is only when the female singer Ashley starts singing that it becomes interesting. Ashley screeches in an ungodly, almost out-of-tune way that makes this record fun. Unfortunately she only sings on three of the eight songs and two are covers ("Attitude"—an excellent version—and "Let's Have a Party"—an OK version with not enough screeching). Ashley, take over the singing duties on all the songs and I'll buy all your records. (CK)

(Big Muddy, www.bigmuddyrecords.org)

WEAK – "Back from the Gooch" LP

…. "Weak" is right!!!!!! There's nothing worse than these "Gearhead" types of bands….!!!! You dear readers know the types: greaser poser bozos with chain-wallets, bowling shirts, tats, Gibson guitars, Marshall stacks, dirty looks and big beer guts!!!!! Bands that fit this description naturally blow!!!!! So fuck these "weak-ass" turd balls!!!!!! Fuck 'em with your mother's big diseased penis!!!! (SW)

(Turborock, 2 Place Fontette, 14000 Caen, FRANCE, stephane.lemazier@wanadoo.fr)

WILD BILLY CHILDISH & THE CHATHAM SINGERS – "Heaven's Journey" LP

Plenty of fans of Mr. Childish don't seem to care for his kitchen recording take on the blues: they're pretty much guaranteed to recoil from this, as it's only about half music and half Childish reciting his poetry. Personally, I find this refreshing, especially after that streak a number of years back of a few too many albums featuring slightly reworked and rehashed rockers. More power to him. (DD)

(Damaged Goods, PO Box 45854, London E111, UK, www.damagedgoods.co.uk)

YOUR MOTHER – "One Big Inside Joke" CD

The first CD by Pleasanton locals YOUR MOTHER gets a reissue ten years after it first came out. I actually reviewed it the first time around, but my copy went missing when my house was burgled. Actually, that's the only thing they took. Weird —I wonder if they had to steal back the only known remaining copy to make the reissue? Anyway, the CD has 49 tracks of snotty, DESCENDENTS-y pop punk with juvenile lyrics about farts and jacking off. It's good stuff. YOUR MOTHER contained past and future members of ALL YOU CAN EAT, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, OPRESSED LOGIC, the UNIT BREED, and LOVE SONGS, and they're one of those bands that toured all over the place, including New Zealand and Israel. OK, now buy your own copy of this, don't fucking steal mine. (AM)

(Smart Ass, www.smartassrecords.com)

YUKON – “Gough / Flushed”

“Gough” is a long, drone-y almost-instrumental, with off-mic vocals that sound like an afterthought. The other side picks up the pace, with intense riffage and discordant squall. Overall, like a mix of SHELLAC and BASTRO, with a smidgen of SLINT on the first side. (AM)
(www.humanconduct.org/yukon)

ZIPPO RAID – “The Special Olympics of Punk Rock” CD

These boys sure like their girls, or at least their girls’ tits. Lots of goofy machismo for the kids. They cover “Drink Fight Fuck” and “Kids in America,” but their best originals sound like direct rip offs of classic SCREECHING WEASEL tunes. They seem to know that their best tune “Losers to the End” is their ticket to the big time because they include a second “radio edited version.” (HM)
(Zippo Raid, PO Box 8525, Salem, MA 01970, www.zipporaid.com)

ZMIV – “Noise of ZMIV, 1979–1974) LP

Distinctive Dutch HC legends ZMIV clocks in with their only officially sanctioned retrospective, and fans will find the prized rarities here, including the extremely rare *Banzai* tracks, and a smattering of rehearsal, live, and compilation material. ZMIV excelled at messy, churning, garbage-disposal-like hardcore that was legendary for its stinging power. Not all tracks are equal here, but fans are advised to snap up a copy before all 500 (on clear vinyl) are gone. (SS)
(Noise and Distortion, www.noiseanddistortion.com)

V/A – “Anti-Society: Anarcho-Punk Compilation Vol. Three”

Although I am not well versed in the anarcho punk history of my homeland, to the chagrin of certain coordinators at the very magazine you are staining your fingers with presently, I have to say this comp is pretty incredible even to these wooden ears that usually are deaf to sounds emitted at crust frequencies. I wasn’t sure about getting this for review because I had this vision of a legion of angry punx berating me for not having extensive knowledge of this scene. Blah blah blah, I know… After a thorough listen I am here to tell you this comp is totally inspiring, the liner notes are extensive and entertaining, and it provides a great insight into the UK anarcho punk scene of the 1980s. The music is fierce and political, sometimes overbearing and irritating, sometimes totally raging. My favorite song on here was actually the first, “Forgive Us” by REALITY CONTROL. Anyway you don’t care about my views on this genre probably, you just wanna know what’s on the comp. Here goes: ICONS OF FILTH, THATCHER ON ACID, THE APOSTLES, HAGAR THE WOMB, AOA, OI POLOI, REVULSION, many others…23 tracks in all. This is an inspiring record of a political, cultural, and musical revolution in the GB underground. Rise up, punks! (LG)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE99 1NW, UNITED KINGDOM)

V/A – “Auto Glamour Sound” CD

Ohio has had a fantastic arty punk heritage since, well, since before punk rock itself had the name attached. In the mid-’70s you were either into FLEETWOOD MAC or art “punk,” pick ‘em. You start with PERE UBU, ELECTRIC EELS, and STYRENES and then you continue with this reissue, which takes an obscure double 7” regional comp called *Auto Glamour Sound* that came out on Hospital Records in 1982, and adds as many bonus tracks as possible by bands such as BPA, QI-ZZ, 11,000 SWITCHES, LOPEZ SOPHISTICATES, even TEDDY & THE FRAT GIRLS’ first EP (which Hospital Records apparently became the default distributor of). Everything on this CD is a thrillingly low-rent, individualistic version of something that came out on a more famous label or from a bigger scene than Cincinnati’s, which is what makes regionalism so fucking crucial to the development of new music. It may be stultifying to live through at the time, but after the fact you recognize the necessity; without the invisible pressure to create something, *anything*, along the stupid strife and the boredom, a lot of these motivators can be leeched off into mere careerism and trendspotting in the Big Shitty. I already knew about the TEDDY & THE FRAT GIRLS EP (which is merely one of the most obnoxiously fantastic girl-punk records ever—it pretty much buries GG ALLIN before he ever flung a single turd) but the rest of the tracks on here are examples of people with great ideas living in an era of cheap rent and seething artistic ambition. COINTELPRO is probably the most eye-popping discovery on this; they were Stars of the First Order with a talent for menacing bass lines, dead-eyed vox and sharp songwriting. Required listening for folks who are hungry for more Subterranean Records-style buckshot in their ass. (RW)
(Shake It, www.shakeitrecords.com)

V/A – “Crash Course from the Underground” CD

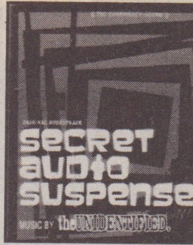
This fifteen song comp features twelve Finnish bands and plenty of quality punk rock. They tend to be more rock in the HELLACOPTERS vein, and they all sing in English, but some have better broken accents. Good tracks by MEAN IDOLS, REHTORIT, the HEARTBURNS, RICKSHAW (who does a minute long version of KISS’ “Beth”), HUNDRED MILLION MARTIANS, the BLOWERS, and BAD MACHINE. Check it out. (HM)
(Woimasointu, www.woimasointu.com)

V/A – “If It Ain’t Cheap, It Ain’t Punk” CD

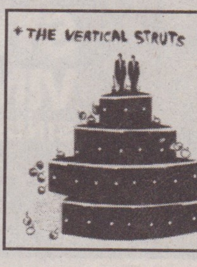
This here’s a 30-band sampler of the Plan-It-X brand of punk rock. These bands tend to be low-fi with poppy overtones. Like most samplers these days, this CD is $3, but Plan-It-X is a great purveyor of not ripping off the punk consumers. They’ve been heading in an artsy/folksy direction that doesn’t excite me much and, unfortunately, this comp has a good share of them there artsy/folksy ditties. There are plenty of good tunes as well. The standouts include the BANANAS, the FOUR EYES, SHOTWELL, JAPANTHER, and SEXY. (HM)
($3 ppd: Plan-It-X, PO Box 3521, Bloomington, IN 47402, www.plan-it-x.com)

V/A – “Lollipop Is Burning Festival” DVD

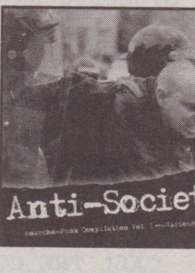
From Paris in 2004, we have five tracks each from the HATEPINKS, JERRY SPIDER GANG, NEUROTIC SWINGERS, PETIT VODO, and the always great BRIEFS. This is old school punk rock played to an enthusiastic crowd. A fun DVD fueled by the BRIEFS. (RL)
(Lollipop, www.lollipop.records.free.fr)



Unidos Pelo Ódio
Renascendo das Cinzas



YUKON
GOUGH (starter home)



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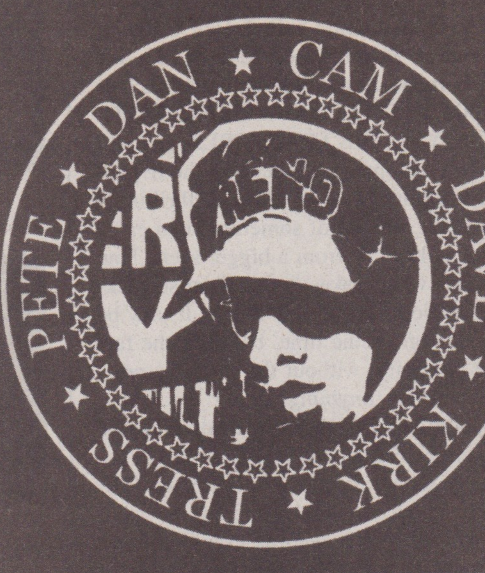

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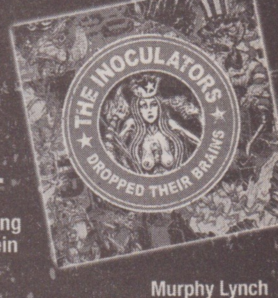

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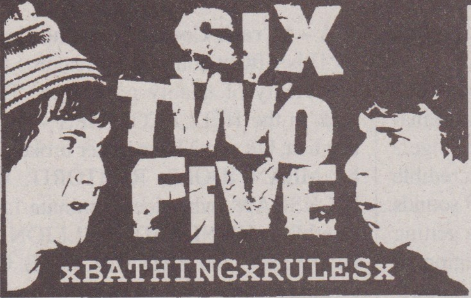
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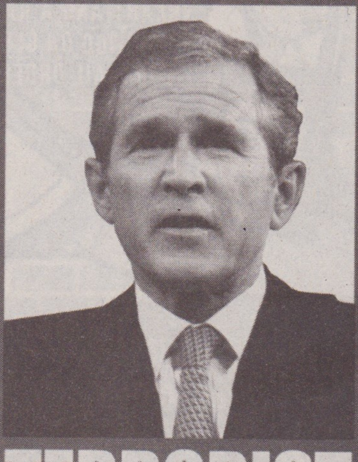

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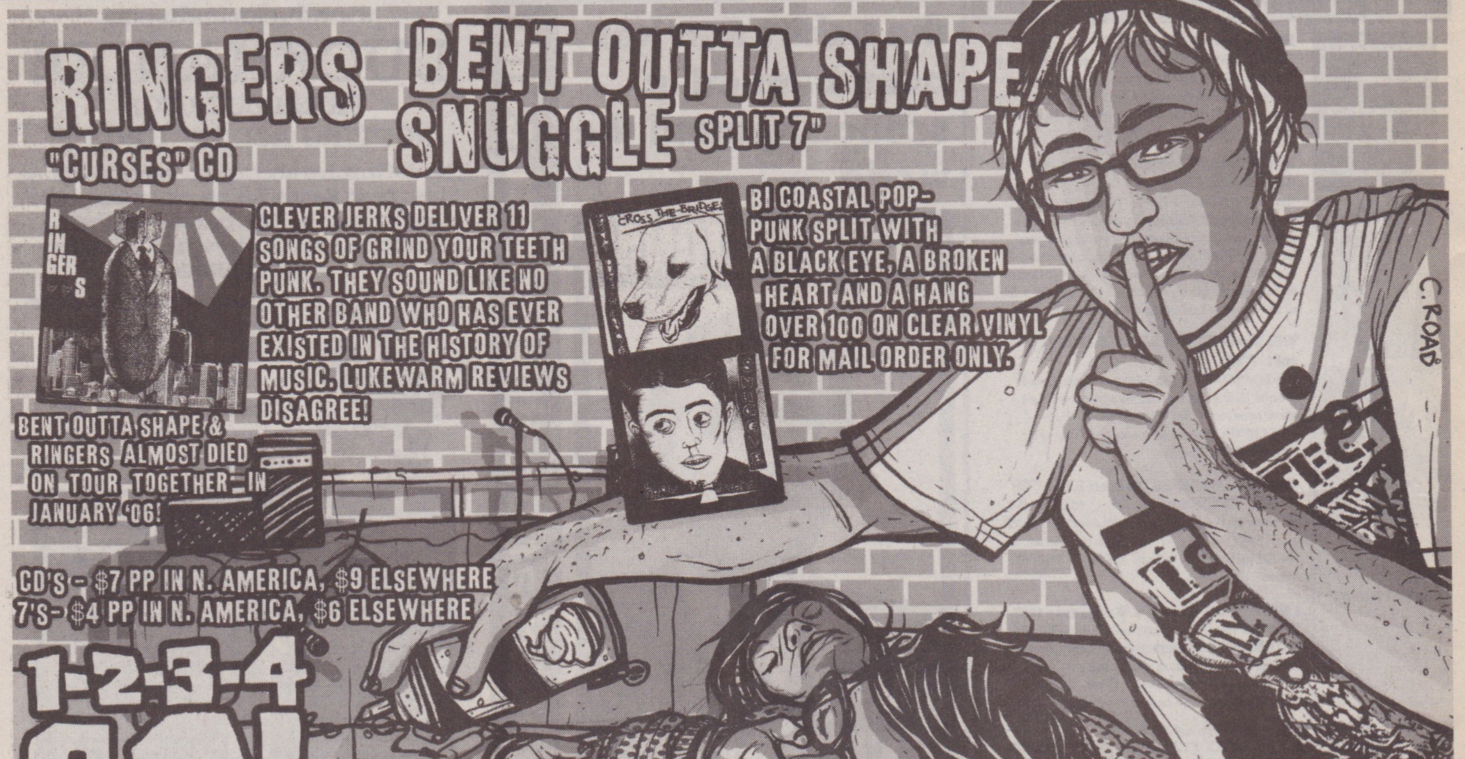

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Ariel Awesome, and Erin Yanke.

THE ANOREXICS play straightforward, fast and heavy songs that stick to power chords and blast beats (except when the guitarist attempts to wank out with no success) with a number of different screamers, one of which has an ear piercing, high-pitched voice. The songs are pretty simple and might not be too bad but it is hard to hear them through the poor recording. Along with the vocals, the super fuzzy guitar with a horrible tone dominates the songs and makes the drums almost inaudible. The songs themselves might be alright but the CD is just a sloppy mess. (11 song CD, no lyrics, 200 Raymond St., Walbridge, OH 43465, theanorexics@yahoo.com) (Pete)

BORN BAD is a hardcore band that makes the slow tempos sound triumphant, and the fast tempos maniacal. It's solid with no fancy guitar work or rhythm section showing off here, just good ol' cathartic hardcore. Yes! ($3 US, $4 Canadian ppd. 9 song cassette, lyrics included (but hard to read…). 1-124 Evanson St., Winnipeg, MB R3G 1Z9, Canada.) (Erin)

BROKEN KIDS mix up youth crew hardcore, with early '80s skater hardcore. No slow, all go, as they say. Their vocalist is a strained yeller, his voice is the sound of blood boiling, and he keeps up with the fast and furious pace. (10 song CD, no lyrics included. Valentin Alsina 1276, (2800) Azvate, BS. AS, Argentina.) (Erin)

CONDENADA doesn't sound hardcore at first, because my poor old ears have heard the disintegration of hardcore to a genre, and not as an impassioned, no bullshit attitude to revitalize punk. Thank you, CONDENADA, for getting the old dust out! They are sometimes really fast and sometimes mid-tempo for hardcore, with solid music, but vocally driven. The vocals are screamed but are still relatively clear, and fluctuate within the screaming to be part of the music they drive along. They do a great BIG BOYS cover, too. Hell, yeah. ($3 ppd. 7 song cassette, no lyrics included. PO Box 5027, Chicago, IL 60680.) (Erin)

CUT LOOSE unfortunately doesn't exist anymore, which sucks because this demo is full of excitement, sloppy and crazy energy…damn. They're really straightforward but dangerous sounding, like a tighter GERMS with less slurring! They also have a slightly melodic side, but it makes them no less powerful or awesome. Too bad I missed the whole thing, but then, I never saw the GERMS either. ($3 US, $4 Canadian ppd. 13 song cassette, no lyrics included. 1-124 Evanson St., Winnipeg, MB R3G 1Z9, Canada.) (Erin)

DEN OF GERMS plays metal like before those guys knew what hardcore was, mixed with punk like slow BAD BRAINS songs, especially in the vocals. There's no reggae here, though, just to be perfectly clear. Think HR vocals with typical mean dude metal backups. (6 song CD, no lyrics included. 10 Chesters Way, Elkton, MD 21921.) (Erin)

DRAIN plays metal-core that verges on being nü-metal, particularly during the echoey singing parts when they sound a lot like TOOL. However, they do have pretty decent vocals, totally tight drumming, and adequate guitar riffage. They manage to straddle the line of metal and hardcore without really succeeding at either. (3 song CD, lyrics not included. 176 Newfield St., Buffalo, NY 14207. downthedrainmusic@hotmail.com) (Ariel)

DSU is a spastic thrash-core band from Denmark. Their demo comes straight out with blast beats, speedy power chords and frantic screaming which they mix with up-tempo, bouncy, punkish parts. The rest of the demo follows along the same lines with short songs, many of which never slow down at any point. The drumming remains solid throughout the songs while the treble heavy guitar is a bit messy all the way through, even wandering off at times. A number of different screamers let it all out to complete the songs. Possibly the best and most refreshing thing about this band is that they never slow it down or break into some cliché mosh part. (15 song cassette, with lyrics, www.dsuthrash.tk) (Pete)

ENDGAME sounds like a strange hybrid between LIFETIME and BAD RELIGION—no joke! Super well-produced for a demo, but that simply lends an unfortunate commercial quality to it. Singer can really, really belt shit out. If your into melodic hardcore and emo then you might as well check it out. (4 song CD, lyrics included. endgamemusic@gmail.com) (Ariel)

ENDGAME plays melodic emo tunes on their four-song demo. The songs are driving but complex with forcefully sung vocals. The music mixes the poppy, catchy nature of EVERGREEN with the hardcore feel of the modern East Coast emo scene. The songs are played well and the recording sounds good but it lacks the dynamics that would give the songs the energy they need. (4 song CD, with lyrics, 197 Montgomery St. Apt. #1, Bloomfield, NJ 07003, endgamemusic@gmail.com) (Pete)

EVIL WEASEL is a band from Israel that plays music deeply indebted to mid-'90s pop punk, much like USELESS ID. Sound a little too much like a direct emulation of their idols (NOFX, OPERATION IVY, and BAD RELIGION) though. They would benefit from a broader spectrum of influences, and finding their own sound. (6 song CD, lyrics not included. www.myspace.com/evilweasel) (Ariel)

THE FUCKING WRATH lulls you with a 30-second intro of stoner metal, then kicks into some real punk rock action. They have songs that go along like the modern metallic hardcore with some slower stoner-metal riff parts right in the middle. They kick in fast enough, though, so you don't cool down in the pit. (3 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 5033, Ventura, CA 93003.) (Erin)

I OBJECT has a split demo with LAMANT this month. I OBJECT has the earnestness of a band that puts politics before music, but manages to have music that is just a strong as their politics! Rare, and good! They sound like an early-'90s punk band, when the scene was at war with definitions of punk rock coming from the outside world. Fast, clear vocals very prominent in the mix. They cover SPITBOY, too. LAMANT plays hardcore that, instead of straightforward and driving, is errant and a bit chaotic, but still captivating. Lots of tempo changes without sounding quirky. The vocals explode along with the music, and are as present and important as the guitar sound. ($3 ppd. 6 IO Songs, 11 L Songs, lyrics included. c/o Green Igorkonyk, PO Box 205, Minsk 220107, Belarus, Europe.) (Erin)

LISTEN UP plays youthful, mostly mid-tempo hardcore that sometimes bursts to full speed, full of crunchy guitar moments, baseball references (the love song also works as an ode to spring training, and the fear of being traded). They're energetic and solid. The vocals are mixed pretty evenly with the spoken and shouted combo, with lots of dudes yelling the backups. (7 song cassette, lyrics included. 3044 Pleasant Ave. S #4, Minneapolis, MN 55408.) (Erin)

MARGARET THRASHER brings you politics and catchy, fast punk, but not total thrash, as the name might imply. They keep it simple but it doesn't sound easy. The vocals are yelled and have a sore-throat quality that sounds like a result of feelin' it, as opposed to a put-on style. Solid and awesome. ($3 [US or Canadian] ppd. 8 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 21530, 1424 Commercial Dr., Vancouver BC V5L 5G2, Canada.) (Erin)

You know those awful DESCENDENTS songs that can ruin a whole magnificentalbum? Well, **ROUNDEYE** manages to sound just like all those embarrassingly misogynist DESCENDENTS songs! As made totally clear by the lyrics, "Salvation lies within / Spread your legs and let me..." It really is unfortunate when something so catchy is so lame at the same time. (5 song CD, lyrics not included. roundeyesucks.com) (Ariel)

SEVEN ARROWS IN YOUR BASTARD HEART combine emo complexities and moody noodling with crusty guitar sounds and metallic parts. Really. The vocals have a similar ring to the SACCHRINE TRUST guy, or maybe his crusty nephew, and along with a vocal comparison, they participate in a similar dance with the vocals and music as well. ($2 or £1 ppd. 5 song CD, lyrics included. 18 Brangwyn Drive, Patcham, Brighton, East Sussex, BN1 8DX, England.) (Erin)

SHITDOGS OF WAR brings you into the basement with them for 59-second bursts of energy that are at times grindcore nuggets, and sometimes just fast rocking out. The vocals are guttural screamed the whole time to bring consistency to the sound. (8 song cassette, no lyrics included. 3350 Keswick Rd., Baltimore, MD 21211.) (Erin)

VIOLATION plays catchy, spiky hardcore. They give you slight pauses, or maybe just a pick slide, to catch your breath, but not really much more slowing down than that. The vocals are angry, yelled, and punctuate the music like another instrument. Good shit! ($3 ppd. 9 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 37271, Philadelphia, PA 19148.) (Erin)

VOLT-FACE is a really basic punk band clearly rooted in early '80s sensibilities, which is not surprising as this is members of the '80s UK punk band DEATH ZONE. The vocals are gravely in a LEATHERFACE kind of way, but instead of songs about girls you get totally pissed songs about being wasted and dead. Fuck yes! ($2 plus postage. 5 song CD, lyrics not included. 16 Cooper St., Chesterton, Newcastle, Staffordshire ST57LN, England, UK. dave_death_uk@yahoo.co.uk) (Ariel)

THE WIND WILL CARRY US plays one epic instrumental song that clocks in at about twelve and a half minutes. It begins as a slow, quiet, indie/emo song with viola that is too high in the mix. The song moves into a heavy emo/hardcore part with a math rock feel, which is perpetuated by the technical guitar work. At some point it breaks down into a long section of spacey guitars and minimal drums with a short, spoken vocal part. Finally, they go into a short and abrasive hardcore section before ending the song in a way that is similar to the intro. Technically, the band is pretty good, but the lack of vocals, length of the song, air of pretension, and dramatic change in musical styles makes it hard to take. (1 song CD, no lyrics, twwcu@hotmail.com) (Pete)

WORLD WAR IX has a two song CD-R of fairly catchy, mid-tempo punk songs. The songs are pretty simple with straightforward drumming, three chord riffs, catchy bass lines and slightly nasal vocals that are partly spoken and partly sung. Their overall sound is half BLACK FLAG, half DESCENDENTS and something that would easily have fit into the late '80s Bay Area scene. This is definitely something that is worth putting on a record. (2 song CD, no lyrics, www.worldwarix.com) (Pete)

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ZINES

Reviews by: Aragorn (AR), Heather Blotto (HB), Paul Curran (PC), Mikel Delgado (MD), Layla Gibbon (LG), Cassie Harwood (CH), Harald Hartmann (HH), Nick Mangel (NM), Jeff Mason (JM), Golnar Nikpour (GN), Casey Ress (CR), Andy Shoup (AS), Thera Webb (TW).

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

AFASI & NYFRÄLST #20 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 52 pgs

This issue bills itself as the "Best of" *Afasi* and *Nyfrälst*, two hardcore punk fanzines based in Sweden that existed in the late '90s and early '00s. This zine is an English-language compilation of interviews from the earlier zines, which the editor decided to reprint because the old issues are now out of print, and because most of the other stuff in them was in Swedish, thus limiting their English speaking readership. Featured are interesting interviews with Oi Polloi, Dropdead, Cripple Bastards, Code 13, Rupture, Riistetyt, and Discharge (though it seems like it's Rat Varuker answering the questions? It's hard to tell...) Recommended for fans of raw hardcore in the aforementioned style(s); no price on this one, but you can email 'em to ask how much postage costs 'cause this issue is fairly thick. (GN)
nyfralst@hotmail.com

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD #3 / **COTTONFIST** #17 / e2, $3 + postage or trade
5.75 x 7.75 — copied — 68 pgs

I think this is the apogee of the apocalyptic crust aesthetic, by which I mean it looks fucking awesome. Typewritten, cut & paste, *loads* of artwork (including, of course, crust-as-fuck skeletons and photos of the ruined city)... Both guys really turned in quality work. These zines mesh well, as they deal with pretty much the same material. They review Euro zines, demos, etc., and talk about their respective homes—they're both from Dublin but Cormy (*Bite…)* recently relocated to Copenhagen. They also devote a lot of space to the aftermath of a sexual assault perpetrated by a (former) friend of theirs. Hopefully, soon *everyone* will lose this, "I can't believe a woman was mistreated, here in the punk scene!" attitude. By the time somebody gets into punk, they've already been born and raised in our fucked up society—the difference between *them* and *us* is often real shallow. These guys seem to be struggling confronting the issues the attack raised, and I think it's great to see men wrestling with what they can do, and have done. Cormy also has a long interview with three women in the Dublin scene, including immigrants from North and South America, which covers a lot of ground. He sent Inepsy some questions too. Eric writes about the country vs. the city, kids getting' crazy for Halloween, and includes some artwork which is like a lyric sheet with no music. It comes with a poster as well. If you are interested in a zine done by stinky punks who like atrocious music, but who are trying to build something too, you'll be stoked as hell when this envelope arrives. (JM)
40 Mountjoy St. / Dublin 7 / Ireland / sparkie_303@yahoo.com

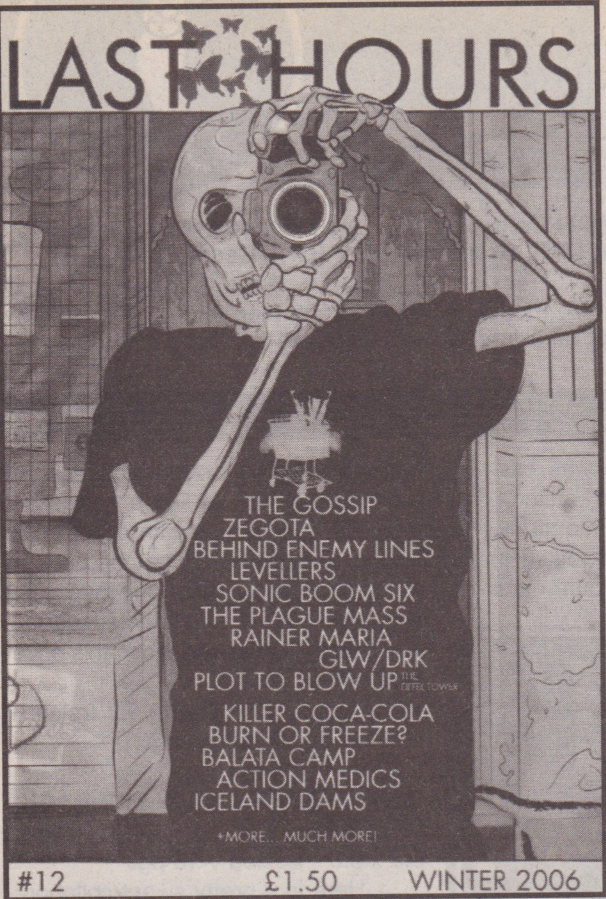
griot
number
four

CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THE BACK? #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs

Here is a pretty sweet collaborative zine from Neenah, WI that starts out with an impassioned political rant against voting, written by the editor. It goes on to brush past a vegan recipe, some personal writing, book recommendations, and a WWF centerfold before comfortably settling into two interviews featuring bands from the region: SFN and the Modern Machines. I imagine this would be most interesting to punks living in the upper Midwest part of the US. Good job. (HB)
Amos Pitsch / 1510 Henry St / Neenah, WI 54956 / wafflerocker@sbcglobal.net

CAPTAIN HOWDY #1 / $4
8.25 x 5.75 – copied – 44 pgs

Another zine straight out of New Zealand, *Captain Howdy* is a horror/arts and crafts themed zine that's probably worth the four bucks if you're into that sorta stuff 'cause it's put together real nicely and looks great. This issue has cross-stitch patterns, monster masks, Vincent Price quotes, dream interpretations, and much, much more. (CH)
PO Box 14562 / Kilbirnie / Wellington / New Zealand



CELEBRITY PETS #1 / $1 US, $2 world or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 14 pgs

New zine here out of Fresno, short but sweet. Unlovables, Plea for Peace bike tour, the Vamps, and info on a cool Fresno Independent music company. A bit sparse, but a good start! (NM)

PO Box 28211 / Fresno, CA 93729

CHOKE #10 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 62 pgs

Excellent garage punk zine here from Austria. For a copied zine this has an outstandingly clean and well done layout. This issue has the Krunchies, The Gizmos (awesome), info on Peter Sellers (!), Thee Fine Lines, Wildebeests, Real Losers, Die Slaughterhaus Records, P.Trash Records, and Knights of the New Crusade. Plus lots of reviews of course. A good blend of old and new garage punk rock 'n' roll, which is a good thing cos most garage centered mags are one or the other in terms of old vs. new. (NM)

5421 Adnet 186 / Austria
www.catbull.com/choke

DISTURBIOS SOCIAIS #7 / $2
8 x 6 – copied – 16 pgs – Portuguese

This is an interesting zine that seems more hardcore oriented. There seems to only be one band interview that has to do with being anti-religion. The rest of the fanzine seems mostly to be fanzine and record reviews from the Brazilian scene. Lots of contact addresses here if one wants to know more about what is happening in Brazilian punk. (HH)

Silas Andre Fiorotti / CP #1771 / Sao Paulo / SP / 01059 970 / Brazil
disturbios@hotmail.com

DOLL #223 / $8
10 x 7 – printed – 138 pgs – Japanese

What a rarity to review a fanzine from Japan this month, and one that has been around for a long while. There are interviews with Broken Bones, Slackers, Some Girls and Nicotine. There are articles on Detroit punk, Japanese girl punk and Icons Of Filth. But not being able to even understand this alphabet I had to mostly just enjoy the photos, which range from the slick and glossy to the rawness of black and white. What was especially enjoyable was to see pictures of the album covers, some of which appear to be ads, others apart of new music reviews. Yeah, this is a pretty cool fanzine from one of the most interesting punk scenes in the world. (HH)

Doll / No 303 Aota Bldg. / 3-1-9 Kita / Kohenji / Suginami-ku / Tokyo / Japan
hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp

DURGA winter 2006 / $1.50 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs

Hell, any zine named after a cat with stories about cats is likely to win me over. A very touching story about the loss of a beloved cat starts this off. There are stories of addicted relatives, friends who join the military and of living in Eugene, OR for better or for worse. A decent personal zine. (MD)

PO Box 5841 / Eugene OR 97405

FANORAMA #29 / $5 or 14 stamps
8.5 x 11 – copied – 48 pgs

When I started reading this, I felt like I just joined in in the middle of a soap opera or something. The editor, Richard (a.k.a. Reb, or Rebellion), starts off with the drama of trying to get Chadd (who is Chadd?) out of prison early, and moves on to the sad stories of his parents' recent deaths. We are led to a couple pieces about Providence punk rock (the editor is wearing an MRR shirt in his column header!), then a story about the unexpected arrival of a box Neil's belongings from prison (who is Neil?). Interspersed are photos and writings of some shirtless, tattooed guys, including an interesting piece from a prisoner who is struggling with his sexuality. Just like with a soap opera, you slowly get to know the characters and become engrossed in their stories. I don't mean to make this zine sound trite though. The subject matter has a serious and somber air, even when it's a photo spread of a hot dude squatting naked by the train bridge. One article helps us catch up with the zine's history, when Collin (Richard's ex-lover, by the way) writes, "It's amazing to see how *Fanorama* has transformed over the years from a porn zine to a political zine to a spirituality zine to a zine for prisoners' voices—how it transforms but always integrates its former lives." I liked the response to a homophobic statement made by 50 Cent. Whereas most people's reaction might be, "Well, it's 50 Cent; what do you expect?" *Fanorama* quips back with precision, showing that if you replace the word "gay" with "black" and "faggot" with "nigger," the dangerous nature of those kinds of remarks is revealed. A very interesting read (and look). (Be sure to specify the the X-rated or nudity-free edition when ordering.) (PC)

109 Arnold Ave. / Cranston, RI 02905

GO METRIC #20 / $2.25
8.5 x 11 – printed – 90 pgs

This is a black and white newsprint mag from Brewster, NY. It seems that the theme of this issue is fiction, although most of it isn't necessarily labeled as such, leaving the flip-through-at-the-newsstand reader a little disoriented. The writing is amusing and at times insightful. There's a presumably fake interview with the GOP's Paul Wolfowitz discussing his punk past, some discussion of what bands rule the hardest, and an article about loving Devo. Also find record reviews in the back pages. A lot of this stuff doesn't seem to relate to anything current or relevant in the punk world, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't read it. (HB)

801 Eagles Ridge Rd / Brewster, NY 10509
gogometric@yahoo.com

GRIOT #4 / postage
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs

I have to admit when I first saw this my heart sunk. I was envisioning still another "up all night at the donut store writing my *Cometbus* style dreamscapes for you" zine. This was admittedly in that school of zine-writing, but was entertaining and goofy and thoughtful rather than clichéd. Maybe I am just bitter after years of seemingly reading the same zine by different dudes. The writing kind of reminded me of some of the old '90s Gainesville zines, just musings about smallish town punk life, community and music, food and girls, dorky photobooths and drunken make-outs. Things that in the wrong hands can have the same effect as a good sleeping pill, but in the right hands can make you feel part of a larger whole that is punk rock. That there are other people who have had beer bottles thrown at them by frat douchebags, who have picked up insane expensive records for nothing at Used Kids records in Columbus. This would be good for a bus ride read.

Brian Deller / 369 E 15th Ave / Columbus
OH 43201

I HATE THIS PART OF TEXAS #5 / $2
7 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs

Any zine that features a silk-screened cover that survived the flooding of New Orleans has to be given a chance. Fortunately, the content of *I Hate This Part Of Texas* is as good as the cover. Most of the writing is in the personal/political genre with stories about gender, dancing, sexuality, race, injury, and fragility, and lots of bicycle righteousness. Very well presented and created. (CR)

John Gerken / PO Box 791639 / New Orleans, LA

IMMIGRANT ZINE #3 / $3
11 x 8 – copied – 32 pgs – Greek/English

What a great name for a fanzine, also what a great concept, a fanzine that focuses on punk immigrants. At least that is how this immigrant to America sees it. First, the fanzine is divided nearly in half, one side being in Greek for those in the homeland and the other half in English for those of us here in the foreign land. There are interviews with the bands No Respect and Smalltown. There are a couple of articles including one about racist white Americans patrolling the Mexican border around the Laredo area of Texas. There also some record reviews. The Greek side has a couple of band interviews and an article on mass transit. (HH)

118 Bright St. / Jersey City / NJ 07302
www.immigrantzine.com

IMPACT PRESS #59 / free in person, $3 ppd
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs

I hate how monolithic and boring the layout in magazines of this type—newsprint political zines—can be. There's just something kind of hard to read about all that text. *Impact Press* is a quarterly left/progressive magazine, this time featuring editorials about the NYC Transit Strike, an article I did not learn much from called "Capitalism is Cancer" (well duh), an article about "top terrorist" Senator James Inhofe, a bunch of book reviews, some comics, and a fairly extraneous (at least to this punk rocker) record reviews section. (GN)

PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

KING-CAT #65 & 66 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs/36 pgs

I always forget about this zine, and then every year or so I pick up a copy and remember just how great it is. Simple and poignantly beautiful short stories and comics about life, love, work, travel, music, and, occasionally, cats. I'd recommend issue #65 if you have to choose one or the other. #66 is more sparse, but, of course, both are good. I'm glad to see this is still coming out, and I hope it continues for years to come. A classic! (PC)

John Porcellino / PO Box 170535 / San Francisco CA 94117
www.king-kat.net

LAST HOURS #12 / ?
7.5 x 11– printed – 116 pgs

Last Hours divides its pages between music and politics, with some fun DIY craftsy stuff thrown in for good measure. There are interviews with The Gossip, the Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower, and Zegota, articles about a Palestinian refugee camp, a campaign to resist the construction of a dam in Iceland and a piece about how to make your own wine. There are also the requisite columns and record reviews. Good stuff. (AS)

PO Box 382 / 456-458 The Strand / London / WC2R ODZ, UK

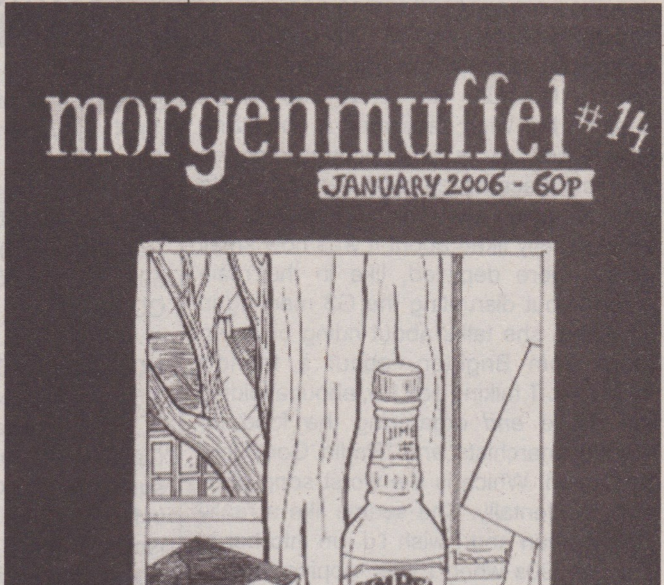
LOST PROPERTY #2 / $2(?) or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs

Travel zines are not usual my cup of tea—there's just too much romanticism and not enough cynicism. So I enjoyed that this one included sunburn, motion sickness, bad music, and scary people. The contributions from different people on trips to Spain, Tokyo, and different parts of England rounded this out nicely, and the writing is pretty engaging. Issue #2, which is a split with *Facial Disobedience* (a drunk emo zine, for lack of a better description) is also yours for the purchasing. (MD)

SCHC Zines / PO Box 1398 / Southampton / Hants / S016 9WX / UK

MISHAP #20 / $4 US, $6 world, trade, or free upon request

Man, there's a lot to read in this mo' fo'. Ryan is a really good zine writer and he



showcases his talents through fiction, interviews, personal prose, and record reviews. This issue is well worth picking up if for nothing else but the interviews with DIY labels, wherein Ryan and the purveyors of Prank, Hungry Ghosts, Communichaos, and Noise From Nowhere cover a lot of territory on the topic of what it means to be independent and DIY. (An idea we hope to steal for *MRR* in the near future.) There's an interview with short story writer Bruce Holland Rogers that is quite interesting. The autobiographical writing and the fiction pieces also make for a good read, and my only bit of criticism is that I think the writing could use a good editor. I find it frustrating when writing is *almost* totally awesome. But that's no reason not to check out this fine zine. (PC)

Ryan / PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

MORGENMUFFEL #14 / $3 US, 2 Euros Europe, 60p and SAE for the UK.
5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs

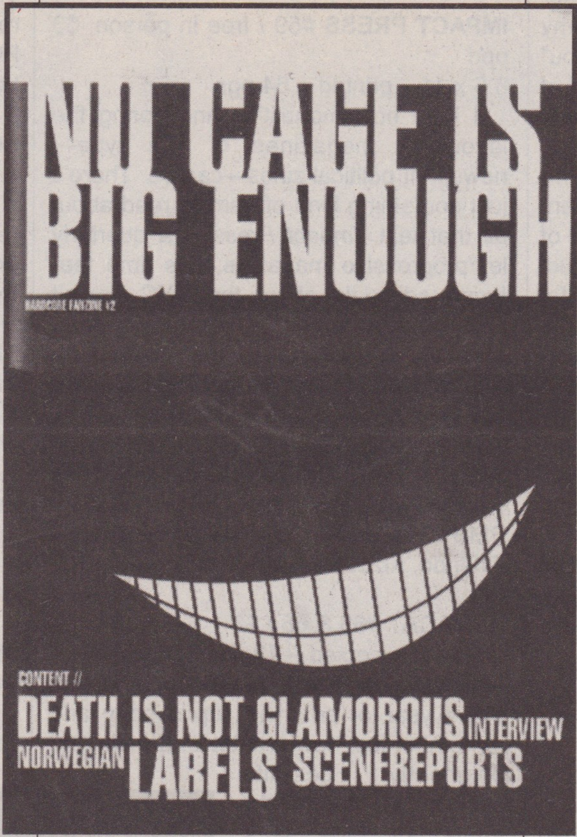
A rad comic from where I lived in my late teens, Brighton, England. The drawings are super charming and rad, and really well rendered. The zine is comprised of small excerpts from the editor's life. Uh, like what zine isn't I guess... but what separates a good zine from a dull one is whether the person is able to put across the banalities of their life in an engaging way, which Isy totally does. What I really liked about it was how small details were depicted, like in the main piece about disrupting the G8 meeting in Scotland, she talks about riding bikes up there from Brighton, about a friend's child's Mr. T talking box toy, about avoiding the police *and* organizing the food for 10,000 anarchists *and* "Radio Goo Goo" by Queen. Which is the worst song of all time incidentally. She seems like a really cool woman and I wish I'd run into her in the late '90s when I was moping around Brighton. You should send off for this because it's really cool. Do it. (LG)

Isy / PO Box 74 / Brighton BN1 4ZQ / United Kingdom

MOSTLY HARMLESS #1/ free or $1 for shipping
8.25 x 10.5 – printed – 16 pgs

This zine has what I like to call an "ouch" name. It's a zine that *unintentionally* calls bullshit on itself with its *own name*. Seems hard to believe, but I see zines like this all the time. The highlights of this one are interviews with The Willhelm Scream, Christian Jacobs of the Aquabats, J. Page, and some record reviews. Actually, that's all of the content in the entire zine. It's only 16 pages. The quality in this one falls into the "pretty okay" category. If you haven't been paying attention, this zine is *Mostly Harmless.* (AS)

3990 S. Hwy 85/87 #9 / Colorado Springs, CO 80911


NO CAGE IS BIG ENOUGH
HARDCORE FANZINE #2
CONTENT //
DEATH IS NOT GLAMOROUS INTERVIEW
NORWEGIAN LABELS SCENEREPORTS

NO CAGE IS BIG ENOUGH #2 / $7 US
8.5 x 6 – printed – 40 pgs – comes w/ CD

Want Norwegian posi sXe HC? *No Cage is Big Enough*'s got it! This zine has some pretty cool DIY stuff about the scene in Norway, and a lot of thoughts about sexism and HC, and the kids in general. Some things don't translate so well but, overall, the English as a second language thing isn't a barrier to a good read. There's a good list of Norwegian bands and DIY labels, some interesting interviews with women in the scene and a kind of bizarre, ill thought out comparison of Norwegian hip-hop and hardcore, which is not so great and might come off as a little simplistic and controversial. Overall, though, if you're interested in the burgeoning sXe HC scene in Norway, this is the zine to get. The CD is good too, by the way, with 15 tracks from a wide variety of bands. (TW)

christinmalen@yahoo.no

NOT A GAME #4 / $4 in North America or $6 for two
8.5 x 11 — copied — 24 pgs

A lot of people are nostalgic for these simple hardcore zines. Except for being too expensive, this one will fill that hole in your heart. Pinkeye is interviewed, and you can learn all about their concept, amazing merchandise, the singer's cat, etc. Career Suicide contributes the second part (five shows) of their European tour diary. The editor writes an extensive review/history of the last Misfits LP, and reprints their 1982 interview from *Flipside*. You can learn where all the homos are in 'Frisco and L.A., so you won't get freaked out like they did when you visit. Also reprinted is a talk with the State, from an '84 issue of *MRR*. Photos and reviews finish it up. Over all, it's on the better side of average. Unless you're obsessed with Pinkeye, you can get by without it. Maybe if the format was smaller, it would be cheaper, or maybe the punks need to take over the Canadian post. (JM)

Tim Wesson / 59 Prince Edward Blvd / Thornhill, ONT / L3T 7G1 / Canada / notagamezine@hotmail.com

NOT VERY NICE #1 / $1 US, $2 world, or trade
8.5 x 11 – printed – 16 pgs

Excellent new zine here by the dude behind Not Very Nice tape distro. This issue has Cyness, Persevere(!), Spoonful of Vicodin, and Green! Solid coverage of crust/thrash stuff, with this issue being specifically geared towards Japanese HC. Gotta love the zines with Japanese show flyers as the background! (NM)

Zach Howard / 5726 Sussex Ct. / Troy, MI 48098

OH NO! THE ROBOT #7 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 34 pgs

I can best describe this as a personal zine, clearly fiction but obviously at least a little bit autobiographical. In a genre where people often commit terrible literary atrocities, this zine stands tall, a decent example of why it's a good idea for creative writers to publish their own work. This author's world is full of bad luck, good luck, alcoholism, bike rides, adventures, everyday monotony, and other things that are generally easy to relate to. It's broken

up into segments, *Cometbus* style, so you don't even have to have a long attention span. (HB)
829 Main St. / Saskatoon, S.K. / 57H OK2 / Canada
ohnotherobot@hotmail.com

ONG ONG #2 / $1
8.75 x 7 – copied – 36 pgs

Beautifully designed zine with interesting stories, art, and reviews. The cover is stenciled and silkscreened. This issue has articles on the Wayward café in Seattle, filmmaker Dusan Makavejev, European beer, and more. Also comes with a compilation CD from Dragon's eye recordings. (CH)
734 10th Ave. E / Seattle, WA / 98102

PLASTIC BOMB #53 / $6
11 x 8 – printed – 80 pgs – German

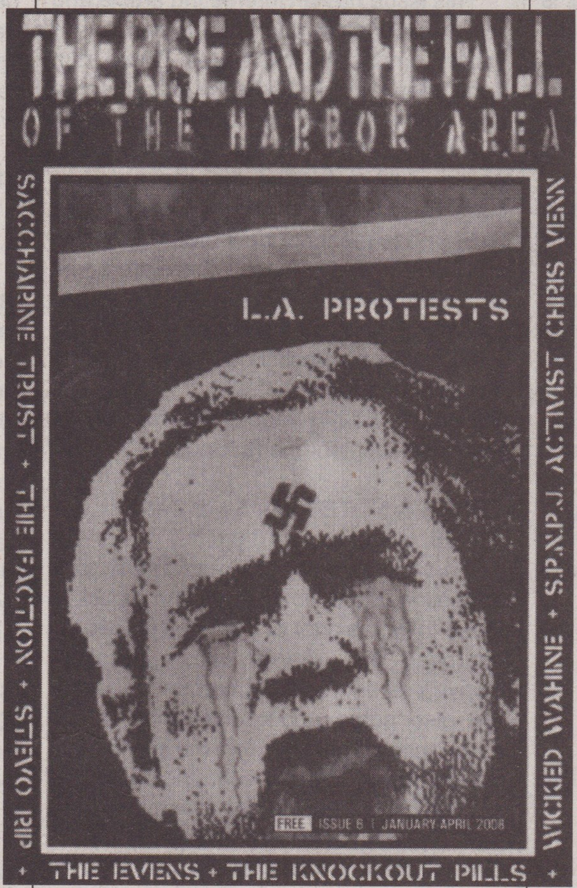
There is a lot of punk rock in this fanzine including interviews with Bad Manners, Helmut of Real Deal Records, and Bombenalarm. There are also a couple of cool articles on Pogoradio, punk in Munich, ska-corner and the Social Distortion euro tour. Finally, lots and lots of ads, cool pictures plus plenty of new music reviews. Of course this fanzine comes with its usual complementary free CD sampler this issue featuring thirty-one bands with cuts by the Briefs and Fliehende Stuerme. (HH)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de

THE POSITIVE VEGAN #4 / $3 b&w, $5 color
8.5 x 6 – copied – 32 pgs

23 vegan recipes from Australia! This is a great cooking zine, with mainly soy free vegan recipies for some awesome sounding foods. Not only do the recipes sound rad, but there's a ton of Aussie slang that was fun to figure out, and a conversion chart for metric stuff which is really useful and great. It costs $3 for black and white, but if you want the full color dessert centerfold, it's $5. So far I haven't actually cooked anything from it, but I'm sure planning on it. This is the "summer" themed issue, and it includes appetizers, main courses and desserts to impress your crush *and* your grandma. And it's not the same old boring vegan mac and cheese you already know how to make, the food here sounds and looks *awesome*. (TW)
Bridget Mac / PO Box 3220 / Redfern, NSW / Australia 2016
xposi_bridgetx@hotmail.com

THE PUNK PAGAN #4 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs

The Punk Pagan describes at excruciating length what takes place during various pagan rituals, including scripts for the priest or priestess and coveners. I'm sorry, but the only use for this sort of stuff is as window dressing for metal music. The robes, the incantations, the harkening back to ancient, nature worshipping cultures: it's all so...dull and ridiculous and terrible. If you like to run around in the woods with other role-playing nerds pretending you're a 12th century druid, go for it; and while you're at it, pick up a copy of *The Punk Pagan.* (AS)
PO Box 282 /Manville RI 02838


THE RISE AND THE FALL
OF THE HARBOR AREA
SACCHARINE TRUST • THE FACTION • STEVO RIP
WICKED WAHINE • S.P.N.P.J. ACTIVIST CHRIS VENN
L.A. PROTESTS
FREE ISSUE 6 | JANUARY APRIL 2008
THE EVENS • THE KNOCKOUT PILLS

RATCHARGE / SHIT FOR BRAINS #7/#1 / $1 or trade
8.25 x 5.75 – copied – 32 pgs

This is a split between *Ratcharge* fanzine from France and *Shit for Brains* fanzine from New Zealand. *Ratcharge* is usually written in French but this issue is in English. Read this split issue for a history of Women pirates, record reviews, an interview with George Tabb, and lots of crazy sloppy skateboard art. (CH)
Alex Simon / 56 Rue des Oliviers / 91160 Longjumeau / France
xxgluestickxxbrigadexx@yahoo.fr

RAZORCAKE #30 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pgs.

Huge fifth anniversary issue of this post-*Flipside* rag. Which, much like its predecessor, has some very cool stuff mixed with some pop-punk/indie type stuff that doesn't interest me too much. I always have found *Razorcake* worth a read though. This issue has Last Target from Japan, Banditas, Unlovables, Reatards, Bent Outta Shape, The Urchin, and tons of reviews. (NM)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

THE RISE AND THE FALL #6 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 54 pgs

I am always psyched to get this Pedro Pride zine. This one fell short of earlier ones I have read somehow, but seriously this zine "falling short" is like the finest work of most other people that do zines. In case you don't know it's all about San Pedro, every issue has Mike Watt in it because I think it's the rules, it's Pedro right? In this issue it's just a photo of him performing at a benefit for their Burnside style skate park Channel Street. Anyway, there's an update on that skate park, there's an interview with Saccharine Trust from now and one with the Faction from the olden days, which was meant to be in the editor's teenage skate punk zine I think. I just think this fanzine is the perfect example of what a local zine should be, local people talking about local things, bands, parties, and adventures. In the last issue of *MRR* Allan talked about his vision of California before he moved here as being one big JFA song, and I think the life that the people that are involved in this zine live is pretty much that vision exemplified. Skate rats and punks making their own fun in the warm California sun. What a poet I am. For sure. (LG)
PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733

THE SECRET FILES OF CAPTAIN SISSY #5 / ?
8.5 x 4.5 – printed – 74 pgs

The opening story in this zine was told from the viewpoint of a guy named Andy (the editor) who had sustained a severe concussion while skateboarding, and woke up in a hospital bed surrounded by his friends. I found this one a little disconcerting, as I am a skateboarder, have had concussions, and my name is Andy. The other articles in *Captain Sissy* were about Andy's experiences moving to Philadelphia, working as a union organizer, and going on tour with the Mobilivre, a traveling zine bookmo-

bile. Overall, a solid effort, with good writing and layouts throughout. (AS)
Microcosm Publishing / 5307 / Portland, OR 97217-4551

SHADOWPLAY #16 / 50p or trade
5.75 x 7.75 — copied — 20 pgs

This is a music zine, mostly, but the bands are folk bands or have laptops instead of instruments. If you remember *Last Plane To Jarkarta*, that guy could write about the London Suede and I would read it, but that's not the case here. Apart from music, there's a piece on a "web-based collective" whose biggest goal is to buy commercials on television in the name of media freedom. My understanding is that fifty pence is pretty cheap, but that's the best I'd say about this. (JM)
Alex Lawson / 481 Crookesmoor Rd / Sheffield / S10 1BG / United Kingdom / www.shadowplay.org.uk

SMASHED IMAGES #3 / $1 plus postage ($1)
12 x 8.5 – printed – 20 pgs

This is a great zine about "music, politics, provocation" and it features interviews with political, antifascist oi bands, as well as some cool info about the Basque Information Center based in Holland, as well as the working class resistance movement, which is interesting; who knew some workers took their bosses hostage? Cool! Also includes album reviews. Overall, a cool zine with a good balance of music and politics. (TW)
PO Box 1184 / 6501 BD Nijmegen / Holland
paul@smashedimages.net
www.sashedinamges.net

SOUTH COAST VEGAN COOKING ZINE #3 / $1(?) or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs

Like any cooking zine, this one has some recipes that sound pretty yummy, and some that sound kind of iffy. However, it's always nice to have some new recipes to add to your collection. Spinach and pine nut salad and chocolate brownies sound good to me. Issue #2 is also available. (MD)
SCHC Zines / PO Box 1398 / Southampton / Hants / S016 9WX / UNITED KINGDOM

SUBURBAN BLIGHT: INDEPENDENT THOUGHT FROM THE 'BURBS #6 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs

This zine has lots of political content ranging from info on the NYC transit strike to an introduction to radical economics. There's some self-reflective writing about growing armpit hair and an interview with Daryle Jenkins of One People's Project, an organization that battles fascist groups and individuals. There are also movie, zine, record, and book reviews, as well as some current event tidbits. Made by politically conscious young people, this zine is thoughtfully written and overall pretty impressive. (HB)
Stephanie / Rutgers / 26378 DPO Way / New Brunswick, NJ 08901
callthedoctor_@hotmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #193 / trade
8 x 6 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish

This issue has an interesting article and list of the original punk bands that had a political impact on the scene. There is a band interview with Kansan Uutiset, and a tour diary with the band Kaukana Burundista that shows an interesting photo of them leaving the concentration camp at Auschwitz. And of course the fanzine has plenty of new record, fanzine, and book reviews. Finally, there are some ads and contact addresses. No one can go wrong making connections with the Finnish scene, check it out! You will not be disappointed. (HH)
PO Box 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
www.punkinfinland.net/tv/English

TONES & NOTES #4 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8 — copied — 16 pgs

If you're learning to read music and struggling with it, you might send a buck to these folks, as a lot of this is given over to improved and simpler music notation. Copyrights and how old certain standards are also come under discussion. I can barely play "Iron Man" on the piano, so I couldn't really follow the writing on chords and all that. There's not too much here that crosses over into the punk scene unless you're a musician, though the zine reviews cover shit you might be interested in. There is a lot of information for the price. (JM)
Light Living Library / POB 190-tnad / Philomath, OR 97370

WAR ON WANKERS #2 / $.39
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 12 pgs

The inside cover reads; "more reviews of hardcore records," and that's what you'll find inside. Eleven reviews of hardcore albums including, Hammer, Dirge, The Worst, and Meanwhile. If you're into record reviews, maybe you'll like this. (CR)
Ben Parker / 3501 South First #236 / Austin, TX 78704

WHAT DO WE DO WHEN....?: A ZINE ABOUT COMMUNITY RESPONSE TO SEXUAL ASSAULT #1 & 2 / free
8.5 x 6 – copied – 52 pgs

Two comprehensive, interesting zines that provide a collection of writing about sexual assault, how the punk community deals with it, and different approaches to problem solving. You may have read a lot of these things in other places, like *MRR*, *Baby I'm a Manarchist, Clamor*, or other zines and handouts. These zines address a very real problem in a way that is accessible to punks. The articles included give some good guidelines about how to deal with rape and sexual assault when it happens, how to show support and how to handle the situation in a way that agrees with non-hierarchical beliefs. An important read. (TW)
wdwdw@belladonnadiy.org

THE YELLOW RAKE Issue 2 Volume 2 / $1 or free in person
7.75 x 10.25 – printed – 32 pgs

If you like smug white-bread college student humour this is for you. I use the term "humour" loosely. If you didn't quite get enough of your jerkoff college student neighbors who kept you up all night with loud early '90s Lookout records clone music, you can wax nostalgic by reading this masterpiece of a zine. Maybe I am just being mean but seriously if I have to read another Hunter S Thompson / Bukowski / Lenny Bruce worship-fest I am gonna round all the zine dudes responsible for my pain up in one place and make them read Audre Lorde. Or Kathy Acker. Something. It doesn't read like a direct Xerox of any of the aforementioned male anti-hero writers, it's just another dull zine put together by a group of people who's interest in culture doesn't extend beyond the sphere of the 'cult' section at Borders Books. This is basically a collection of "wacky" people writing about mundane subjects from a college town in Colorado. Their exploits and ideas just need to be less suburban and "alternative" to hold my interest. Even when talking about a trip to Mexico the writing comes across as ponderous and overwrought but somehow shallow, my reaction was, "Oh great another white male perspective on the 'inauthenticity' of life in Mexico because the people aren't all cheerful peasants or something." (LG)
www.theyellowrake.com

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March

Friday 10 $5 • *Dave's Birthday!*
Whiskey Sunday • Love Songs • Pink Black (NV)
Abi Yo Yos • Surrender

Saturday 11 $5
Plan 9 • Monster Squad • Static Thought
Cell Block 5 (L.A.) • The Runns

Sunday 12 $5 • 5pm
Shook Ones (WA) • Legit (WA)

Friday 17 $5
Instant Asshole • Skinned Alive
Dog Assassin (NV) • Population Reduction
Suburban Death Camp

Saturday 18 $5
Benefit for **Anarchy** *magazine*
Autonomy (LA) • Tears Of Gaia • Mohoram Atta

Sunday 19 $5 • 2pm show:
Look Back and Laugh • The Pedestrians (IL)
5pm show: Park (IL) • Tragedy Andy
Tera Melos • Amity (L.A.)

Friday 24 $6
Akimbo (WA) • An Albatross (VA)
Last Clear Chance

Saturday 25 $6
All Shall Perish • Suffocate • Antagony
The Assailant (WA) • Owen Hart (WA)

Sunday 26 8am–3:30pm • free
Punk Rock Flea Market
Bring your punk junk to sell!
5pm show $7
Funeral Diner • Racebannon (IN)
Gospel (NY) • Meneguar (NY) • Comadre

Friday 31 $6
Godstomper • Crime Desire (S.D.)
Bafabegia (NV) • Acts Of Sedition
Forced March (OR) • California Love

April

Saturday 1 $5
Jewdriver • Until The Fall • Jesus Fucking Christ
The Shemps (NY) • Science Of Yabra (OR)

Sunday 2 $4 • 5pm • *Variety Show*
Raum • Ula • SHADOW PUPPET SHOW
SHORT FILMS

Friday 7 $6
Brutal Knights (Can) • Tamora (S.D.) • Rabies (L.A.)

Saturday 8 $6
Hostile Takeover • Annihilation Time (OH)
S.B.V. (S.D.) • Bad Reaction (L.A.) • While It Lasts

Friday 14 $6
Blown To Bits • Funeral Shock
Fatality (NV) • EMDC (NV)

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The Mormons • Grafitti Death Threat

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World airmail: $4 each for first 2 items, $1 each additional
Please list alternatives or you may get a credit slip.
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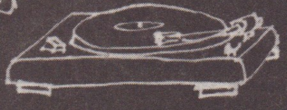

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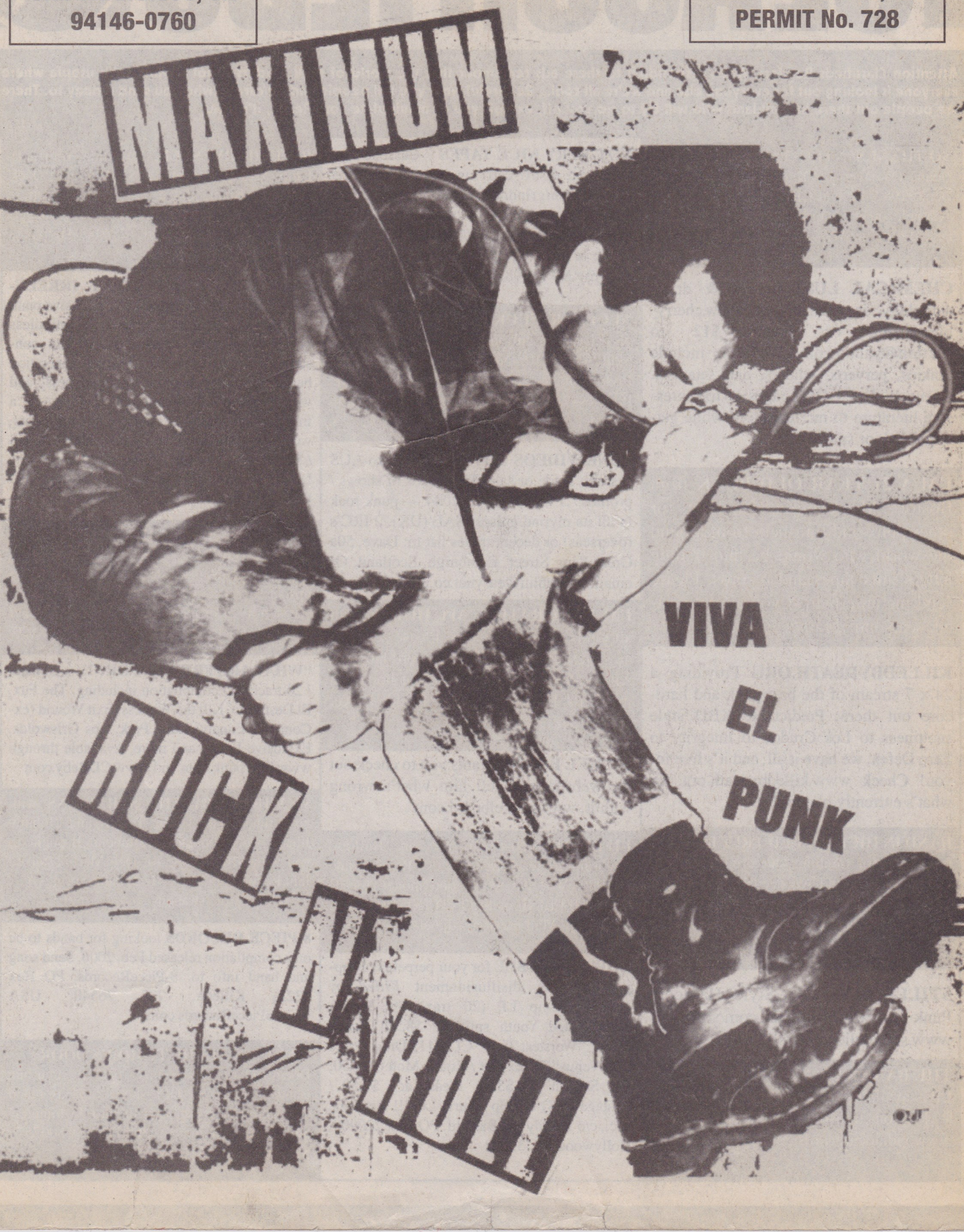
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